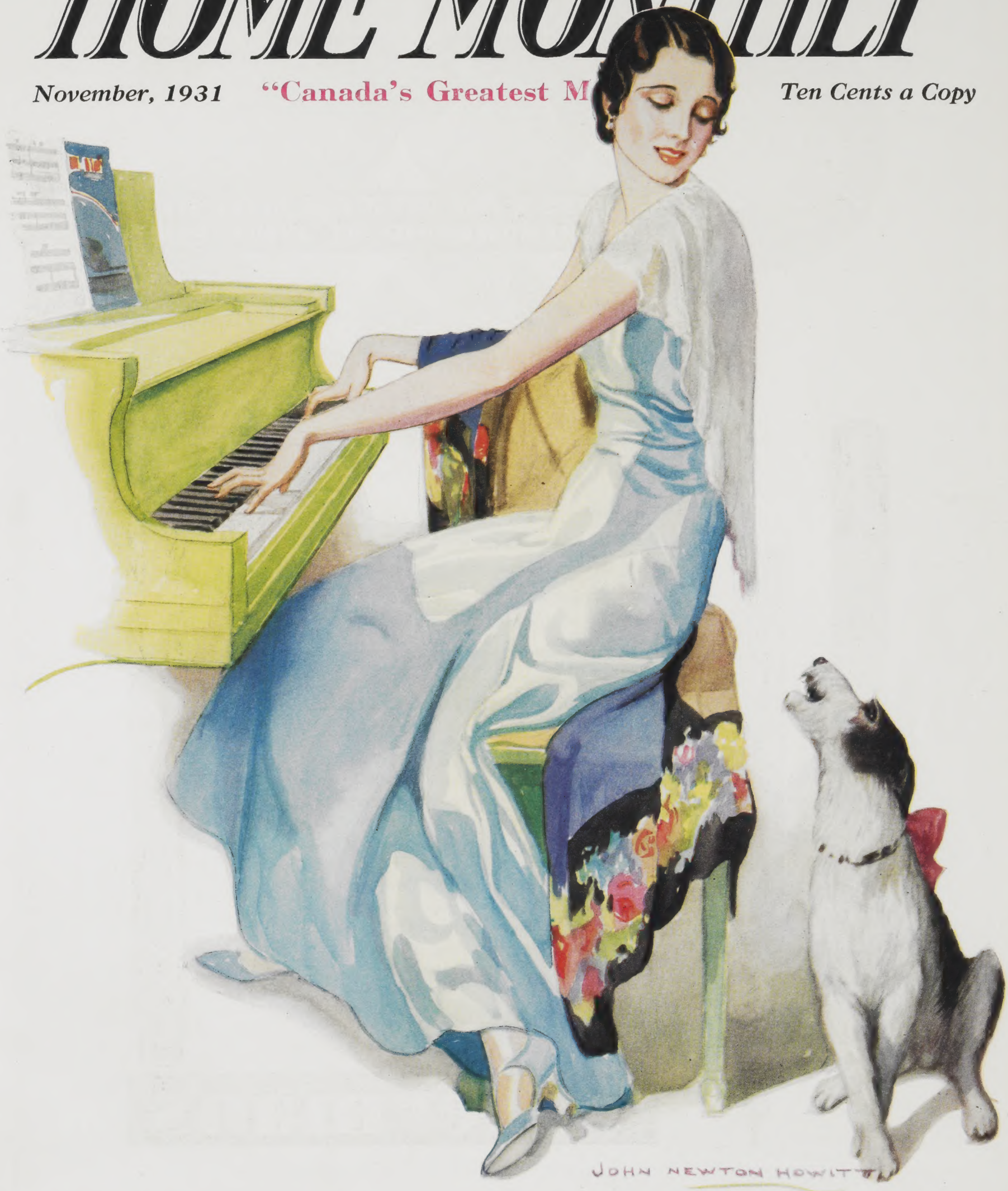
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

November, 1931 "Canada's Greatest M Ten Cents a Copy



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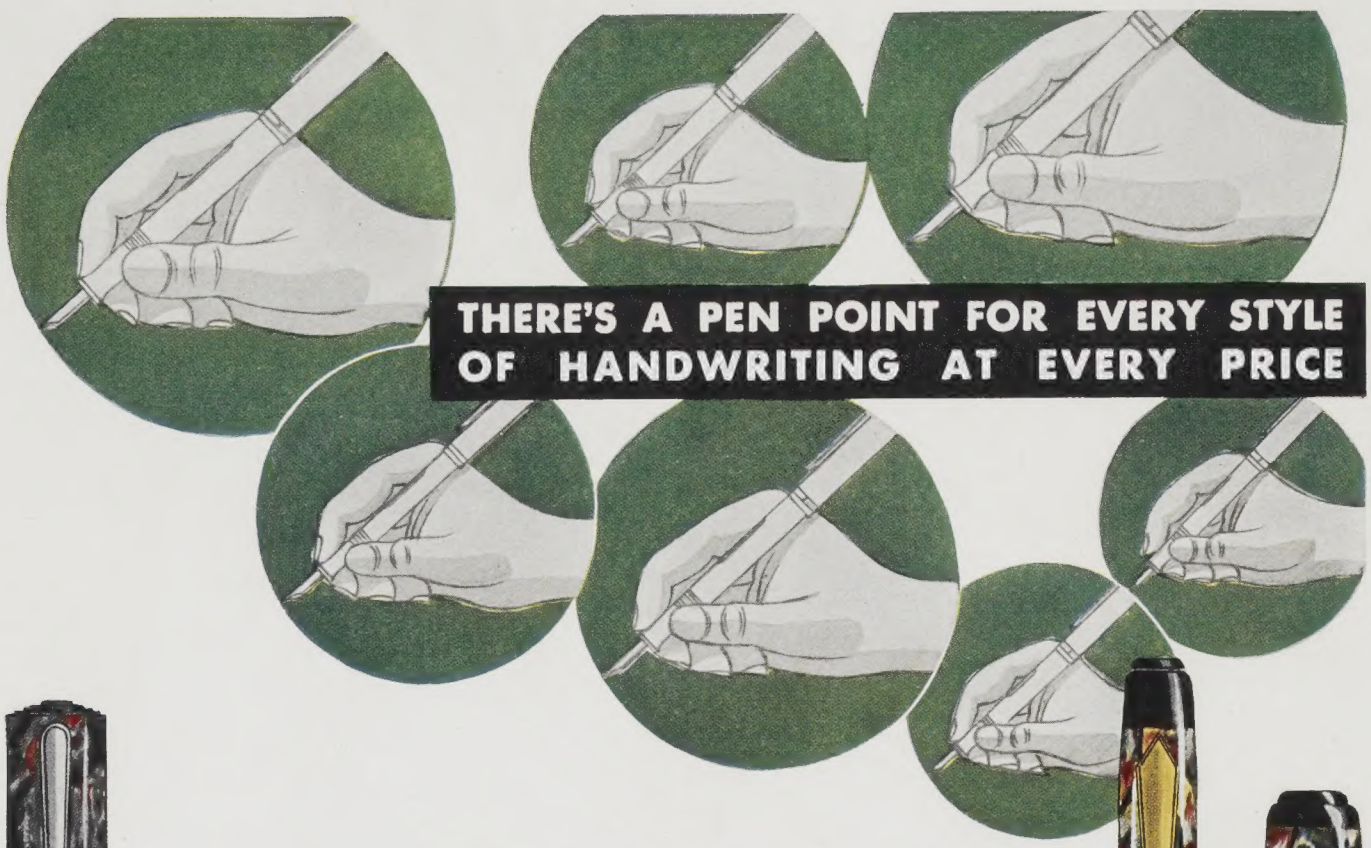

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"For stubborn Skin Troubles I advise eating Fresh Yeast"

. . . declares this NOTED EUROPEAN Medical Authority

POWDER and rouge may hide those ugly skin blemishes from others—but not from yourself! You know they are there, and you know what usually causes them . . . a sluggish, unclean condition of your intestinal tract!

Intestinal sluggishness is a condition to which women are particularly subject. But it affects nearly all of us from time to time . . . makes us subject to headaches, colds and many other common ills.

How can we correct this trouble that takes so much of the "kick" out of life? How can we insure the internal cleanliness which is the foundation of a glowing, healthy skin?

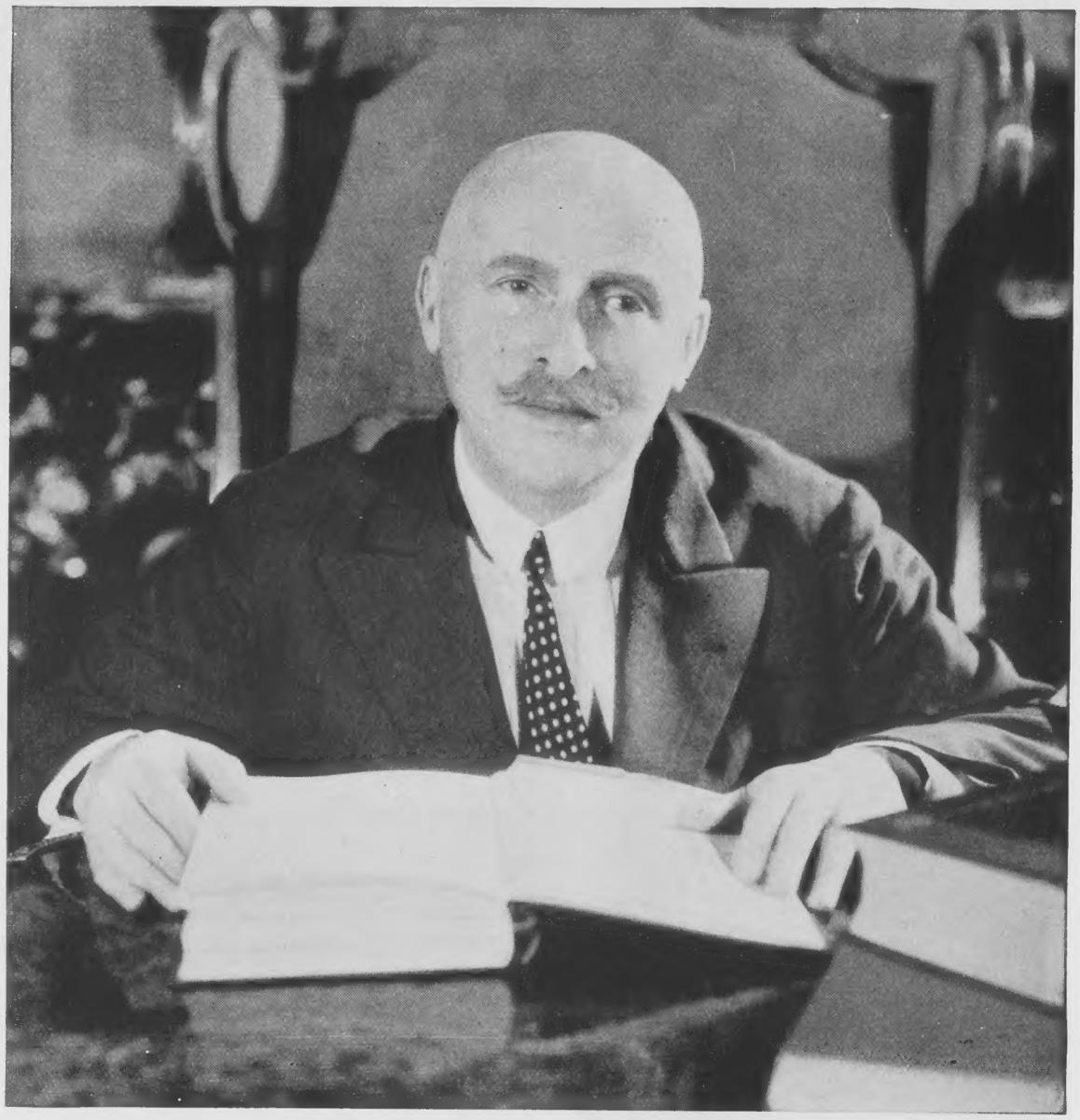
Here is the simple, *natural* way famous specialists are advising. Read about it in the words of the celebrated Dr. Josef Lévai, of the Royal Hungarian Association of Physicians, in Budapest:—

"I have found," Dr. Lévai states, "that certain recurring skin troubles readily yield to the action of fresh yeast. I have prescribed it for years for boils, acne and pimples—symptoms of bad digestion and constipation.

"The value of fresh yeast for intestinal troubles and skin disorders is unquestioned. It is almost the only remedy I know which will regulate intestinal action without upsetting the system. It is a natural food with exceptional power to free the system of poisons."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, actually "tones up" sluggish intestines . . . prevents the formation of poisons that make your skin break out.

Why don't you try it? You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast at any grocery store, and at restaurants, soda fountains, drug stores. Each cake is rich in the health-giving vitamins B, G and D. Add it to your diet today! And write for free booklet, "Yeast for Health." Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.



DR. JOSEF LÉVAI OF BUDAPEST

Dr. Lévai is physician-in-chief of the great Central Hospital of Budapest, where he gives medical courses to graduate physicians. His patients are from the aristocratic and artistic circles of Budapest.

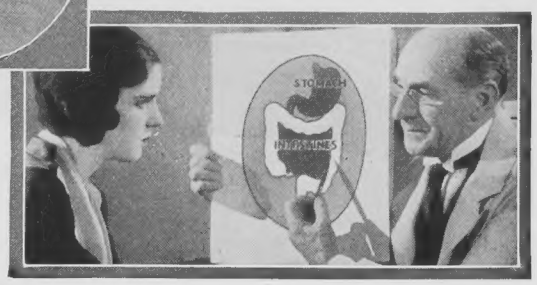
Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

NOTED SKIN SPECIALISTS SAY:

France's greatest skin specialist, Dr. Clément Simon, states: "Fresh yeast has been used as a 'purifying agent' from remote times. Its action in the treatment of certain common skin disorders is surprising."

Dr. Brandweiner, noted Vienna dermatologist, explains: "Skin disorders usually result from digestive and intestinal disturbances. Fresh yeast keeps intestines healthy and free of the poisons that cloud the skin."

(*Left*) Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any way you like.



(*Right*) Poisons that spread from unclean intestines are a common cause of skin troubles, specialists explain. Eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps intestines *clean*—clears up the skin.

(*Left*) "Having a bad complexion, I was very worried," writes Miss Yvette Belanger, Quebec, P.Q. "I started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast and was happy when I found the pimples disappearing. I felt better, too. No matter how much energy I used for sports, I was always full of pep, never tired."

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the kind famous doctors recommend. Eat 3 cakes every day!

EDITORIAL

VOLUME XXXII WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 11

The Great Upheaval

WE NEED no longer cherish the delusion that the present depression will terminate in a revival of trade on the old lines. What we are experiencing is not a depression but a collapse. The old order is changing for a new. Nobody could have expressed this thought more clearly than Walter Lippmann in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

"It is now two years since hard times reached this country, and it is no longer open to serious question that we are in the midst, not of an ordinary trade depression, but of one of the great upheavals and readjustments of modern history. A dozen governments have been brought down by it. In all the five continents it has upset the normal expectations of men by which they had been planting and making, buying and selling, borrowing and lending. In all the vast confusion which has resulted one thing at least is certain—the world, when the readjustments are made, cannot and will not be organized as it was two years ago. The post-war era of the Nineteen Twenties is over and done."

Mr. Lippmann was not speaking idly when he made this statement. He must have had in mind such things as the complications of debts and reparations, the obstruction of trade, the increase in armaments, the political upheavals in England, Germany and elsewhere, the cornering of gold by America and France, and above all the gnawing poverty of the unemployed in every country of the world; or he may have thought of some of the immediate causes which led to these results. Such as, mass production, over-production, faulty distribution, wasteful consumption, tariff wars, scientific progress, and above all unequal distribution of wealth and unequal opportunity for individuals and nations. Perhaps, indeed, he had in mind the underlying cause of all disturbance which is selfishness in one of its many forms—greed. ambition, pride, lust, intolerance, dishonesty.

The world ills will not be remedied by making slight adjustments in forms of living. The principle upon which humanity is conducting its affairs has to be disowned. The law of each man for himself must yield to the law of friendly co-operation. A new world will arise from the ashes of the old only when men and nations are willing to learn that success and happiness come not from self-indulgence and self-aggrandizement. The way to win life is to lose it in the service of others. It is because this principle has been denied in theory and practice that the world is in turmoil to-day.

Two Moving Pictures

HERE are two moving pictures. In the first there is an obscure preacher in a rural district in Saskatchewan. His salary is barely enough to keep him and his family alive. Yet when hard times come he goes to the managers of his church and asks that his stipend be cut in two. Next there is a teacher in a small village on the prairies who remains at her post with a promise of forty-five dollars a month, though she is not sure to receive that. However, she says, the children must be taught and she is no better than other sufferers. Here again is a procession of workers each agreeing to serve half-time so that all may have a little. Next in line is a city bleeding itself white that the unemployed shall have enough to eat and perhaps enough clothing to cover their nakedness. There is a band of ladies, most of them poor themselves, gathering worn-out clothing, washing it, recasting it, and distributing it to those who have nothing. They are relieving their own miseries by contributing to the needs of those whose miseries are still greater. This is but a beginning of the reel. The other pictures come from every town and village and country-district in Canada. The Dominion, because of declining prices for farm products, may now seem to be poverty-stricken but it was never before so rich in its people. Here is true patriotism, for all classes, races and creeds are held together by the bonds of undying friendship.

Here comes the second picture. First there are 34 Americans who directly or indirectly control 85 per cent of the wealth of the country: They are plotting and planning to get control of the other 15 per cent. Next are a few Canadian financiers who have grown rich as promoters of wild-cat schemes to which they have contributed experience but the common people the cash. They are in league with banks, with trusts and combines, and sometimes with governments. And they, too, like little Oliver Twist, are holding out their plates for more. Next come members of joint-stock companies who in the early days bought their shares for a song, and now that the progress of the country has increased the value, they are said to be reaping an annual interest of from twenty to seventy per cent. Next is an army of middlemen with rakes of various type, so successful in their trade that a producer of apples gets thirty cents for a box, while the consumer two provinces away pays from two to three dollars; or a rancher gets five cents a pound for fat cattle, and the steak sells at from thirty to forty-eight cents; or a meal that costs twenty-five cents to serve, sells for one-dollar and a quarter. So the picture continues—a picture of cupidity and heartlessness. It is this terrible thing passing before the eyes of 300,000 unemployed that makes them see red. Yet Canada rightly rejects Communism. No lover of his country has any confidence in leadership of that kind. But the day is coming when there will be another leadership and then such a readjustment as will ensure that the wealthy shall not grow more and more wealthy with impunity while the poor suffer still more in their poverty, but that every honest worker shall live in comfort in the finest, richest land on earth. Can we hope that readjustment will be voluntary or must it be forced by legislation?

War Debts

THERE are war debts. Nearly every nation has them. By keeping out of the war for a long time and by supplying warring nations with needed material at greatly enhanced prices, the United States became inordinately wealthy. Had it assumed its responsibility from the beginning it would not be in the position it now occupies. There are some who think that Mr. Hoover's moratorium should have been a cancellation of debt and that this should have become a policy with all the Allies. Evidently such a policy is not yet generally approved, but until it is, and until a re-born Germany is once again on its feet, the world will have no security. Mr. H. G. Wells was not altogether absurd in outlining a programme for the guidance of the nations, and it is well to keep it before us as in some respects a desirable if not an immediate objective.

1. The world should be declared bankrupt.
2. The issuance of money should be restricted to one central authority.
3. War should be abolished and all foreign services, diplomatic services, arsenals, dock-yards, war offices, navies and air forces scrapped and disbanded.
4. The earth should be ruled by a dictatorship of "informed and educated common sense."

The Only Way

AN ILLUMINATING statement is made by Dr. C. G. Jung in the *Europaishe Review*.

"As a physician I am not concerned with world-wide questions, but rather with sticks with whom I work. More and more we are learning in our profession to look past disease to the man himself—the soul if you will. Many times, especially in the nervous conditions, we find that the trouble lies in the spirit. It is restless, wounded or weary. Let us heal it and the physical pain will vanish as if by magic."

There are diseases in the economic, the religious and the political world, and they can be eradicated only by reaching the souls of the people. When in homes, in business, in national life there reigns the spirit of good-will all troubles will cease. *"It is the only way."*

The Tariff Barriers

HERE is another marvel. The richest country in the world, in control of far the largest share of the gold supply, will accept practically nothing from debtor countries except gold, and these have no gold to give. Is it not obvious that there must be a lowering of the tariff wall or a cancellation of debts or a seizure of foreign property—which of course means war? Other tariff-ridden countries are trying to escape extinction by erecting even higher walls. Let any one contemplate for a moment what would happen if all barriers were removed and if each nation did its utmost to contribute to the happiness of all the rest. It may be that one nation cannot do without a tariff when all others are protected, but it is certain enough that until free exchange of commodities among all lands is made possible, the sky will be overcast with clouds of coming war. When is the voice of the Galilean to be heard?

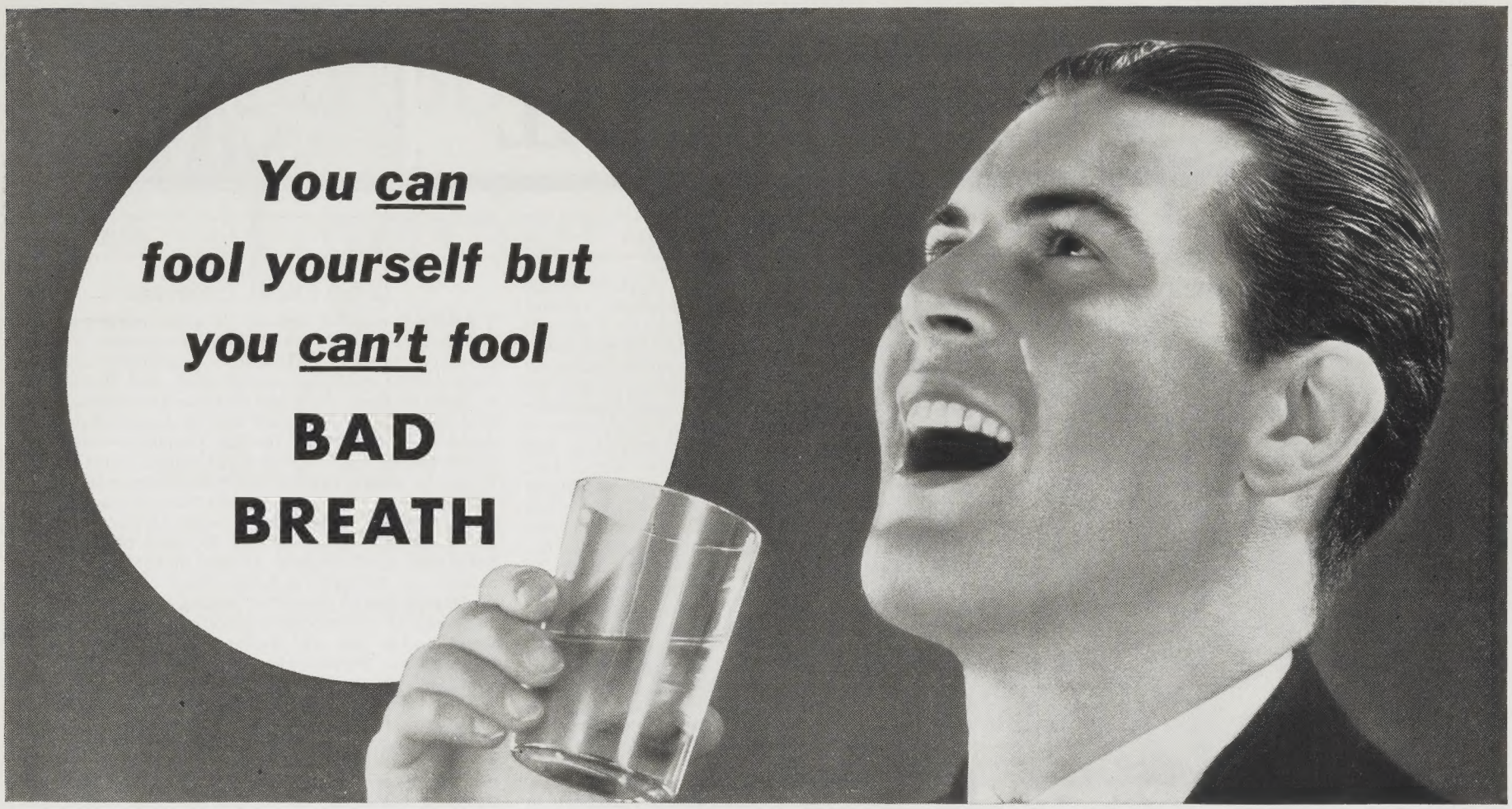
Education Week

PEOPLE are asked to recognize the first full week in November as Education Week. This request is very timely because when the pinch of hard times is beginning to be felt by everybody, the temptation to reduce school expenditure is not easy to resist. Already in some parts of the country schools have been closed while others have been opened for only a shortened period. An exceedingly comforting fact is that in nearly every district the trustees by making arrangements with the teachers have been able to carry on as usual. This is a tribute to public sentiment in Canada and particularly to those engaged in teaching as it is a proof that their good work is generally appreciated and that they themselves are not wholly actuated by mercenary motives.

Clearly the first care of wise parents is to provide for the welfare of their children. The highest welfare is not assured when material wealth is provided or bequeathed. "In the grammar of life, the verbs *to be* and *to do* are more significant than the verbs *to have* and *to hold*." The school is the one organized institution of civilization that has accepted as its responsibility the development of life in young people and children. Next to the home, it is the bulwark of safety and progress in human society. Through teaching and government it attempts to put children in possession of some of the recorded wisdom of the race, thus lifting them into a larger and fuller world; it develops in them ability to act with others, thus promoting world-unity; it cultivates their powers of reflection and judgment, broadens their interests and fosters proper ambitions, thus enriching their personality and their power for service.

The change in world conditions raises new and serious problems in education. Foremost among these are the problem of adult education, now so wisely attacked in some European countries, and the problem of educating for leisure. Fortunately in Canada the study of health is receiving more and more attention. Still better the spirit of instruction in the great majority of schools seems to be very praiseworthy. The great danger just now is that because of shortage of funds some schools must close. It may be that a week's discussion of the problem would be helpful in suggesting a remedy. If in extreme cases it did nothing more than arrive at a means of carrying on education at home with help from Departments of Education and other central agencies, the time would be well spent. Whatever happens in the life of the country in the immediate future the welfare of the children should be the first consideration.

The problem does not end with the elementary school. There are attending secondary schools and Universities today thousands who would be at work were work to be found. It is infinitely better that these should be at school than idling. The best gift to young people who cannot get work is a school that will direct their activities in a wise channel until the clouds lift and the sun shines once more on a weary world.



Hours of gargling wasted while bad breath lingers on

Millions gargled uselessly until this new discovery arrived to conquer bad breath (halitosis*)

IF you want to check bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions, don't simply try to cover up breath odors with the odor of a mouth wash. You must destroy the germs that cause it. These germs are present in mouth irritations, in fermenting food particles, and on coated tongues. To destroy them get an antiseptic that kills germs the way *you* use it.

Now,—the way you probably use an antiseptic, if you use it as 3 out of 4 people do, is to add water before gargling. And there's the hitch. When you add the usual amounts of water to most well-known mouth washes, they cannot and do not give the germ-killing result you should expect and demand from your antiseptic. In plain words—*THEY FAIL TO KILL GERMS.*

A new discovery

Now there is a new and revolutionary antiseptic that does kill germs when mixed with water. It is unlike any other on the market. Its name is Pepsodent Antiseptic. You can mix it with one or two times its own volume of water,—always according to taste,—and it still kills germs in 10 seconds. Yet it is so safe that it can be used full strength without the slightest irritation to sensitive mouth tissues . . . It is from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, depending upon which one you have been using.

Immediately after using Pepsodent Antiseptic, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later, the number of germs is still reduced by 75%. And that's why Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than other leading antiseptics.

$3 *worth for* $1

To kill germs—most antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money.

Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. That means every $1 bottle does what 3 bottles of other antiseptics do. Goes 3 times as far—you get $3 worth for $1. The $2 Pepsodent saves you on each bottle is a lot of money.

Over 50 different uses

Checking bad breath is only one use for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Some are listed on this page. Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. Keep it in the home. Take it with you when you are traveling.

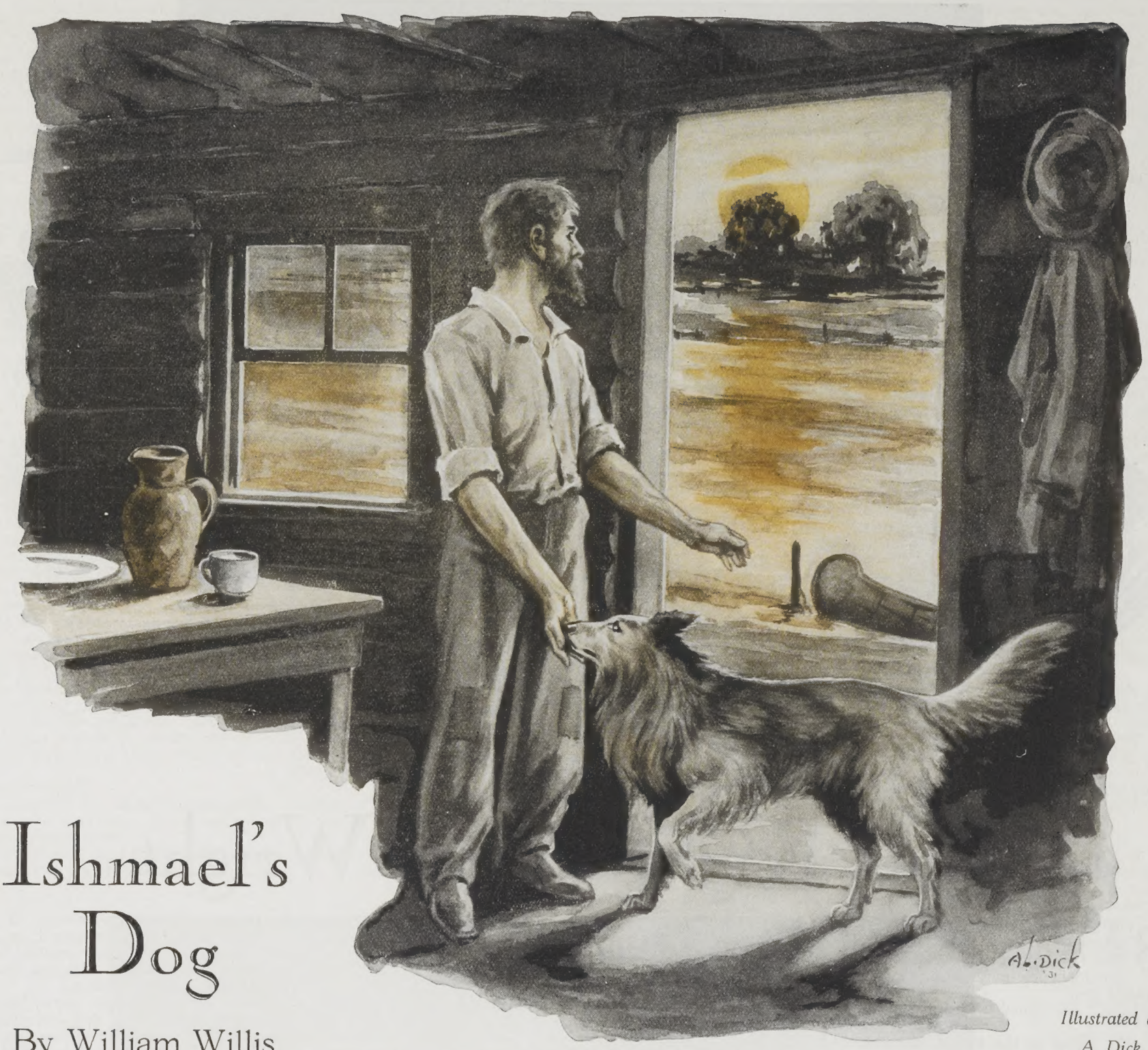
Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool the germs.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern Antiseptic

Throat Irritation
Checks Under-arm Body Odors
Bad Breath
Cold Sores
Canker Sores
After-Shaving
Minor Burns
Athlete's Foot
After Extractions (Pulling Teeth)
Mouth Irritation
Colds in Head
Mosquito, Chigger Bites
Artificial Teeth
Minor Cuts
Voice Hoarseness
Blisters
Poison Ivy, Oak
Loose Dandruff
Tired, Aching Feet

New Standard Dictionary Definition:
***Halitosis** — a malodorous condition of the breath.

Pepsodent Antiseptic



Ishmael's Dog

By William Willis

Illustrated by A. Dick

They were an unlovely pair, those two in the slab shack by the river.

"THEY'RE gonna kill you, fella'," said the old man, "It ain't my fault, I done my best for you. I lied but they knew I was lyin'. They got a court order an' they're comin' tomorro'."

As he spoke, he gazed dejectedly from the open door on the purling brown of the swamp stream, and the dog at his feet knew he was troubled. She stood up and thrust a cold nose into the palm of his hand and the bedraggled plume of her tail waved gently.

They were an unlovely pair, those two in the slab shack by the river. The man was small, contemptibly small with a filthy liquor-sodden face that was a mask of weakness. There was more than weakness in it now; there was fear and a great loneliness. The dog was a great mongrel bitch in which the strain of collie seemed to be the predominant element. Both had the same bearing of cringing apology. It was as if they were constantly expecting a kick or a blow. They were shunned by the whole settlement, even the children despised them with the scorn for the under-dog.

They stood side by side in the doorway looking out on a hostile world. Before them the sun sank in a pool of blood silhouetting the willows in plumy blackness. The man was silent now as if thinking of the courthouse in the village.

The judge and the farmers, they had surrounded him with their contemptuous hostility. It was only a dog to them; why cause so much trouble over it? They remarked that later, when they had gone home to their wives and sons and daughters—and the outcast had gone back to his dog that was condemned to die.

It was perfectly right and just, she had been killing sheep. Lin Bursett had seen her hazing his flock, and the destructive brute had killed just for the fun of it. Lin remembered it perfectly. It was the day he had gone down rabbit shooting in the swamp. The sport had been grand that day.

Yes, they decided, she had to be destroyed. They told the old man so. If he needed another dog, they'd see that he got one. Lin had a litter, and he probably wouldn't be able to use all the pups. So they had sent him away with orders to have the dog ready for them in the morning.

HE BEGAN muttering as he stood beside the dog on the doorstep. "I done my best," he repeated, "I done my best. I lied and begged them, but they wouldn't listen."

He was speaking to her as those who have known the heart-twisting solitude of the wilderness speak to their animals, because they must. "They said you was destructive. What do they know about it? Just 'cause you killed a few silly sheep that was goin' to be killed anyways.

"You're the only thing in this world that gives a dam' what happens to me. From the time I first took you, you cared—I knew you cared. I only took you 'cause nobody else wanted you. Nobody ever wanted me either, but you, and you've stuck with me through everything."

A queer light was glowing in the slanting eyes, the light of brooding fancy which sometimes comes to those who have lived overmuch in solitude or hostility. "In the winter-time when the stars was all burnin' in the cold black an' in the summer when you could feel the tree-things chokin' each other in the dark with their roots, you was there to help me an' to keep the loneliness from gettin' me. You was glad when I laughed, an' when I hurt myself you was sorry. You always understood, and you always tried to look after things for me.

"That time when the wolverine was robbing my traps, you got him. You waited all night by the set until he come. You knew enough to hide and keep still. You got your hold on his neck an' you shook the life out of him. He'd of killed another dog, but he didn't have a chance with you. He was only fightin' for his life, but you, you was fightin' cause you loved me.

"An' when you killed him all alone out there, you come back to me, waggin' your tail an' so proud of yourself. You didn't stop to think of your wounds that was bleedin'."

Suddenly the little man knelt beside her. Slowly, caressingly, his finger-tips rested on the side of her head where the ear had been torn away and down onto the twist of her left foreleg that would never be quite strong again. "You got that then," he murmured, "An' that."

He put an arm around the lean scruff of her neck and holding her thus sank back on the floor. The afterglow had faded [Continued on page 42]

Ahead in the corridor of open sand appeared the prostrate body of a man.

The Right Miss Wright

By William Dudley Pelley

Illustrations by John H. Paul

BOB HOBART killed his engine and allowed his coupe to roll to a halt. His head throbbed. Arms and shoulders felt afire. He whetted dust-caked lips.

"So this," he sighed wearily, "is the desert."

He rode alone in the heavy machine, camping accoutrements barnacled on running-boards and bumpers. Relaxing his grip on the big scalloped wheel-rim, he pushed up the rakish handkerchief that bound his forehead and surveyed the expanse of sun-baked immensity stretching off into haze.

He had reached the edge of a cedar mesa. Below him western Arizona had become a universe with its ceiling melted off. The sun's rays poured into a world of torturous aridity, of sand and lava-ash, yucca and cacti, seemingly without a sieve of intervening ether to mitigate the searing refraction. As far as his eye could discern, the Santa Fe trail narrowed to a pair of drunken wheel-tracks, hub-deep in sand, curving down the nearby grade and off into gridiron distance. For twenty miles he could see it ahead—as though some capricious deity had scratched the burned, browned surface of things with a sharp knifepoint and the earth bled yellow gravel.

It was desert with a vengeance. The tourist searched a vista built on two planes only: vertical and horizontal. Nowhere else in the world did the sky lift so high or the panorama open so wide. The serried summits of lava mountains far to south and north resembled the backs of titan elephants herded motionless in distance through the eons.

Not even one lone buzzard flapped up in that measureless vault; not a sign of human life lay disclosed on all that expanse spread below. Once, an hour bygone, coming over a mesa mountain with scrub cedars dotting it like olive polka-dots on dun-colored fabric, Bob thought he discerned another car, not unlike his own, crawling miles and miles on ahead like an ant. But he had lost sight of it long since. Now he had the earth to himself.

"And I must cover all that," he groaned, "before I can get more grub or water!" He looked at his wrist-watch. Thirteen minutes to five. Two hours more and then sunset. He would try for the public camping-ground at Kingman before calling it a day.

He thought of his own Green Mountains of Vermont as he screwed the cap back on his smaller canteen and rolled a fortifying cigarette. He recalled cool rills, mossy ravines, inviting openings into green pastures and along still waters where a supper trout might rise to a fly. That was God's country.

He fell to wondering how Mary would react to such blistering distances hour after hour and day after day. She had never been keen about touring; his message that he intended to drive his machine across America and persuade her to end her California visit as "something other than a friend" had met with lukewarm response.

"Wonder if I'm making the mistake of my life?" the man had asked himself a hundred times on that lonely trek. "I like this sort of thing. She thinks it's barbaric. If I'm worried about her endurance on a twenty-day journey in a car as comfortable as this coupe, what am I letting myself in for life? Oh, well," he laughed, "they're all alike; only their names are different!"

Despite the hundred and eighty miles he had driven since morning, he knew he could not tarry longer. His starter whined; his motor sprang alive, and the car moved forward down the grade.

There just below him on those scorching reaches his great adventure lay in wait.

CICADAS kept up an incessant sizzing as though the desert floor were strewn with millions of invisible rattlesnakes, their sinister tails all snapping in chorus. The coupe, caught in those resilient sand-tracks, remained in them like flanges. Bob's only control of his machine he maintained with one cramped instep against the accelerator.

After traveling through four or five miles of yucca, greasewood, and "needles," he came suddenly upon an impassable barricade. The trunk of a dead yucca-tree had been dragged out across the trail. Against this "log" a board had been leaned. On it were red-chalked letters: "TURN HERE!" and an arrow pointing southward.

Bob Hobart swore. Such a circuitous route meant additional miles of driving before he could reach the day's destination. Nevertheless, glancing back to make certain no tourist car followed into which he might crash, the Vermonter reversed his gears and churned in retrograde to a place allowing him to mount out of the flanges. Then between patches of brittle, gruesome vegetation he began twisting his way, steering around yucca-trees, boulders, buttes, and dunes, down along the dried-out bottom of a prehistoric river.

Down, down, down — lower and lower — into country momentarily growing wilder and rockier—his car nosed its way. Buttes and ranker vegetation shut off the northern view completely and a mammoth basin floor opened ahead.

"I'm lost!" Bob cried. "This isn't any trail. I've been side-tracked—off down here in this crazy chaos."

Not a sign of a tire-track revealed that any other car had passed that way before him. He worked his way up the waterless river-bed until queer, square ledges showed ahead. He mounted a slight incline.

Then ahead in the corridor of open sand appeared the prostrate body of a man!

Bob halted—sat staring. Legs and feet thrust out from the cacti, gruesome boots upturned, torso and head out of sight in the nettles. No way of circling him was apparent. Bob must stop and remove him or crush him.

In one of his suitcases the tourist had an automatic. The first week in this desert country he had worn it beneath his shirt. Then he had carried it stuffed in the crack of his cushions, finally packing it away altogether. But the sight of those mute legs so startled him that no thought of the weapon entered his head. Some desert "rat" had toppled or fallen down the butte, landing dead or unconscious at its base.

Bob fumbled with the handle and got the door open. Out on the running-board he stepped, and down on the sand. Leaving his throttled engine turning over softly, he approached that grisly figure. He got abreast of it and stared blankly.

No man lay there—only a pair of old trousers stuffed with straw. Boots had been added to supply grim realism. Queer practical joke, this! Did anybody think—

Then an acrid voice sliced the silence:

"Reach for a star, stranger! Any star'll do! But reach for it quick. And don't make the least fumble!"

In reflex action Big Bob raised his eyes. Twenty feet from him, atop the low butte, stood a woman. She had one arm through the bridle-rein of a nervous calico pinto. Yet Bob saw more than girl and horse. He looked up into the ugly black holes of revolver-muzzles resembling twin tunnels opening into disaster.

"Did you hear what I said? Get your hands toward heaven and get doin' it quick!"

"My—dear—young—lady—!"

"You needn't dear-young-lady me! You hoist those hands!"

No such command had ever before been addressed to Robert Hobart of Paris, Vermont. His obedience was therefore slow and clumsy. A lady road agent!

"Now, then, turn 'round!"

Still feeling foolish, and not a little nettled, Bob did that also. Then woman and horse slid down the butte. Cold steel punched in the small of his back. A business-like hand patted around his belt, the pockets on his hips, the bulge of his khaki shirt beneath the arms.

"Whar's your gun? You got one. Griggs said so."

"In the car I've got a gun. But what's the large idea? Movie camera hid around somewhere?"

"You'll wish it was that. Whar you got Griggs' boodle?"

"Griggs' what?"

"You needn't try to act innocent-like. Reckon I've met your kind befo'. Wharever you got it, you can shove it out quick."

"May I turn around now?" Bob's uplifted arms made agony in his tired shoulders.

"Yaas, you can turn 'round. But don't try no fumididdles."

Hobart faced about. A girl in her middle twenties—about Bob's age—in brown riding breeches and blouse opened on a sunburned throat! On the horn of her saddle she had hooked her big cowhat. Bare of head in consequence, her hair was like a flood of molten gold. Comely she looked, yet her shapely body had the resiliency of rawhide and steel. The man asked whimsically:

"How did you ever get away off here—so far from the 'Follies'?"

"So far from what?"

"The 'Follies.' You never hear of the 'Follies?' It's a Broadway show—"

"Never you mind any Broadway shows! Keep your hands lifted, stranger. I could drill you dead right this minute and get the reward just the same. So you remember it and be careful!"

"Reward for what, for pity's sake?"

"For you—if you don't know it yet."

"There's a reward out for me? For doing what?"

"Keep up those hands! I'm not an infant."

"No, I wouldn't call you an infant. But you're not exactly a lady, either—making me hold my arms up so with my shoulders afire from driving so far. Is this the way you treat visitors down here in Arizona?"

"When they've acted like you have, yes."

She was an amazing girl. There was no doubt about it. Half a head shorter than Bob she stood—and the Vermonter was six foot one—built like a Juno and tempered like a valkyr. Her eyes were brown-topaz, her features ample, her color high with repressed excitement.

Her pinto, however, promised trouble. Plainly it didn't approve of Bob's auto. It snorted, pranced, and showed the whites of its eyes.

"My dear young lady," cried the flabbergasted Bob, "I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

"You get back to your car—and just to make sure you don't start off you lift up your hood."

Bob made a grimace. "Why lift my hood?"

"I'll show you. And don't you reach for your gun! If you do I'll settle you, stranger. I give you my word!"

Back toward the coupe the puzzled fellow moved, and the girl followed after—pulling the horse.

"Now up with that hood, or befo' Heaven I'll drill you!"

With an uneasy laugh the Vermonter unclasped the spring-hooks and raised the great tin cover.

"Now you stand back! Get away ten or twelve feet. I could shoot these things out, but I'm takin' no chances on emptyin' my guns!" And springing toward the car, keeping him covered with one revolver, she struck savagely at his spark-plugs with the barrel of the other.

One, two, three, four, five, six blows she dealt beneath that hood. The engine went dead with an expiring backfire and the spark-plug wires swung loosely. As quickly she sprang away—or perhaps the horse pulled her.

"Well," pronounced Bob, glassy-eyed, "you sure have raised hob with my bus. How far do you think I can go without spark-plugs?"

"Go? You're stickin' right whar you are!"

"I'll say I am. Now what's it all about?"

"You start turnin' out what you got in your car. *I want Griggs' money!*"

"What's put it into your head I've got Griggs' money—whoever he may be?"

"Reckon the make o' your car is enough for me."

"Aren't you mistaking me for someone else?—and haven't you overlooked my Vermont license-plates?"

"I'm not aimin' to palaver much longer with you, stranger. You never was courtin' calamity closer than you happen to be right this minute!"

"I can't make head or tail of what it's all about, but you're going to owe me a whale of an apology in about five minutes." And the nettled, exhausted fellow turned toward his carefully packed machine. The vehement Amazon pulled the plunging pinto closer. Up toward the running-board Bob lifted one foot. Suddenly he stumbled, lost his balance, lurched inward against the wheel. Down on the horn-knob came his heavy forearm.

Gr-r-r! The horn screeched shrilly, loudly, defiantly. It was a powerful, blood-curdling siren.

On steely hind legs the pinto reared in panic, then wheeled and staggered, hoofing wildly in terror. The bridle broke. Leaping clear of the ground, the horse went one way, its rider another.

Ten seconds later Bob Hobart held both guns and the girl's broken bridle. The bronc was racing down the river-bed, head and tail lifted, stirrups slashing against thorn-bush and greasewood. In twelve-foot jumps it vanished in the far-away pear.

Bob straightened, grinning. "Well, turn about's fair play," he bantered. "You put my bus on the blink. Now I've shooed off yours. Don't you think it's time to talk this little mess over?"

"G-g-give me my g-g-guns!"

"Let's see you get them."

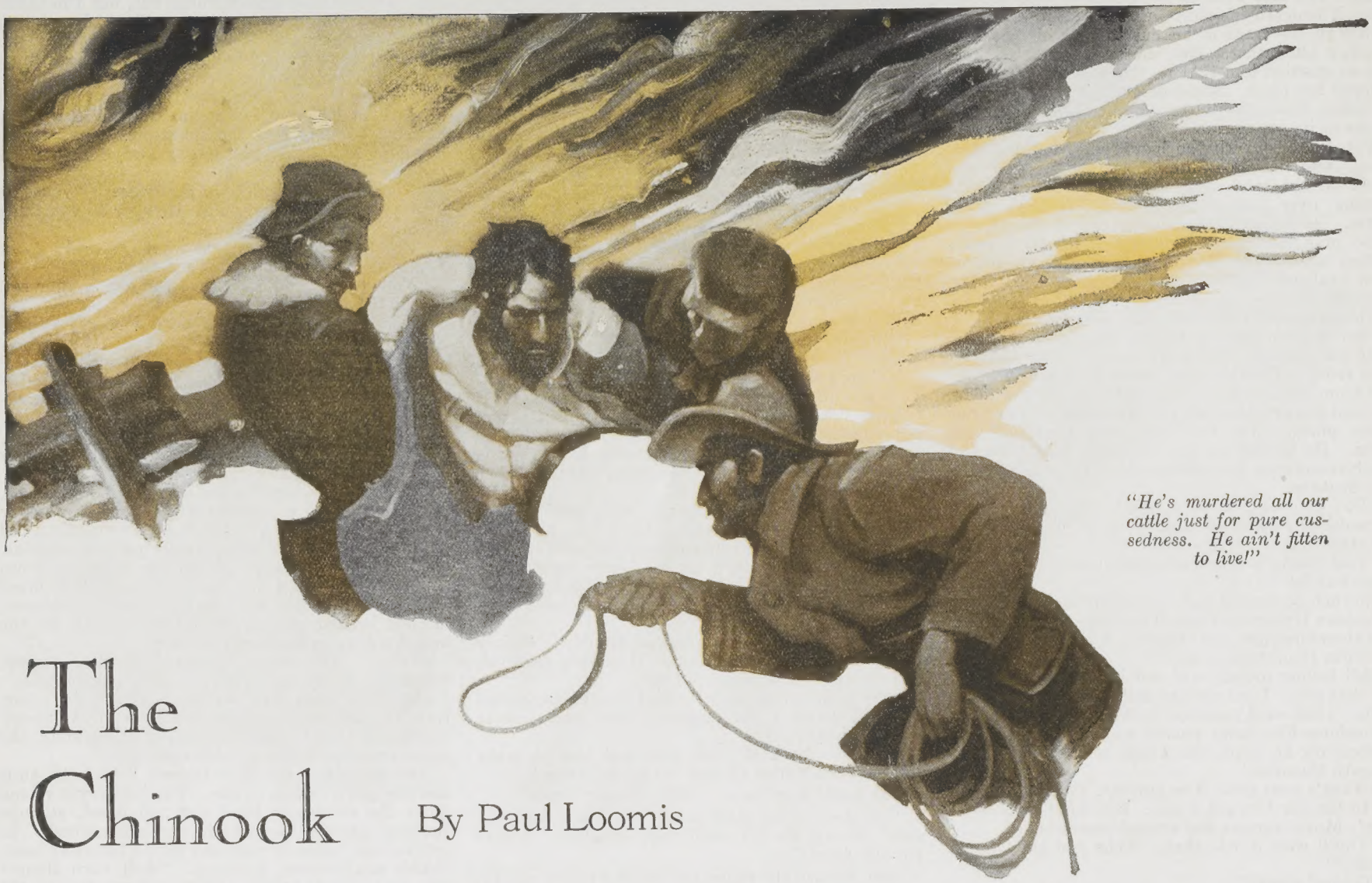
The girl glanced down at her empty holsters.

"Well, I reckon you've trumped my ace, stranger. That loco bronc has plumb busted everything!"

Bob "broke" the weapons, shaking out the cartridges and thrusting them in his trousers pocket. Producing his keys, he unlocked the lid of his running-board toolbox. In it he dropped both guns and snapped the lid back. "You really might

[Continued on page 26]

By keeping him covered with one revolver, she struck savagely at the spark plugs of his car with the barrel of the other.



"He's murdered all our cattle just for pure cussedness. He ain't fitten to live!"

The Chinook

By Paul Loomis

YEAH, it does sound kinda out o' season, spatter o' rain on the shanty roof here in February. And o' course you're beefin' because the snow'll be soft in the bush tomorrow. We'll get wet plumb to the gills cuttin' them last four loads o' tamarack fence posts you're takin' down to the Rafter Forty. Mebbe so. But if you'd been here on the north rim o' cow country the year o' the Great Blue Snow you'd have prayed so many times for a chinook wind that you wouldn't grouse even now when one come uninvited. Likewise there'd still be creases in your forehead—an' deeper ones in the heart of you, stamped there by listenin', helpless, to the bawlin' of hungry cattle.

It was sure a ring-tailed tooter, that winter! From October till blame near May! An' the worst was, it followed a summer that had been too dry to raise a fuss. Before August the ranchers down on the bald-headed prairie were shippin' out their stock till they swamped the market. Anybody that thought they could see an extra forkful o' feed for the comin' winter bought cattle while they had such an amazin' chance. Chance to go broke. That was old Dan Lawton. He come home to the L-Cross from down by Maple Creek with twenty carloads o' two-year-olds an' yearlin's. Then he rode out an' looked at the thousand acres of oats he'd sowed for feed.

"Pete," says he to me, "if we harvest that crop we'll have to lather the ground an' shave it. Poor old cows! Poor dogies!"

He scratched his head mighty sober. But not for long.

"Pack up," he says, "an' hit the Meadow Lake trail into the bush. Keep a-goin' till you find Joe La Rue. Tell him he's to winter three hundred L-Cross cattle, an' to govern himself accordin'ly. Then you stay there an' govern Joe accordin'ly."

"Uh-huh. What-for-lookin' chap is this Joe La Rue," I asks, "an' what's his home range, generally?"

"Oh he looks," says Dan, "like a six-year-old range horse that's been cute enough never to have felt a hackmore or cinch. An' he'll be at his ranch on the Beaver River—if he ain't elsewhere. His official business since he could fork a horse has been inspectin' landscapes an' he's sort o' got the habit. But ev'ry white-man, 'breed an' Indian in that country knows him an' will tell you where he is—or isn't."

"An' he'll be tickled pink to oblige you, of course," I offers.

"He'll agree to winter the cattle." Greater faith in human nature had no man than old Dan Lawton. "I took care of Joe once for a month after a bronc had ambled with him through a corral fence. He'd start out to build me a bridge across the ocean if I asked it. The point for you to stay there an' emphasize is: that for the sort of cattle I'll send him a train-load of good intentions won't take the place of nine hundred loads of hay in stack before snow flies."

I did find Joe La Rue an' he was at his ranch where the Horsehead runs into the Beaver. An' he did say he'd winter the cattle, just as easy as he told me he'd roast moose nose—four months out o' season—for my supper. But when I saw his meadow, stretchin' away pale green an' wavin' to the dark spruce timber, I thought too it would be easy enough to say "bring on your cattle."

"Yours," I asks.

He nodded.

"As much as anyone's. I found it—an' no one else bothers. There's plenty of hay for what stock we squatters have got up here in the bush without any of us crowdin' each other.

"What if more outfits bring in cattle this year, like the L-Cross is fixin' to do?" I asks him. But Joe shrugged his husky shoulders an' hitched up his cayuses to go to Meadow Lake for another rake an' mower.

He came back with same in two days an' a couple Cree families who come trailin' along with their dogs an' ponies an' papooses an' pitched their smoke-yellowed teepees beside the outfit Joe already had hayin' for him. They'd work fine, squaws an' all, for a week or so; then it'd be time to visit their wife's brother's family up by Lac des Isles or somewhere. However, the weather stayed dry an' the grass was so amazin' rank that the ricks were loomin' up mighty promisin' on the meadow. Then in rode calamity—beggin' her pardon even yet—for Donna Traeger was the finest lookin' grief that ever descended on anyone.

Joe an' I were mowin' 'way out in the slough that bright forenoon an' the little gulls were flittin' 'round us an' the loons were callin' on the blue lake beyond the meadow. Even the skeeters an' bull-dog flies were givin' us a let-up. We saw someone on a roan horse comin' out to us through the uncut grass. "Nitchie," I thought, as I saw the sun flash on beaded hat-band an' silver-studded bridle. Then the stranger's horse began to dance because it didn't want to come out across the soft ground an' I knew it wasn't any muskeg-trained bush pony. The rider gave it a cut with the quirt. It reared an' floundered an' disappeared in the rank grass. The rider didn't hop up like he'd ought to.

Joe stopped his team an' ran for the place an' I followed. We were plumb amazed to find a girl, an' a white one! White is right—where she wasn't mud-covered—for, though she'd kept clear when the horse fell, her foot had sunk so deep in the muck she couldn't keep the strugglin' brute from lunging against her an' takin' her down. Now the horse was on his side an' had wallowed in pretty deep while the girl was mostly under his shoulder, with good prospects of bein' plumb buried any minute in the smelly, black lob-lolly. Most girls I've seen would have split your ears with screamin'. Not a sound from this one. All the same there was honest terror in her big grey eyes and in the hand she flung out to Joe as the horse gave another lunge

Illustrations

By Ralph C. Smith

I grabbed the bridle an' rolled the cayuse over far enough for Joe to pull the girl from beneath him. As he carried her to solid ground I could see her teeth hard on her lip, but her hand was mighty tight on Joe's shoulder. Their eyes met for a long minute, Joe standin' motionless. Then she stirred an' he seemed to remember, an' put her down.

Her horse had churned himself in so deep by now we had to unhook a team of Joe's web-footed ponies to haul him out.

"Oh my poor Red Hawk!" the girl kept sayin'. "And it was all my fault!"

But the horse wasn't hurt an' Joe led the way to a spring in the edge of the timber. While the girl cleaned the mud from herself the best she could with Joe's scarf he stripped off his shirt an' went at the horse. He uncovered the Fiddle Five brand stamped in the cantle of the big silver-mounted saddle. I give a low whistle. Even up here beyond the North Saskatchewan we'd heard of that big Cypress Hills outfit for its way of ridin' with calked hoofs over its smaller neighbors. But the girl wasn't satisfyin' my curiosity none, bein' bent on regainin' as much of her dignity as possible an' occupied also in takin' stock, sly like, of Joe's knotty arms an' well-set shoulders. His big hat was slapped on the back of his head an' a kinky black forelock hung above his dark eyes. Eyes that were crow-tracked at the corners by careless good-humor an' by sun an' drivin' rain an' snow.

As for Joe, he was unabashed as an Indian in his study of the girl an' he rubbed the nigh side of the horse three times an' missed the off side altogether. I didn't blame him. A man gets mighty thirsty for the sight of a pretty woman when he's lived a long time in the bush, an' I'd already been with Joe enough to know he was the solid sort who hadn't dulled his power to appreciate a really fine one, such as was before him.

He caught her eyes an' the girl smiled. Somethin' startlin' an' delightful like a sudden shaft of April sunshine about that smile, white teeth showin' between lips that had just been so firm. Then the smile gave way to a worried sort of frown an' I felt the sun go under a cloud again. The girl moistened her lips two or three times before she spoke.

"I thank you both," she says, impartial an' just a little short of breath, "and I don't want to seem ungrateful to you for what you have just done to help me. I am Donna Traeger, and my brother Harley and I own the Fiddle Five ranch. Because of the drought this year we must winter up here in the woods. We have a hay permit on this meadow. I'm awfully sorry, especially when you have so much of the hay already stacked, but it is ours. You have been tresspassing, you see, on Government land while cutting it."

Well, Joe never batted an eyelash, though hay permits hadn't been imagined necessary till then on the Beaver River. He looked at the paper she gave him, shrugged, an' handed it politely back to her. His coolness seemed to make Miss Traeger more uneasy than if he'd stormed an' showed fight. Or, maybe just a little bit disappointed, it was.

As for me, the bottom had fell out of the cattle business.

"What'n Tom Horn'll we do now?" I demands, when the girl had ridden away toward her camp, which she said was by another meadow down the river. "Seems to me you're lettin' go your meadow mighty easy."

Joe's eyes were still on the place where the roan horse an' its rider had disappeared into the timber.

"So does a fellow let go his ten-spot when somebody lays a queen on it," he says after a bit. "An' it's usually just as well to do it without squallin'. There's time to cut some more hay before freeze-up."

We moved to a little meadow by Jackfish Creek, which was beyond the Beaver. But in two weeks that hay was in the stack; an' without so much help from Joe neither, for pretty near ev'ry afternoon he rode off toward the Fiddle Five camp. Meanwhile other outfits were movin' in. I rode to four more sloughs the Indians told me of and at each one I found mowers a-cluckin'. Seemed like ev'ry-where men were scramblin' an' squabblin' for hay. It was frostin' nights now. The grass was losin' feed value. An' sposin' there come a stretch of rainy weather or an early snow! Then Dan Lawton's three hundred dogies could look forward to winterin' on snowballs, sure enough.

I was capped an' primed to bust Joe La Rue wide open as I rode down to Traeger's. But when I pulled up by their stable-tent who should hail me but High-pockets Smith that used to share my bedroll when we was colts down on the South Fork. We was still chewin' the fat when a big man come up on a bloody-jawed horse. He had hard eyes like a badger's yet a mouth that somehow looked like he'd be up to a trick such as sendin' his sister to oust oldtimers off their meadow 'stead of goin' himself.

"Gosh, th' boss!" says High-pockets, an got' awful busy mendin' some harness. But Harl Traeger didn't notice. He was lookin' at a couple riders comin' down the trail from Horsehead Butte that rears up big an' bald an' gives such a fine view of blue lakes an' tawny meadows an' dark spruce bush mixed with poplars, now all green an' gold. Which seemed to have been lost on the two riders, however. They came up; Donna a little ahead on her roan an' with her mouth a bit tighter than usual an' Joe followin' on the dun he called Shaganappi, whistlin' to himself indiff'rent like.

"See here, La Rue," says Traeger without even a Howdy, "if you think you're goin' to get your meadow back by honeyin' around Donna you've got another think comin'. An' she's got somethin' to do besides ride up an' down hills to look at muskegs. I've given you a tip before now to be about your own business—if you've got any. Now clear out."

Joe rolled a cigarette. Ev'ry muscle of him as he slouched in his saddle seemed limp—like a lynx-cat's.

"Queer, ain't it," he says to Donna, but still lookin' at Harl, "how some folks beat around an' fog up what they mean? But I really believe that this devious an' subtle-speakin' gentleman is hintin' that he don't like for me to keep comp'ny with you."

I could see the red comin' up Traeger's neck at Joe's insolence, an' Donna 'peared mighty uneasy. But Joe went on:

"I might sharpen his feet an' drive him out o' sight in a muskeg, but after all he's entitled to his opinions. An' since the sentiment he just inferred lines up so well with what you expressed a lot more neatly a few minutes ago—that maybe I'm hangin' around to get hold of my meadow again—well I'm much obliged to you both. There's nothin' like a clear understandin'. If neither of you can see anything but cows an' hay-ricks you can look for my next call when the ice-worms are nesting an' the snow-poppies are in bloom."

He took off his hat to Donna with a shrug of course, and rather a [Continued on page 65]

He was lookin' at a couple of riders comin' down the trail from Horsehead Butte.

Canada's Opportunity in World Affairs

By George M. Battey

Group of Assistant Trade Commissioners who have recently assumed their duties at various Canadian Trade Offices throughout the world. The locations of the offices to which they are assigned are given in brackets. Left to Right (Back Row)—Alexander Keith Doull, of Vernon, B.C. (Tokyo); Max Thompson Stewart, of Stratford, Ont. (Bristol, England); Richard Plant Bower, of Winnipeg, Man. (Rotterdam, Holland); Robert William McBurney, of Toronto, Ont. (Milan, Italy); Shirley Greene Kenney MacDonald, of Calgary, Alberta (Oslo, Norway); Harry Leslie Brown, of Vancouver, B.C. (Mexico City). (Front Row)—Theodore J. Monty, of Sherbrooke, Que. (Athens, Greece); Chester H. Payne, Director of the Commercial Intelligence Staff, Ottawa; F. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of the Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa; H. W. Cheney, Secretary of the Commercial Intelligence Service, Ottawa; Robert Guy Carrington Smith, of Quebec City (Buenos Aires).

HEMMED in by powerful and long-established trading nations—often caught between their fire — Canada battles valiantly for front rank position in the international scheme.

Emerging from the welter of the World War with the budding spurs of nationality, Canada finds herself struggling with a public debt of more than $3,000,000,000, an adverse trade balance of nearly $130,000,000, and an unemployment problem which acts as a further serious drain upon the treasury. The Dominion rounded the turn into 1931 with a population exceeding 10,000,000, so that she owes upwards of $300 for every man, woman and child within her vast borders. By 1929 the public debt had reached $2,702,024,334, and a bond issue has increased it since.

Despite these facts, the picture is not a gloomy one. Canadian character decrees another hitch on the old galluses and an additional notch in the old belt. The big international boat is freighted with good company, and the leaders chant, "We're on our way; where do we go from here?" John Canuck is young, vigorous, courageous; he can paddle or swim as far as the best of them.

David slew the Giant Goliath with a small stone in a sling. Far from discouraging Canada, the international stalemate in politics, economics and finance presents her with rare opportunity if she but cast aside custom and tradition and seize it with both hands. Some of the older nations have outstayed their welcome in subject lands whence they have drawn much of their raw materials for manufactures. Canada makes her debut without the millstone of these ancient and growing animosities. Their places are hers for the asking, and perhaps a little more.

The Japanese took time by the forelock when British trade began to recede in the Orient at the close of the World War. Their trade emissaries insinuated themselves into the East Indian situation. More and more Japanese ships began to haul goods out of and into India. It was a quiet, steady movement about which little was said. Then all of a sudden a bombshell was dropped into shipping circles. While Lord Kylsant, head of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., was being sentenced at London to a year in jail for representing that his concern was making money when in fact it was losing heavily, it was officially announced that for the first time since the British occupied India a foreign nation had taken the lead in Trade with that mysterious land. This foreign nation was Japan. The figures were not given, but they are understood to have been available at London and to have related to the fiscal year 1929-1930.

By a peculiar coincidence the news came from London to Western Canada via a bulletin of the *Manitoba Free Press* at Winnipeg on Monday, August 17, the very day the Hon. Herbert Marler, Canadian minister to Japan, was exhorting an eager group of Winnipeggers a mile from the newspaper office to be up and doing in the Far East. At a luncheon of the Canadian Clubs and the Winnipeg Board of Trade at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Mr. Marler declared:

"For us in Canada, trade is our very life blood. With our already enormous production—a production that will increase in national semi-manufactured and in fully manufactured goods—foreign outlets are absolutely essential . . .

"Our sales in Japan for the five fiscal years ending March 31, 1930, averaged $34,000,000 per year . . . There is every reason to say that for Canada Japan is a constantly expanding market in our agricultural, some of our marine, mineral, pulp and paper products, and some of our manufactured goods. Our products are not competitive with those of Japan, but are complementary to the success of many of its natural resources . . .

"We have goods to sell of the best quality at moderate prices which China can not or does not profitably produce. That there is more trade for us in China is unquestionable. In 1915 China bought from abroad goods to the value of $281,000,000, Canadian currency. In 1929 she bought from abroad more than $810,000,000 worth. Of this latter amount Canada could have supplied goods to the value of $455,000,000 gold dollars,—goods produced in the Dominion. But how much has Canada sold? In the three years 1927-29, inclusive, we sold goods of a value of only $16,000,000 on the average. The spread between possible sales of $455,000,000 of foreign goods purchased by China and which Canada is capable of producing and the $16,000,000 which is actually sold is nearly

$440,000,000. A fair share of that spread should be the measure of the possibilities of increase in our sales to China . . .

"There is no necessity for delay. Let me say to those who think action should be deferred that there is no reason and no inspiration for us to sit down until China 'settles down.' If we in Canada desire our share of this market we should take immediate action."

In the cotton-producing Southern states they used to say that if every Chinaman proud of a long queue would only lengthen his shirt by an inch, the Dixie planter would quickly get rich. Mr. Marler had something like this in mind when he hinted that Canada might achieve early economic independence if she could improve the appetite for things Canadian among half a billion inhabitants of the Celestial empire. The chief items in which trade could be increased, according to the envoy, were canned and condensed milk, canned goods, cheese, cocoa, and confectionery; prepared and preserved meats; fresh, dressed and preserved fruits; medical preparations; paints; printing, wrapping, writing and other papers; timber, building materials, electrical appliances; leather goods, boots and shoes. He might have mentioned wheat, of which Canada has plenty to spare; but the fluctuation of silver has left China unable to buy at a time when millions are homeless and starving on account of the Yangtze River floods.

The common blight of poverty, unemployment and overproduction of processed commodities, not to mention political tangles, has fallen with the dew upon all nations alike. National pride and self-sufficiency have risen with high tariff walls, and the complications are such that salvation or doom is looked for by many people to proceed from the Disarmament Conference to be held at Geneva beginning February 2, 1932; some high cards will be played there.

WHILE the writer would like to see Canada improve her situation, especially in trade during the dawning Pacific Era, he does not pretend to be wise enough to tell how this can be accomplished definitely or to say what is ahead for the great human family. The most he can hope to do is to present a few facts and figures so that readers may draw their own conclusions and indulge in their further speculations. He has heard native Canadians of standing say that Canada does not go ahead faster because the country nurses one of the world's most thriving inferiority complexes. Even if that were true—which is not admitted short of more evidence—it could be said in extenuation that such a situation is not peculiar to Canada but exists with any small or new country similarly placed.

As things fall out, Canada's glories have been eclipsed to a considerable extent by the presence of an older and tremendously powerful neighbor to the South, and in her growth she has been obliged to look to England for the same initial sustenance the thirteen colonies required when they were growing up. It may be true that before the World War Canada kept an eye too steadfastly glued upon the doings of John Bull, and the other eye as religiously focused on the actions of Uncle Sam; but since the war this tendency has changed. Premier Bennett gave Canada's new policy direction and force by asserting at the Imperial Conference at London last fall that henceforth with him and his colleagues it must be "Canada first, then the Empire!" In other words, if English leadership in the world procession were to cease, Canada could not refuse from promptings of sympathy and respect to go ahead; of all the far-flung British Dominions, Canada is the logical one to take the sceptre from the hands of the Mother Country and carry on.

It is this decline to the East, in the Atlantic, which gives to Canada her bright opportunity to the West, in the Pacific, a fact abundantly recognized by Mr. Bennett as he signs a new preferential trade treaty with Australia and by Mr. Marler as he pleads for facilities to secure Oriental trade. Both of these leaders realize that the United States is trading heavily in the Orient, and that the competition will be keen; but they are laying careful preparations and are confident that Canada can command a fair share.

When Canada has hit her stride with new and faster ships, or in some cases dependable carriers acquired from the surplus English stock, the trade deficit adverted to in the foregoing will be wiped out, and Vancouver should assume an importance in shipping along with Montreal. It is possible to vision Vancouver with a population of 1,000,000 in another decade, and Western Canada with nearly as many people as the eastern part. The friendly rivalry between cities of East and West will be enhanced by this movement to build up Vancouver and the Prairie section through expansion in the Pacific trade and the counter-movement to turn the North Atlantic steamer traffic into the Great Lakes through the St. Lawrence waterway.

While these things are going on, the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, in the middle section, are backing the plan to make of Hudson Bay a navigable inland sea to provide cheaper transportation in trade with Europe. Impetus to the Churchill port project was given early in September by a visit of a large delegation of leaders representing the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, which returned home with enthusiastic predictions of success for the planned test shipments of wheat. Churchill, they said, will bear watching.

WE HAVE referred to the radical change in Indian trade. The figures showing the lead of the Japanese over the British are not available, but these which were compiled before the Gandhi swarajist campaign assumed present proportions and which are assumed to be more correct than those of Lord Kylsant, should help. In 1927 Great Britain's total exports to India were $431,747,260, and in 1928 $424,605,000, or more than $7,000,000 less. In 1927 the imports were $329,564,810 and in 1928 $322,455,000, or a loss exceeding $7,000,000. In 1922-23, fiscal year, the trans-frontier or overland imports of India were figured at approximately $6,000,000 and exports at about $5,000,000. The overland trade has probably grown apace with the extension of the boycott of British goods and shipping services, although large armed forces have been stationed at strategic points on the borders of India to prevent smuggling with Russia, China and Afghanistan.

Canada does an annual business with India of less than $20,000,000, exports and imports being about the same, and she could greatly increase this if she were in a position to do so. Her possibilities with Mexico were stated recently in Eastern Canada by Gen. Juan Andrew Almazan, Director of Communications of that country, thus:

"Probably there are no other two countries in the world in such an admirable position for commercial union as Canada and Mexico. We need Canadian manufactured goods and Canada needs tropical products which we can supply."

As John Bull has awakened animosities in India, Uncle Sam has incurred some of less intensity in Mexico Central and South America, so there is the hint for John Canuck to get busy with north and south trade. In 1930 Canada sent $2,583,440 worth of goods into Mexico and took $749,645 out. As for the possibilities in the West Indies, listen to the sentiments of Lord Willingdon, formerly Governor-General of Canada, now Viceroy of India, in a speech on March 28th to the Empire Club at Toronto:

"I found that the West Indian islanders had rather an idea in their minds that they were the lonesome Cinderella of the whole British Empire . . . indeed, that they had been neglected in the past . . . I think there was a great deal of truth in what they said. I found too a feeling of enormous gratification and gratitude to the Canadian Goverment for passing that treaty a few years ago, giving them an excellent fortnightly service of ships which have brought them back into the world again and given them hope for the future. I trust that something may occur in the near future which will bring this co-operation with Canada closer than ever before. I think it would be a fine thing if Canada could take over the responsibility of assisting the West Indies in the many heavy duties that now fall upon the British Government. I may tell you that the West Indies at the present time certainly look to Canada and not to my homeland for encouragement and support,—encouragement, support and co-operation which I am sure will be given by Canada in future years."

These sentiments provoked the editor of the *Toronto Mail and Empire* to exclaim enthusiastically, "Lord Willingdon speaks like an expert in Empire affairs. Why should he not? He has had before his mind other aspects of Empire questions than simply those impressed on the stay-at-home British statistician . . . "

Now and then we hear that Canada is about to be gobbled up by the United States; the writer heard a member of Congress predict it a few years ago. Around any poolroom, barber shop or club you can hear the same. It is a hangover from the days of Secretary of State Seward, of Civil War fame, and of President Polk, who once shouted on the northwest boundary question, "Fifty-four forty or fight!"; then decided he would rather eat.

No, sir, there is just about as much chance that John Canuck will gobble up Uncle Sam. John Bull stuffed himself so full of land morsels at the end of the World War that he has had the stomach-ache ever since. John was willing to pay Canada's war bill and even take over its national debt at the conclusion, so good did he feel. He is in such a distemper now that he would like to disgorge. Uncle Sam has acquired a lot of real estate in lieu of taxes and rent; he is trying to sell. He bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark, and through the prohibition decree made them so dry that the natives have nothing to drink or peddle but bay rum. France is trying to turn loose the Syrian mandate wildcat and Britain to get out of Iraq as she did out of Egypt and in time probably will out of India. For Canada then, with much to gain and little to lose, the field is wide.

WE SHOULD not be surprised to see Canada engaging in the prohibited coastwise trade through the acquiescence of Uncle Sam. The Canadian National Steamship Co. put one over on Sam last year which has set the shipping world to laughing. It seems to have been done without the knowledge or consent of Dr. Manion, Canada's Minister of Railways and Canals. The "Lady ships" of the line, bound from Halifax to the West Indies, began to stop at [Continued on page 42]

Chinese Custom House, Manchuria

Freight piled up at a Chinese railway station

Clouded Heritage

By Mary R. Funk

Illustrated by J. Mercer

THE late afternoon sun filtered into the disordered bedroom where Ben Arden was packing. As he crammed his clothing into the traveling bag with a sort of desperate fury, many thoughts raced through his mind. Incidents of his carefree boyhood passed in review. He recalled the happy, triumphant college years. He felt a sharp twinge at his heart as he remembered the unfailing kindness and generosity of his parents.

But it was the memory of Gloria that turned the knife in his breast and set his young face in a mask of grim misery. A sense of her beauty filled the room like a living presence. The recollection of her unswerving loyalty smote him and smarting tears sprang to his eyes.

Forcing his suitcase shut, he snatched his hat and coat and fled from the house.

"This thing must end quickly," was the thought that drove him on. "Suppose I should lose my courage, what then? Alone, perhaps I could stay and fight it out—but if I go down, Gloria goes with me."

Aboard the train, he tried to read a magazine, but the hideous events of that night three weeks ago thrust themselves persistently between his eyes and the printed page.

It had been the occasion of the Pi Alpha Beta dance. It was an unusually large affair, for the fraternity was holding a convention and delegates from many colleges were present With a thrill of pride, Ben saw how all eyes were centered on Gloria. *His* girl! There was no jealousy to embitter the pride, for there had never been anyone else for either of them from the moment they had met. They had become a sort of institution at the college. Ben and Gloria! The contrast they made was almost spectacular — the girl with her shimmering blonde loveliness, and the man, stalwart, black-eyed, black-haired.

As secretary of the local chapter, he had been busy with out-of-town guests, and had not been able to see much of Gloria. But the next dance was his. She passed him as she foxtrotted by in the arms of Lee Ellis, one of the southern delegates. The music stopped, and she led her partner straight for the group in which Ben was standing. Their happy eyes met half-way across the room. If memory would only stop there! But no, it went relentlessly on to that frightful, sickening thing that less than a moment later crushed the joy from their lives, perhaps for all time.

"What's that niggah doing heah?" he rasped.

Ellis and Gloria were within a yard of Ben's group when the man suddenly stopped.

"What's that niggah doing heah?" he rasped.

Everyone looked about, and seeing no negro, stared at Ellis in astonishment. He spoke again, his usual soft, southern drawl sharp and harsh. He pointed straight at Ben.

"What's that niggah doing heah?" he said.

For a moment there was a dead silence. Ben gazed at him uncomprehending. Then a member of the local chapter rushed to Ellis and hushed him in an audible, excited whisper.

"Say, be careful, for God's sake! That's no nigger. That's Ben Arden, a fraternity brother."

"That's a niggah," the southerner repeated loudly. "You can't fool me on one of those devils. I've seen too many of them. That's no white man."

At last Ben understood. With a snarl of rage, he sprang at the man who had insulted him. A dozen hands restrained him, and drew him struggling and cursing from the room. Ellis stood smiling coolly as he watched the scene. He turned to Gloria.

"May I have the next?" he asked.

She did not hear him. She was standing like a frozen image. Suddenly she awoke and rushed for the door. The crowd parted to let her through.

"Ben!" she screamed. "Ben, Ben, Ben!"

The affair created a tremendous furore at the university. All efforts to suppress it were unsuccessful. Ben was kept under constant surveillance lest he commit some act of violence. Ellis was urged to apologize, but refused.

"Let him prove he's a white man," he snarled, his face dark with fanatical race hatred.

The affair finally assumed such proportions that Pi Alpha Beta was forced to take steps to clear Ben's name. In the process of investigation, a fact was unearthed which proved a staggering blow to their defense. Ben had been a foundling!

Twenty-four years before, while traveling in the south, Mr. and Mrs. Arden had taken a child from an orphanage and brought him up in ignorance of the fact that he was not their own. Communication with this institution brought out the further damaging evidence that he had been left there by a negro woman who refused to talk.

"It isn't true, Ben," Gloria told him over and over, "But I'm proud and happy to stand beside you in the shadow of the doubt."

Ben's face was twisted with agony.

"Good God, no, Gloria! You —and a nigger! I'm going away —I can't stand it any longer. If I find any proof that will clear me, I'll come back. If I don't come back, you're to forget me—and it won't be worth anyone's while to look for me."

"Ben, you don't mean—you wouldn't — not — not suicide, Ben—"

His expression was a ghastly travesty of mirth.

"Oh, no, nothing like that. Just marry some black girl, and settle down and raise a flock of pick-a-ninnies."

Her brave eyes did not falter. His head went down before them.

"Oh, my God, Gloria," he sobbed, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! If I wasn't wild with pain, I couldn't say a thing like that to you."

She laid a gentle hand on his shaking shoulders.

"I know, Ben dear, I understand. And if hurting me could ease the pain for you, I'd be glad to be cut into little bits."

"Gloria, I'm going to pieces under this thing! I can't stay in a room by myself—I'm afraid of my thoughts. And when I go out on the street—the forced heartiness of the fellows—the curious, searching glances. They might as well say it aloud—'Why, by George, I never noticed it before, but that fellow *does* look something like a nigger!' And even you, Gloria—you've been so wonderful—but it's because you haven't realized it yet. I wake up night after night covered with cold sweat, and see you looking at me with horror and loathing. I'm going —before you do."

"Ben—will you marry me tonight?"

He sprang to his feet, white to the lips.

"Gloria, take that back!"

"Will you marry me tonight, Ben?"

He seized her roughly by the shoulder.

"I want you to take that back. It's the one thing I couldn't stand—to lose my ideal of you."

"Does it destroy your ideal to know that I love you enough to help fight this thing out at your side?"

"Yes. Oh, I suppose I sound like a crazy man! Perhaps I am. But you have always stood to me for everything that is high and fine. It always seemed to me that I could hold you only by living up to the very best that was in me. And now, to hear my immaculate Gloria offer herself to a nigger —You—you disgust me!"

A scarlet tide flooded her face and neck, and then drained out, leaving her ghastly white. She stared at him with wide, incredulous eyes.

"Gloria, I—Oh, for God's sake, say something! Tell me you hate me, that I deserve to be killed—anything! Don't stand there looking at me like that. Can't you say something?"

When she spoke, her voice sounded small and far away.

"I—I don't know what to say. You have humbled me to the dust. The knowledge of what I stood for to you has made it easier to try to be all that you believed me. I—had almost come to believe it myself. But that's all [Continued on page 62]

THE LAST RUN

By Maurice Shannon Corbett

Illustrated by Newton Brett

OUT of the Big Game!

Young Larry Benton, erstwhile athletic star of Holbrooke High, gazed at the poster depicting the joys of Thanksgiving day—with bitterness in his heart. A fine Thanksgiving it was for him. Out of strenuous sport forever because of a weak heart; what more cruel blow could there be to an athlete?

An attack of summer 'flu at the end of August, before the season began; Dr. Creagin murmuring something; and his mother murmuring a whole lot more—telling him frantically that he had to give up all violent sport if he wanted to live . . . to keep on his life . . . had let him know the truth.

Poor Ma; she always fretted and worried about her boys; hated to see them participate in, to her eyes, dangerous sport. Always over-anxious, she tried everything to keep them out. You couldn't blame her, though, after what happened to Dave. That's what had frightened her.

Dave, an older brother of Larry's, had been a great runner—as fast, even, as Larry was now—and during a big High School Meet, running for Holbrooke, where all the Benton boys had gone, he had maimed himself . . . affecting his whole life. It had been "heart" again. Running that day, Dave had won the mile, the half-mile, the quarter, and even placed in the sprints. The victory of the entire meet rested on the final event of the day—the relay; and Dave, running in the key position and egged on to desperate heights by his cheering schoolfellows, had brought victory to Holbrooke. But he had collapsed at the tape; and in pain had been carried from the field. He had never run again.

And so Larry, the youngest, yet huskiest and flashiest of all the Benton boys, was, in a different way, another victim. What a break!—after all the care he had taken, after all the science he had applied to build himself into a perfect machine; to be beaten by the unexpected.

Mrs. Benton, seemingly glad at first this season that he was out of the game, used to wonder at the strange fits of blueness that were often upon the boy. Some parents never understand what sport really means to the young fellows; how their very life and soul is sometimes wrapped up in it. Neither Mr. Benton or she had been interested in games themselves and considered them a waste of time: they expected Larry soon to find some other hobby and get over it. "You'll be absolutely all right," she had said, "provided you don't bother with violent sports. I'm almost glad it's happened!"

But he didn't get over it. Life became an empty thing to him. Alarmed, naturally, at first, at the news of his condition, he had put away thoughts of the team. But, as the season progressed, how he missed them! How he longed to get out once more and go tearing down the field as of yore. Had Dave been home he would have understood.

Like a decent sport he had gone out and offered his services to the coach in helping along the team. They had a fighting little squad this season, but they missed his speed in the half-line. Yet the agony of watching others play something he couldn't join beat him mostly, and he would have to remain away.

He got the habit of taking long walks into the country by himself. Often, a stray farmer would see the boy along a road, taking little zig-zag runs with an imaginary ball. They were a surprise to him, these walks, how he could go miles and never tire. He marvelled at his condition, and yet felt that underneath was that hidden danger. "Avoid violence," they said. "Violence! Bah!" Darn doctors! here he felt as strong as ever; why, if he hadn't known, he might have been able to go on and never know—and if he did die in harness—in the old moleskins—that would be O.K.! Life wasn't worth living without the game.

THANKSGIVING day dawned . . . with its opposing bands, cheering and ballyhoo. Everything was closed up and the whole town was out to see the game. Chesapeake High was marching on to the championship, having beaten everything yet by large scores, and the only hope was for Holbrooke to stop them: The Championship of the County was at stake today.

Larry moped. He felt he couldn't stand going to the game, this great annual game between the two biggest schools in the county that had always been his delight. Last year he had starred brightly, electrifying the crowd with great runs through broken fields; the different big city newspapers had had pictures of him punting the ball, and smiling ones of him in dashing football helmet. This year . . . how life changes . . .!

He would stay away and go for a long walk and try to forget. A weakling! that's what he was! He didn't belong out there with real men. Yes, he would hide.

And then came a letter; a letter from Dave. Such a kind letter. Dave was a sports writer on a city newspaper and he knew about the county game, and Larry's hard break. It seemed as if he read his brother's mind. He told him "not to cry about his hard luck, but to face the music with a smile; not to be sorry for himself, but go out and try to help the team with the benefit of his experience." Larry thought of Dave, poor broken Dave, up there in the big city newspaper, writing about the sports he loved, the very sports that had taken the best of him. Never quitting: always there for the love of the game.

Putting on a light pair of golf knickers, a V-neck sweater with the large "H" flaring brightly, and wearing a bright gay smile of anticipatory victory, he went down and reported to the coach to help the old team along.

As Larry climbed over the ropes in front of the grandstand, the crowd gave him a cheer. The boy felt a flutter of emotion at that, and smiled up at the packed Holbrooke student mass of waving pennants and colors; they hadn't forgotten him anyway. Voices, feminine and otherwise, barked: "There's Larry Benton; wish he were in there today;" "I'll say so!" and so on. He heard: "It's tough luck about him, isn't it?"

The coach, Jim Ritter, shook hands with him. "Boy! I wish I had you [Continued on page 47]

Before he knew it, he was in on the enemy half-backs: he straight-armed the lunging Rogers, side-twisted in the old Benton style away from Lazzeri and was in his stride on down the field.

The Black Box of Silence

By Francis Lynde

The Third Instalment of This Brilliant Novel Shows the Two Heroes Involved in Deeper Mysteries and Still More Startling Adventures

Illustrations by Herbert Rudeen

OWEN LANDIS had invented an electrical apparatus, somewhat after the appearance of a large camera, which, instead of transmitting and amplifying sound, as was done by the radio, had the opposite effect and neutralized sound waves. The night after its first private demonstration the black box was stolen from the safe in Owen's laboratory, and the only clue seemed to involve Betty Lawson and her escort of the evening, Bert Canby, a newcomer to Carthage, who was engineering a development scheme for the city.

A number of mysterious bank robberies, featured by explosions where no sound was heard, led Owen and his friend Walter Markham on a chase across the country looking for three men, purporting to be business men from Louisville on a trip to the west, but who were always turning up near the scenes of the various holdups, and who were also discovered in a Western town in secret conference with Bert Canby. The latter explained his presence there by saying that he was on his way west to look over a mining property in which he was interested and that he had persuaded Professor Lawson and daughter Betty to make the trip with him in his car.

At Brewster, Owen and Walter met William Starbuck, an oldtimer distantly related to Walter, and from him they learned that Bert Canby had a reputation in that part of the country as a crook promoter, and would bear watching.

Several attempts on the lives of Landis and Markham had been made as they drove westward, and again at Brewster they were fortunate to escape when ambushed by a number of Mexicans.

PART III

GOING down to breakfast the next morning they found Starbuck waiting for them, and over the broiled mountain trout and its accompaniments Markham told the mine owner what had befallen them after leaving his house, asking if Brewster was enjoying a crime wave.

"Not that anybody has heard of. You say these fellows were Mexicans?"

"That's only a guess. I couldn't see them very well. I'm hanging the guess upon the butcher knife one of them dropped. It has a Spanish word carved on the handle," and he spelled out the word, "S-a-n-g-r-a-r."

"Huh! Goes well with what he meant to use it for: means 'to bleed.' Have you notified the police?"

"No; the policeman who chased them doubtless reported it. It's all over and isn't likely to happen again."

"Maybe not; we'll hope not." Then, out of a clear sky: "But just one word. Are you both sure the man we were talking about yesterday wouldn't be sorry to see you two laid

Worming their way cautiously among the boulders, they were soon out of range from the road above.

out on an undertaker's cooling board?"

This appeared to be the proper time to make a full statement of the facts precedent to a man who would unquestionably prove a friendly and powerful ally; but a well-filled dining-room was hardly the place for confidences.

"That would be rather far-fetched, wouldn't it? The man you refer to is barely on speaking terms with Owen; and the only grudge he can hold against me is my refusal to buy stock in his promotion schemes."

This ended the holdup talk, and the conversation drifted to other things. Later, when Starbuck asked what they were going to do with their day, Markham said they were intending to drive about and have a look at Brewster and its surroundings. This brought forth an invitation from the mine owner.

"If you are out on the Topaz road, stop at the Little Alice. I'm going out there shortly."

The invitation was accepted, conditioned upon their driving that far. As they were about to separate, Starbuck said, "Just a minute: I take it that neither of you was breaking the law against gun-toting last night?"

Markham laughed. "We had two very excellent automatics—and they were carefully locked up with our luggage in the rooms upstairs."

"Huh! thought maybe that was the how of it. Great Moses, Walter! that's no way to carry a gun! Do you know what a shoulder holster is?"

"Yes; I bought a couple of them with the guns."

"Good. After what jumped up last night, it wouldn't be such an awful bad idea to get used to wearing one of those holsters under your coat."

Markham grinned and opened his coat to show a weapon snugly nestled under his left armpit, saying, "Owen sports the other, and he says it makes him feel as if he were posing as a poor imitation of the bad man from Bitter Creek."

"That's better," said the mine owner with his grimmest smile. "Either of you had any practice with those life-preservers?"

"Enough so that we might hit a barn door, if it were not too far away," said Markham, laughing again. Then, as they shook hands: "We may see you later, out at the mine."

As they were taking the roadster out of the hotel garage, Landis asked what was to be the programme for the day.

"I want to take a shot at trying to find out what Canby did with those two unaccounted-for hours yesterday morning."

The "shot" was fired methodically by making inquiries on all the roads leading out of Brewster, and it led to nothing until the round brought them to the road over which they, themselves, had driven in. Here, at a cottage a mile or so from town, Markham stopped the car, saying, "There was a light in this house when we came by yesterday morning; I noticed it. It's only another of the wild chances; but we'll ask."

A youngish woman, who looked as if she might be a workingman's wife, answered their knock, and Markham began the well-worn formula.

"Pardon me, but we'll be grateful if you would answer a few questions for us, if you can. You were up early yesterday morning, weren't you?"

The woman nodded. "I was—all of that. My baby was sick."

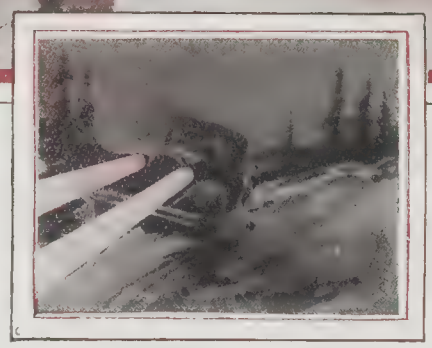
"Do you often notice the passing of cars?"

"I couldn't very well help it, could I?—living that close to the road like this." Then, pointing to their roadster: "I saw that car, or one just like it, go by a little after day, yesterday morning."

"Quite right; and we were in it. Was it the only one you saw?"

"No, there were three more; big cars, all just alike; two going into town, and one coming out. I was sitting by the window."

It was Landis, the dreamer, who saw a possibility in this and caught at it.



"Somebuddy's done played a mighty mean joke on you, I reckon. He ain't hurt none."

"Could you—can you remember the times when these three cars, just alike, went past?" he asked mildly.

"Not just; but I sh'd say it was somewhere near three o'clock when the first one went by, going on to town."

"You saw it quite plainly?" Markham put in.

"I did that. I always put the lamp where it will be shining out of the window. My man works in the mine—night shift—and he likes to see a light shining for him when he's coming home."

"I see. Could you see this big car well enough to tell us how it looked?"

"Mostly I couldn't, of course; they go by so fast. But that night the Flaherty's cow was loose, and she kept straggling into the road, and they had to stop and blow their horn at her. It was a fine, closed car, painted a kind of light yellow; a limmyzeen, they call 'em, don't they?"

Markham nodded. "I suppose you couldn't see the people in it, could you?"

"Only that there was two of 'em in the front seat; a man and a woman."

"Exactly. Now the next one; when did it come along?"

"Maybe a half-hour or so after that. It was going the other way. It looked like the same car. Anyway, it was the same color."

"And the third one; which way was it going?"

"It was going in, and it was a big, yellow car, too, just like the others. I saw it good. The Flaherty cow got in the way again, and they had to almost stop to keep from hitting her."

"Could you see the folks in it?"

"I could see only the one man, driving."

Markham thanked the woman and was thoughtful enough to ask about the sick child, and to offer to fetch a doctor from the city if one were needed. The woman was volubly thankful for the offer, but she said the company doctor of the Little Alice was treating the child, and that it was better.

"An extraordinarily good witness, that woman," Markham commented, when they drove on; adding: "That was a happy thought of yours, Owen—timing those three cars. Where does it land you?"

"I think you know. The three cars just alike were one and the same car. And the man driving it all three times was Canby."

"Check! The next question is, why did he double back after he had left the professor and Betty at the hotel?"

"Wait," said Landis; and after a brow-knitting pause: "I'm trying to remember. Coming over last night you repeated for me the talk you overheard between Canby and the three in the Copah garage. Didn't you say something about Canby's meeting the others, as agreed?"

"You've got it! He did say just that. That's why the Fleetwing hasn't shown up in Brewster; they've left it somewhere along the road, and Canby picked them up and brought them in. We're framing the puzzle up, a bit at a time. I—Hello—here we are at the Little Alice. Shall we stop?"

"Have to, won't we? If Mr. Starbuck sees us he'll think it queer if we drive past without stopping."

Markham parked the car, and as he was doing it, Starbuck came out.

"You are just in the nick of time to have a noon snack with us," was the mine owner's greeting. "Come on over to the mess shack and meet the staff."

This was their introduction to the engineers' and office men's mess; and after the meal, Starbuck took them in hand and showed them through the mine. It was a new experience for both, and they penetrated the network of tunnels and crosscuts, stopes and winzes with a mounting respect for the mining engineer's profession.

After they had tramped for what seemed like miles in the network, Starbuck halted them in a well-lighted heading where the chattering clamor of the air-drills was deafening; and the silence, when the drills stopped, and the miners began to unlimber

Continued on page 18

Brave Men of Battle Begin Their Second Hundred Years of Service

By Francis Dickie

French Foreign Legion Celebrates a Century of Warring on Foreign Soil. Out of Dregs of the 1830 Revolution Has Grown a History-Making Body of Men.

NOBODY of men, which eventually won to fame for valorous deeds, so that its name today is a household word around the world, ever made a more comic opera entrance into history than the French Foreign Legion, the 35,000 men of which this year celebrate the Force's anniversary of its first century of service.

On a day toward the end of February, 1831, the port loafers of Algiers watched curiously a battered transport ship come alongside the dock. This curiosity gave place to amused and scornful amazement when they saw disembark truly the weirdest assortment of men ever to set foot upon the shores of Africa. Down the gangplank filed 300 extraordinary individuals ranging in age from 16 to 60. Some wore the garb of the National Guards of 1789, others sported the impressive uniforms of the Swiss Guards, while the remainder were variously outfitted in the clothes of different regiments of cavalry, and artillery of two generations of wars.

It was a parade that would have brought fame to any circus. Once on shore this bizarre little army, to the further astonishment of the onlookers, raised the French flag, and started to sing the "Parisienne," the National song composed by Casimir Delavigne after the Revolution of 1830. Marching in careless order the motley crew passed through the "Porte de la Marine" to billets which had been prepared for them. In the next few days further transports arrived from France bringing in all 4,000 men in equally varied garb as the first contingent. To dress them all it was evident the military stores of Paris must have been emptied.

Their tattered condition brought them the scorn of the Maures who called them "French Bedouins." In Algiers the word went around that a new army had been created which was to be named the Foreign Legion.

These men in so tattered varied costumes were for the most part composed of mercenaries who had joined the ranks of the Revolutionaries of 1830. They had served under the command of a self-styled Baron of Belgian origin, the "Baron of Boegard," whose real name was Lacroix. Giving himself the added title of Lieutenant-General during the Revolution he had gathered under his command a group of vagabonds who had been glad to fight at the barricades erected on the streets of Paris. To his little army he had given the high-sounding name of "Volontaires de la Charte."

With the reestablishment of order marked by Louis-Philippe's ascension to the throne of France, the new Government's first act was to disband these men whose usefulness was ended. But while their services were no longer needed, the group was dangerous without occupation. So some of the ministry approached the Baron with a proposition.

At that time a small army of regular troops was engaged in the conquest of Algiers, but reinforcements were badly needed. The Baron accepted the offer of the Government. So his henchmen and a goodly number of additional volunteers of all nationalities sailed for Africa. Thus through the desire of the Paris' authorities to be rid of warriors no longer useful came into being a body that has carved its name for valorous accomplishment on the tablets of the 19th century, and which today has grown to be an army of 35,000 strong composed of five regiments, mostly foreigners. No. 1 is at Sidi-Bel-Abbes in Algeria, the grand centre of instruction and Legion Headquarters; No. 2 at Fez; No. 3 at Meknes; No. 4, Cavalry at Souke; No. 5, Indo-China; No. 6, Syria.

SHORTLY after the arrival of the first 4,000 men in Africa in February, 1831, King Louis-Philippe, on the 10th of March, 1831, published a Royal Edict proclaiming the foundation of a regiment which would be called Foreign Legion as it was composed of elements hailing from the four corners of the earth. The second article of the edict mentioned that each company of the new regiment would, if possible, be composed of men of the same nationality. This was respected, and the battalions of the new Legion were made up as follows:

First battalion, of men who had served under the Restoration, and were mostly French.

The 2nd and 3rd battalions were composed of Swiss and Germans.

The 4th contained Spaniards.

The 5th, Italians.

The 6th, Belgians and Dutch.

The 7th, Poles.

The men signed up for three or five years and were supposed to be between 18 and 40 years of age.

The organizing of the Legion was marked by great difficulties, for the elements which composed that first group in their uniforms of multi-colors and shapes, and other units which kept arriving in the immediately following months, were of the lowest types of humanity. Thus we find in consulting the ancient records in the Bibliotheque Nationale that in September, 1831, seven months after the King's Edict had founded the Legion, disorder was rampant in its ranks.

Mr. Camille Rousset, Headquarter's Officer at Algiers writes in his diary under date of September, 1831:

"We have here a battalion of foreign men. They arrived eight days ago. At roll-call 35 of them were missing, they had deserted. The day before yesterday the whole company got drunk and beat up their officers. They have been put in cells, and two of them are going to be court-martialled."

One of the chief reasons for discontent was that some of the truth had been witheld at the French recruiting stations established at Montargis and Orleans. Many of the men had come as colonists and not as soldiers. Many of them were too young, and some too old. A number fell sick.

"But the worst of all," writes someone at the time, "are the

The Legion Band at Sidi-Bel-Abbes.

Conducting a campaign against a brigand tribe on the desert.

Men of French Foreign Legion receiving the Legion of Honor at Sidi-Bel-Abbes, Algiers.

self-styled officers who are in great numbers. It is certain that in time something can be done with the men, but the ones in command are good for nothing. One of them is particularly amusing. He was a tailor by trade. During the Revolution he made himself a squadron leader, wearing a gold striped uniform to befit his exalted position. To vouch for the value of his services to the cause of the new King, he had the written testimonials of all the publicans, whose establishments were convenient to the barricades as to his military valor."

In spite of the above statement by an anonymous writer of the time against the officers, there was another factor in the make-up of the early Legion which was the chief cause of the Legion getting away to a bad start. This arose from the article in Louis-Philippe's edict placing the men of the same nationality in their own units. Soon the mistake of such a grouping was found out. Queerly enough, among the men of the first Legion at least, individual hatred, with the possibility of exchanging insults in the same language, caused countless fights. So a mixing of all races was tried. This rule has been adhered to until today, and has given the best results.

THOUGH the Legion was founded on March 10th, 1831, and chronologically speaking, the anniversary falls on that date, it was not until near the end of the year that the Legion actually was an actively functioning unit, as can be realized from the few lines already quoted of writers of the time. In researching into the history of the Legion, the most unusual thing is that the principal and most thorough and authoritative books about the Legion are written by Germans in German. Indeed, a large number of Germans have always fought in the Legion ranks. During the war many still remained at service, but were kept at the headquarters station of Sidi-Bel-Abbes. Under a false name Prince Albrecht Frederick, cousin of the Kaiser, joined the Legion and was killed in battle. A German battleship called at Algiers to take home the body of the till then unknown common soldier.

The Legion has been the subject of countless fiction stories and a few books, but these have mostly dealt with very modern times. Indeed, for such a historic body, there is a painful lack of drawings or paintings dealing with important events. Regular photographers have never accompanied the battalion in action. So the only pictures of the Legion are snapshots taken by members of the force. Through the courtesy of an ex-member a few of these are shown herewith.

Though the Legion, some eight months after its inception in the spring of 1831, was at last whipped into a fairly efficient fighting unit, it was not until the next year that anything important enough was accomplished to be recorded in its history.

In 1832, Commandents Peoris and Moet were officially commended by the Governor of Algiers. Both erected in record time fortified block-houses at different points in Algiers, and with these as a base of operation, succeeded in subduing the Arabs.

A group of Legionnaires showing varied types of faces of many nationalities.

Two methods of transport at an outpost in Morocco.

Officers of the French Foreign Legion in front of headquarters at Sidi-Bel-Abbes.

By the year 1840, the strength of the Legion had increased to 6,000. It was divided into two units of 3,000 each. The first patrolled the district of Oran; the second divided its time between Algiers and Constantine. From 1832 until 1901, when the submission of the entire Algerian territory was accomplished the Legion was incessantly engaged in warfare. It was particularly during this period that the Legion gained the illustrious place it holds today in the public eye. Its first great combat was in 1837 at Koudiat Ati in the Atlas mountains against the Kabyles.

Of this event, at least, we can gather some idea, for Horace Vernet has painted a very stirring picture of the scene and also one of the taking of Constantine in which battle fought the Foreign Legion. Both pictures hang in the Versailles palace.

But the Legion's activities were by no means confined to Africa. In 1854 they fought in the Crimea; in 1858 in Italy; in 1863 in Mexico.

It was during the war in Mexico that there occurred one of those dramatic encounters which stands out most prominently in the annals of the Legion.

Sixty Legionnaires were surrounded by the Mexican army. They took up their stand in a farmhouse at a place called Camaron. The Mexican army, some 400 strong, was commanded by General Milan who asked the Legion to surrender. They refused. For ten hours they withstood the siege. They were so tortured by thirst they drank the blood that flowed from their wounds. When only three badly wounded remained of the sixty, the Mexicans took the farmhouse.

This battle is commemorated by a column built on the spot where the farmhouse stood. The pedestal of the monument is inscribed with the words: "Camaron, Mexican campaign, April 30th, 1863. Sixty men fought General Milan's army, the struggle lasted ten hours. The Mexicans lost 300 men, 200 of whom were killed and others wounded."

SINCE its foundation the organization and routine of the Legion has not changed. The recruiting is exclusively voluntary of men whose social status is never questioned, and who are not asked anything more than to die, if the occasion arises, for the flag they have adopted.

In the year 1914 the Legion was increased to number 12,000, and in the seventeen following years the ranks have swelled to the present 35,000.

The duration of the service is five years. French or foreign recruits are treated alike. But in the case of a Frenchman who signs under an assumed foreign nationality, he cannot change his status except under very exceptional circumstances and then his case must be examined by the war office.

After fifteen years of continuous service a pension is given to all Legionnaires.

The recruiting is done without formalities. Physical fitness is the only requirement. The prospective recruit is submitted to a very severe medical examination. Eighteen years is the youngest at which a recruit can be accepted, and forty-five is the oldest, but as no proof of time of birth is required, if his physical appearance is favorable, his lies about his age are accepted. He is asked his name and country of birth. He is at liberty to say anything his fancy suggests so long as it is not too flagrantly in disaccord with his appearance. Questions are never asked as to whether the truth is told or not. Often the recruit forgets the name he has given and fails to answer at roll-call. It takes generally a few days before he is accustomed to his new identity.

The Legion's motto is "Valor and Discipline."

Like the Roman Legion of old who conquered the same African territory where the Legion had its beginning, the men of this fine unit are not alone fighters, but builders, engineers, and colonizers.

When Colonel Carbussia who commanded the 2nd battalion started archeological searches in the ruins of Lamboesis, he said: "I could have built a city; I had all the elements in my battalion, architects, engineers, artists of [Continued on page 41]

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 15

and drag them back from the heading, was almost painful.

"This is our main lead," Starbuck explained, when the stoppage of the drill clamor gave him leave. It's what the old miners call a 'true fissure' vein, and they have a belief that such veins grow richer the deeper you drive.

The muffled thunder of the blasts came to them as they were walking together down the main tunnel, and Landis said: "You spoke of the old-time miners; do they have many superstitions?"

"Oh, not more than men of other callings, I don't reckon. But in that heading we've just left, we've had a curious case of 'miners' nerves.' Along about two months ago the men began to say they could hear the ticking of a 'death watch' when the drills stopped. We didn't pay any attention to it at first; but after a while, when the men in that heading began to take time off on one excuse or another, we investigated. The ticking could be heard at times, but it was probably only the trickling of water in some underground cavity, or so we concluded."

"You were able to satisfy the men?" Landis asked.

"In a way; yes; though we still have to pick the crew for that heading. I think it's all over now, though. The foreman was telling me this morning that the ticking has stopped. They don't hear it any more."

As they came out of the mine, Markham asked the location of Canby's mine, the Quavapai. Starbuck pointed up the road toward Lake Topaz.

"It's on the other side of the spur in the next gulch. If you are going that way, you'll see the dump as you pass the mouth of the gulch."

They saw it, hanging like a huge gray beard from the mountain side as they drove up the road, but a turn in the gulch hid the mine buildings. The side road leading into the gulch was barricaded against traffic, and beyond the barricade they saw a man with a gun.

"What do you make of that?" Landis asked, after they had gone by.

"No visitors need apply. I wonder what Canby has up his sleeve in there?"

"Time may tell. What do we do now?—go on hunting for the Fleetwing?"

Markham made the sign of assent. "I'd like to know where those three men left it, and why. Also, why Canby went out to meet them."

Taking it easy, they circled the gem-like lake, stopping at the log-built hotel to glance over the register in search of the three names Markham had copied from the record in St. Joseph. The names did not appear, and, as they were driving out of the hotel grounds they met Canby driving in, not in the yellow limousine, but in a sport roadster. The other occupant of the single seat was Betty Lawson. Canby seemed not to see them at the passing moment; but Betty did and waved to them.

"You see," said Landis gloomily.

"I see that you are taking it lying down," Markham returned in a half growl. "Haven't you any red blood at all in you, Owen?"

"What do you expect me to do?"

"Anything on top of earth except to stand by with your arms folded and let this wolf of the world walk off with Betty!"

"You think I wouldn't break in if I could find an opening?—that I don't care enough? Good Lord, Wally, I'd give the best ten years of my life if I could go back to where I stood with Betty before I began to bury myself in this cursed invention of mine! "Show me an opening, Wally, and I'll walk into it if hell is gaping on the other side of it! That's how much I'm taking it lying down!"

"Um; that sounds more like it," was Markham's gruff approval.

BEFORE they had gone very far, Landis, looking back, saw a small car following; a car that was apparently having trouble making the grades, since, however slowly they drove, it never overtook them. After a time Landis spoke of the struggling flivver.

"That tin Lizzie seems to be making hard work of it," he said, when, on one of the reverse loopings, they could see it across the intervening gulch. It was stopped, and two men were apparently doing something to the motor.

Because his attention was fixed upon something else, Markham gave the halted car only a passing glance.

"This is the gulch where we saw the fire night before last," he pointed out. "Suppose we climb down there and have a look? What do you say?"

"All right, if you think it's worth while."

Markham stopped the roadster and they got out and scotched the wheels with stones. The descent into the gulch was down a precipitous slope. Before they had gone very far they came upon what appeared to be a rough trail, with crushed and broken bushes to mark its course.

"What's been happening here?" Landis asked; "more rock rolling?"

"Looks like it; we'll find out when we get to the bottom."

But the bottom of the gulch was not so easy to come at. Farther down, the descent became a series of ledges, over the brink of the first of which the dim trail disappeared. To avoid the ledges they made a circuit, coming into the gulch bottom some distance below the place they were trying to reach.

Here they found themselves in a boulder-strewn stream bed, summer dry save for occasional pools in the hollows, and, turning to the left, they struggled upward toward the place where they had seen the fire. It was in one of the many crookings of the dry stream-bed that they came suddenly upon the thing they were searching for—the remains of the fire. Wedged in the bottom of the gulch was the wreck of a large car crushed into a shapeless heap of junk, and with everything burnable blackened and destroyed.

"Now we know what made the scarred trail," said Markham. "That car ran off the road and came down here and burned up. Is it the Fleetwing?"

Before Landis could reply, there came a vicious *spat* on the face of the rock beside which they were standing, followed by the crack of a rifle. As one man they ducked behind the boulder, and at that there was another report and the clang of a bullet upon the iron work of the wrecked car.

"What the—?" Markham choked, grabbing for his pistol. But Landis was cooler.

"Easy," he counseled. "It's those fellows up at the flivver. Don't waste your ammunition. The automatic won't carry half that far."

"Damn!" gritted Markham, "we're penned up here like rats in a trap! We were fools to get into a hole like this!"

"No trouble about getting out of it, with all these rocks to dodge around," said Landis, still cool. "Come on and I'll show you."

"We'll have to go farther," Markham panted. "We can't scramble up there in plain sight from the other side of the gulch where those fellows are!"

"I don't mean to," said Landis. Then, in a sudden upblaze of passion: "I've had about enough of this damned ambushing business, haven't you? There is good cover on this other side of the gulch. We'll climb out that way and see if we can't do a little of the ambushing ourselves!"

"What? You want to climb up there and scrap it out with them?"

"That's exactly what I mean to do. As I say, I'm fed up. Let's go!"

As he had pointed out, there was foresting enough on the western slope of the gulch to afford fairly well-concealed stalking cover, and as they toiled up the steep among the trees and through the undergrowth, Markham was striving to flog his estimate of his boyhood chum and college mate around to the new point of view. With a deep affection for Landis which was rather more than brotherly, he had always thought of him as a dreamer of dreams, a thinker, a student—as anything but a fighting man.

But here was an entirely new development. The dreamer, pale of face, to be sure, but with his jaw outthrust and the light of battle in his wideset gray eyes, was storming up the steep ascent at a pace that made his heavier follower pant and blow. Thus it came about that Landis was the first to step out of a thick growth of little spruces at the level of the road. Markham burst out of the cover a moment later, and what he saw was a further proof that a life-long friendship may not reveal the whole man, even to his closest intimate.

The small, dusty, rattletrap car was standing as they had seen it from the opposite side of the gulch, its dunnage-laden running-boards stamping it as a camper's touring vehicle. Beside it were two men with their hands above their heads in deference to Landis' covering pistol, and at their feet lay the rifle with which one of them had been firing into the gulch. Before Markham could get his breath, Landis was grilling the pair snappily.

"What did you fellows mean by firing at us when we were down there? Talk fast and talk straight, if you want to go on living!"

"G-g-great Scott!" stuttered the taller of the two, "are ye meanin' to s-say hit was *you*-all down yonder in the gully?"

"You know damned well it was! What's your game? Who sent you here to kill us off? Talk quick!"

"'Fore Gawd, mister, you got us all wrong! We ain't aimin' to kill nobody! I thort you was a b'ar; so help me, I did! They told us, down along, that we might meet up with a b'ar comin' through these mountains, and when we looked down yonder, we shore thort you-all *wuz* one, didn't we, Jeff?" appealing to his mate. "Good gravy! you dont reckon we'd shoot at a *man*, knowin' it *wuz* a man, do ye?"

At this point Markham took a hand.

"Where are you fellows from?" he demanded.

"We're from Tennessee. Been to Utah, seein' if hit wuz a fittin' country for white folks. Hit ain't, and we're aimin' to go back where we come from."

"Did you stop in Brewster?"

"You mean that town back yonder?"

"Yes."

"Didn't stop only long enough to buy us some grub." Then to Landis: "For the Lord's sake, mister, don't keep a-p'intin' that there gun at us thataway. Hit might go off!"

Landis lowered the pistol, but he held it in readiness. "Why did you stop here?" he asked.

The man jerked his head toward the open cowl of the car, where a disconnected ignition wire offered the reason for a stop.

"Go ahead and fix it," said Landis curtly. Then he picked up the dropped rifle by the barrel and struck it against a roadside boulder, shattering the stock. "Just to keep you yaps from getting careless with somebody else," he [Continued on page 22]

Armistice

By Jessica E. Money

A sudden start,
The whirr of wheels,
The distant hum of voices shouting in the
down-town streets;
And over all the varied sounds
So dissonant, but gay,
Every whistle in the land
Seemed shrilling to his neighbor,
"Say—Armistice!"

The years glide on,
Fresh duties come,
The voices of the past shout on in some dim
soul's recess;
And over those who heard them then
Returns the smile
All bathed in tears, on lips that long,
So very long had prayed
For—Armistice.

Two Minutes' Silence

By F. J. Whiting

THE STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR: . . . That cellar in Kemmel where the old woman and her two daughters used to sell us chips and eggs . . . A crowded joint before the Bosch hit it . . . That was a dirty one ol' Bill pulled when he filled the pepper box with Keatings . . . I wonder where he is now. He shoulda gotta medal f'r pullin' me outa that mess at Mouquet Farm . . .

THE GIRL: I'll just bet she didn't pay more'n four dollars f'r it. Anyway, not more'n five. I'll just lean over and find out. "That's a perfect duck of a dress you are wearing, Belle. It must have set you back at least a month's pay . . . Not more'n six-eighty? . . . Quit y'r kiddin'. They don't build 'em like that f' that price." . . . That guy who shushed me. I sure give him a dirty look . . . Who's he think he is anyway? . . . The idea . . . Nice little kid over there. Guess that old guy standin' by him is his father . . . Solemn lookin' duck. He's got a brown button thing on his coat lapel . . . Some kind of lodge button I guess . . . Men are never happy unless they got a couple lodge buttons on 'em somewhere.

THE MINISTER: I wonder if this gets to them . . . Dear Father in Heaven and Prince of Peace, grant from Thy infinite mercy we never relinquish this priceless gift. Thy Son upon the Cross, my son in the mud of Flanders died miserably for the Peace of the world. May our rulers and statesmen walk ever in the paths of moderation and tolerance with one another so that the precious flesh and blood of youth be not again required to quench the fire of war . . .

THE EX-OFFICER: . . . There was really no need to have sprung that raid at all. But I suppose the Colonel wanted to keep his end up with Brigade, and Brigade wanted to shine with Division, and Division with Army and Army wanted to make the front pages at least once a week, so my Company got the job of stirring up old Fritz. Course, I got a cushy Blighty and my M.C. out of it but sixty poor devils only got R.I.P.'s—if they were ever found . . . God! I can still see their dead faces in the ghastly light of the Very lights and the signal flares.

THE CHIEF SPEAKER: My notes! Did I leave them in the car? . . . Oh, no, here they are in my breast pocket . . . Drat that nose of mine. I'm sure I'm going to sneeze . . . No . . . Yes . . . No . . . Ye-e-s—*Time!* Thank Heaven!

THE UNDER-GRAD: A lotta fuss over the end of a war . . . I hope that girl notices what a fine figure of a soldier I would make . . . I wonder what that sick fellow in the wheel-chair is wearing all those colored ribbons on his coat for. His face looks as though a tractor had run over it . . . Eyes look watery and kinda queer too . . . Poor devil, he looks as if he don't get much fun . . .

THE CHILD: Ev'ybody's got their heads down like in church . . . I think Mummy is crying behind her hanky . . . Daddy's looking at me so—funny. He almost frightens me . . . There, that is better. He has just put his arm around my shoulder and given me a little hug against his leg . . . When I grow up I'll be a soldier too, like Daddy was. Only when I say that out loud Daddy says "No, no," so stern that he scares me. So I just say it to myself . . .

THE HOUSEWIFE: Mighty thankful none of my kids were old enough to go to the war. And George turned down account of his eyes . . . Land sakes! what a time we had getting sugar and stuff. You'd think the soldiers lived on lolly-pops . . . My, I felt sorry for that poor woman that lived next door to us. I forget her name. Lost her husband and two boys all within a month . . . I'll never forget the day, never, when she got the news of the last one being killed. She was out when the telegram came, and the messenger boy left it with me to give her. When she came home and I held out the colored envelope to her she wouldn't take it at first. Just stared with one hand on her throat and the other raised against me as if I were—Death itself! Then she suddenly snatched it from me and ran in to her room and slammed the door in my face . . . She apologized next day though and took me in and showed me all their pickshers and things . . .

THE BUSINESS MAN: . . . I thought they were supposed to celebrate the Armistice on Thanksgiving Day. Too many holidays in the year already Confounded nuisance this two minutes' silence.

THE FELLOW WHO DIDN'T GO: . . . Well, they called me a coward but I'm here today and those poor dubs who went over are most of them dead . . . Hugh Clements and old Sid and Jonesy . . . I'm alive and they are dead John L. and Jerry—I forget his other name— . . . I'm alive and they are dead . . . Happy Hanson, our star halfback, the only one of the crowd to return and he blinded and gassed. He died too a year or so later . . . I'm alive and they are dead . . . I'm alive and they—TIME! Thank God!

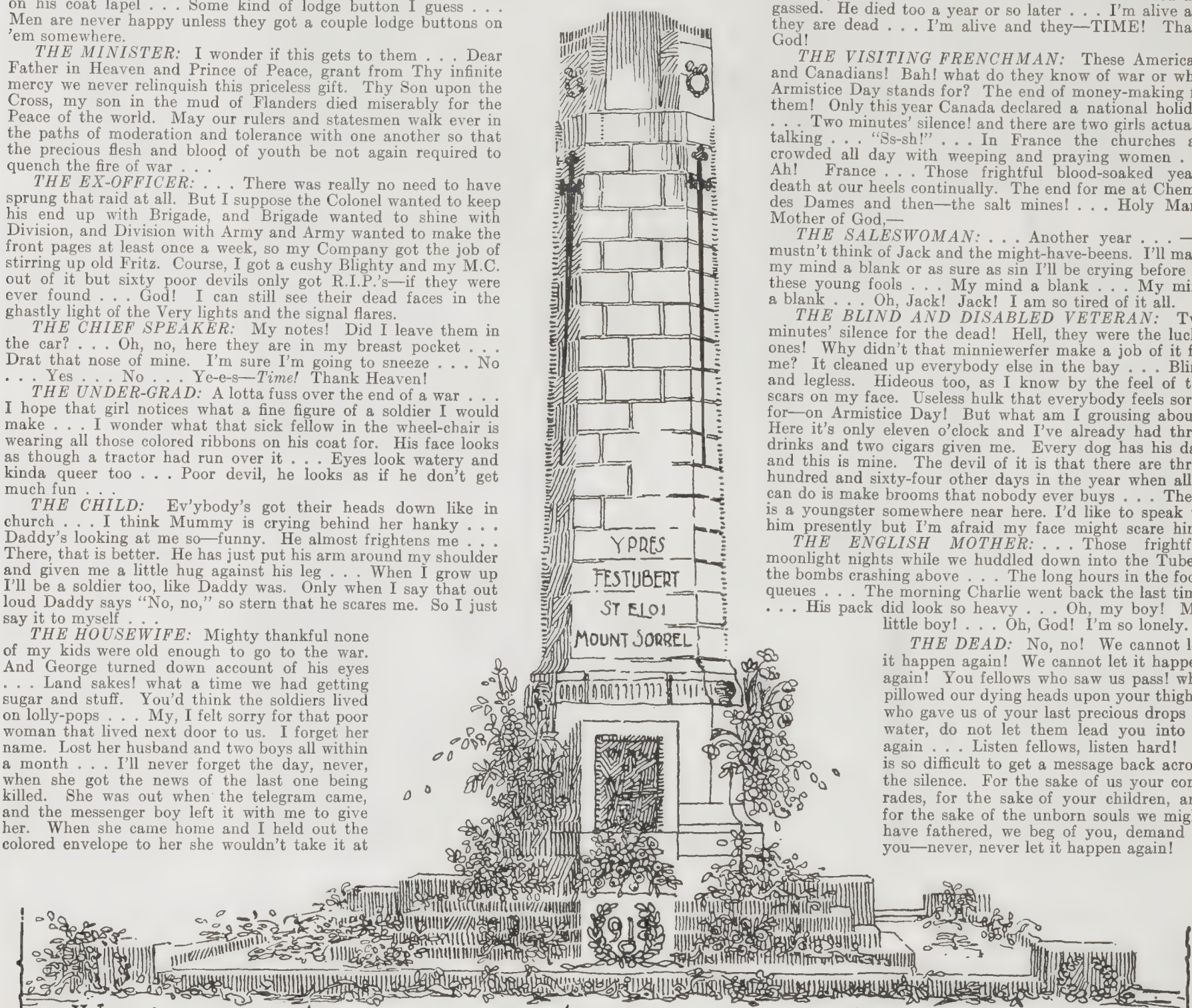
THE VISITING FRENCHMAN: These Americans and Canadians! Bah! what do they know of war or what Armistice Day stands for? The end of money-making for them! Only this year Canada declared a national holiday . . . Two minutes' silence! and there are two girls actually talking . . . "Ss-sh!" . . . In France the churches are crowded all day with weeping and praying women . . . Ah! France . . . Those frightful blood-soaked years, death at our heels continually. The end for me at Chemin des Dames and then—the salt mines! . . . Holy Mary, Mother of God,—

THE SALESWOMAN: . . . Another year . . . —I mustn't think of Jack and the might-have-beens. I'll make my mind a blank or as sure as sin I'll be crying before all these young fools . . . My mind a blank . . . My mind a blank . . . Oh, Jack! Jack! I am so tired of it all.

THE BLIND AND DISABLED VETERAN: Two minutes' silence for the dead! Hell, they were the lucky ones! Why didn't that minniewerfer make a job of it for me? It cleaned up everybody else in the bay . . . Blind and legless. Hideous too, as I know by the feel of the scars on my face. Useless hulk that everybody feels sorry for—on Armistice Day! But what am I grousing about? Here it's only eleven o'clock and I've already had three drinks and two cigars given me. Every dog has his day and this is mine. The devil of it is that there are three hundred and sixty-four other days in the year when all I can do is make brooms that nobody ever buys . . . There is a youngster somewhere near here. I'd like to speak to him presently but I'm afraid my face might scare him.

THE ENGLISH MOTHER: . . . Those frightful moonlight nights while we huddled down into the Tubes, the bombs crashing above . . . The long hours in the food queues . . . The morning Charlie went back the last time . . . His pack did look so heavy . . . Oh, my boy! My little boy! . . . Oh, God! I'm so lonely.

THE DEAD: No, no! We cannot let it happen again! We cannot let it happen again! You fellows who saw us pass! who pillowed our dying heads upon your thighs! who gave us of your last precious drops of water, do not let them lead you into it again . . . Listen fellows, listen hard! It is so difficult to get a message back across the silence. For the sake of us your comrades, for the sake of your children, and for the sake of the unborn souls we might have fathered, we beg of you, demand of you—never, never let it happen again!



We do not shout our Faith. Eloquent though still
Is the thronged street.
Hushed at the last Post's thrill,
We lay our tribute at the Heroes feet.

V. W. Horwood.

The Bathroom in Modern Guise

Is Colorful and Easily Kept in Order

By Katherine M. Caldwell

DOES it happen that you have listened to advice on the subject of building during the present times and decided with some of the advising experts that this would be a very good time indeed to put up a new house? If so, every detail of its equipping will be keenly interesting to you at the moment. It is a delightful adventure, this building of a home, and the planning of an enchanting bathroom would be as interesting a feature of it as any. As things go nowadays, the bathroom shares not only in the practical advantages of these modern days, but in the artistic effects that we look for in a home of today.

Whether you are building a new home or modernizing the bathroom in your old one, you will find a great advance over all that was offered even a few years ago. Of course, if you are working from the ground up, it is all simpler; but you can do wonders in modernizing your old bathroom, if that is your problem.

Today, walls, floors, and installed equipment have all something new to offer. Plumbing fixtures have achieved not only grace of line but loveliness of color; at a little more than the cost of white fixtures, your bath and so on may be chosen in delicate tints of green, blue, peach, rose, lavender, whatever you require to carry out the color scheme decreed perhaps by tiled walls or marble trim.

Or if the walls stop short of tile or marble, both these effects may be obtained in a composition tiling and a marble that is used for door frames, baseboard, etc., so close to the real thing in effect that the fact of imitation may be forgotten. These replace the usual plaster and wood trim.

However, our main interest in this article is not in the glory which may be achieved by the new bathroom, but rather in what may be done to bring the *old* bathroom up-to-date. That is a problem which faces far more people. Any real estate man will tell you that an old - fashioned bathroom "dates" a house and lowers its value. Moreover, when smartness can be achieved to quite a distinct degree, and at small outlay, why tolerate an inconvenient, incomplete and depressingly drab bathroom?

Of course, it is possible to tile or put a composition on the walls of an old room, but it does present problems and very often a less expensive finish is desired. If the walls have been papered, you will have come to your own opinion of just how satisfactory a treatment that is. A *varnished* paper will withstand a certain amount of steam and splashing, and can be wiped off with a well wrung damp cloth; but a sturdier wall treatment is advisable.

Paint, particularly paint which is especially prepared to stand constant moisture and the rather vigorous cleaning given walls in kitchens and bathrooms, is always satisfactory, both on plaster walls and on the woodwork. Let the old finish be well cleaned—painted walls thoroughly washed or old paper removed and the plaster well cleaned and sand papered. Then give three good coats of a first-class paint advised by its manufacturer for this use.

Courtesy The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.

The built-in bath tub and shower with the pedestal basin bespeaks the modern bathroom. The contrasting border of linoleum gives a very tailored effect.

Another good wall treatment is the light-weight oilcloth covering which comes in a very fine quality and a wide width (48 inches) for this purpose. It is available in plain slightly-textured effects or in tiled and marbleized patterns suitable for bathroom or kitchen use. In later years, this covering makes a splendid foundation for paint—most people know that the best painted walls are cottoned first, and this fine oilcloth gives the same kind of foundation. But its finish is extremely durable, is washable (ordinary care not to use excess moisture at the seams being advisable) and any further treatment of it would not need to be considered for a long time.

Woodwork should usually be painted in the exact tone of the bathroom walls, for the reason that this room is usually small, and self-colored trim will give an impression of greater size.

THE floor presents a second very practical problem. It, too, should be entirely moisture-resisting. In the new house, tiling, mosaic, compositions, all offer themselves as choices. In the made-over room, however, a heavy linoleum, properly lined and cemented in place right to the walls, offers the most frequently-chosen solution. Of course, it is much more satisfactory if it can be put in place before the fixtures, so if these are being changed, let the linoleum be put down first; otherwise, it will have to be cut and fitted around the fixtures just as snugly as possible.

The color scheme you are choosing for your bathroom can be met by the linoleum, which comes in plain, marbelized or smartly tiled effects; a small pattern, like a small mosaic or tile, is best suited to the small room. A border of linoleum in solid color is most effective, as illustrated.

Really old and out-dated bath and lavatory and water-closet should be replaced with new ones, not only for the sake of improved appearance, but for the comfort and privacy that is afforded by up - to - date installations and the advantage to the housekeeper that lies in the ease of caring for these modern pieces.

Take for instance the toilet with its old-fashioned type of toilet construction, noisy and easily put out of commission because of the accumulations of dirt, grime and corrosion that gather in the metal box and fittings; and the old-fashioned type of seat with its oft renewed finish and other signs of long service; these sadly antedate the room. No home today need put up with such unscientific inconveniences. The newest and greatest improvement, of course, is the perfecting of the flush operation to make it so quiet as to be scarcely audible. Also, the old-fashioned tank on the wall is gone. The tank and the bowl in this new equipment are made all in one piece in pedestal form, and entirely inside and out of a high - grade vitrified china. The quiet flushing is achieved by centrifugal action of the water and is thorough in its cleansing operation. The seat and tank cover are covered with white or where color is wanted with pearl-finish pyralin. This sheet surface is a finish that fairly glows with cleanliness for nothing can penetrate the surface of it. What little metal water-piping there is to be seen is of the chromium plate that never rusts or corrugates with moisture as other metals do. The short water-piping, by the way, is the only attachment that touches the wall.

There is another new type seat that is recommended because of its extremely sanitary features, as well as smart appearance. The seat is built of alternate layers of ply wood and rubber, with a thick surface of hard rubber which makes a practically indestructible article with a highly polished finish that gleams cleanliness. The cleanliness is more than surface-deep, too, for the [Continued on page 51]

THE YEAR OF THE WISE PENNIES

Every now and then the world passes through a period when sensible economy is the watchword—when sensible buying is the rule. It is in such times—in these years of the wise pennies—that people learn most about values.

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W. H. 11-31

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FELS-NAPTHA THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 18

snapped tossing the two pieces of the disabled weapon into the tonneau of the flivver. "Now couple up that wire and get out of here. And do it quick!"

While the men were working at the wire, he motioned to Wally.

"Look in the car and see if they've got any more artillery," he said; and when Markham looked and shook his head, the men climbed into start the motor.

It ran, after some limping fashion, and Markham and Landis followed it up to where they had parked the roadster. At the parting moment, Markham would have paid the men for the smashed rifle, but Landis intervened.

"No," he said; "let 'em sweat for it. Next time they own a gun maybe they won't be so reckless with it."

They waited beside the road until after the Ford had limped on around the next gulch looping. They got into their own car and Markham turned and headed it for Brewster.

"Well," he said, after they had left the scene of their late adventure a mile or more to the rear, "what's the answer? Is that wreck in the gulch what is left of the Fleetwing?"

"I couldn't be sure, in the little time we had. But it was an Eight. You saw that much, didn't you?"

Markham nodded. "Next, what's the answer to the two men in the flivver? Have you figured that out to your own satisfaction?"

"No; though I more than half believe they were lying. It's lucky for them that I wasn't sure. If I had been, there would be a couple of dead men back there in the road waiting for somebody to come along and bury them."

"Gosh!" said Markham with a laugh. "A little while ago I said something to the effect that you might be lacking a few of the red corpuscles. I take it all back—every last word of it. Why have you never shown me the fighting side of you before, Owen? You haven't, you know."

Landis' smile was a mere tightening of the lips.

"You've heard the old saying, 'Beware the wrath of a patient man,' haven't you. I'm patient, Wally—too damned patient, I guess. As I said down in that gulch, I'm fed up. I don't know who it is that's gunning for us, or why; but from this time on, by the Lord Harry, I fight for my own hand! I've been robbed and sandbagged and shot at, and the next man that tries it on is going to get the best I've got in the box!"

"Gosh!" said Wally again; and this time he did not laugh.

ON THE racing flight down the mountain they kept a sharp lookout, but nothing happened until they were on the stretch approaching the side road leading to Canby's mine. Here, however, there was a near-accident. As they ran down they saw a heavy truck backing out of the road leading to the mine. Markham sounded his horn, but instead of slowing, the driver of the truck held on in a way to place the heavy vehicle fairly across the highway.

It was too late to stop, and Markham did the only thing there was to do if a collision was to be averted; stepped on the gas, and with a quick twist of the wheel whipped the roadster around the rear of the backing truck with no more than inches to spare between a deep roadside ditch and the trundling menace.

No word was spoken until they were speeding over the mesa road toward the city. Then Markham said, "We ought to have shot that truck driver, Owen. It would have been justifiable homicide, don't you think?"

"I don't think; I *know!*" was the gritting reply. "That was one of Canby's trucks; I saw the name 'Quavapai Mine' on it as we came up. It's just as I said; it's running in my mind that we'll have to kill a few people out here, yet, before we're through, Wally. And by heavens, I'm telling you, right now, if they keep on asking for it, they'll get it!"

IN THE evening of the day when Wally Markham had discovered that a studious cast of mind does not necessarily make a non-combatant of its possessor, Landis briefly announced his intention of going to call upon Betty, asking Wally if he knew where the Stillingses lived. Markham did not know, but the city directory gave the address.

"That's away over in the western suburb," said Markham, when they ascertained the street and number. "You'd better take a taxi, or the roadster."

"For safety's sake, you mean? Not so you could notice it. I'm not dodging anybody or anything tonight."

"Got your war paint on, have you? Don't want me along?"

"No, thanks; I'll go alone, if you don't mind."

Left to himself, Markham lighted a cigar, bought an assorted collection of late papers and picked a quiet corner of the lobby in which to read. Before the stock of reading matter had been entirely exhausted Landis returned, the frown of his departure deepened to an unwonted scowl.

"No luck?" said Wally, noting the scowl.

"No. She'd gone out somewhere—with Canby."

"Meet the Stillingses?"

"Yes; good people. Stillings is local attorney for the railroad and also Starbuck's lawyer. Well fixed, I guess. They live in a fine house."

"You didn't see the professor?"

"No; he has gone to the fossil fields, wherever they are. I visited with the Stillingses—mostly with Mr. Stillings, in his den."

"Just friendly gossip?"

"Not altogether. Betty's been talking about us and that broke the ice. The Stillingses don't quite like the way she's letting Canby cut in."

"That's the aftermath of his scampishness out here last summer, I suppose."

"Not so much that as other things. Stillings thinks Canby is fixing to pull off something else; and that he is using Betty in some way. He didn't say this right out plain, but I could read between the lines."

"But how could Betty figure in any of his schemes?"

"God knows. But it's plain Stillings believes she does — innocently, of course. He was cautious until he found out where we stand; then he intimated that it was up to us to put a spoke in Canby's wheel."

"Good. You'll do it?"

"We'll both do it. As you remarked, I have my war paint on, now."

"Anything happened to stir you up afresh?"

"Yes. That shooting this afternoon was a planned attempt to kill us."

"Sure of that? How do you know?"

"As I was coming back across town just now I saw a Ford with running-board loads of camp dunnage going through by the back streets. I stood under a sidewalk tree and watched it go limping by. There were two men in it, and I saw them as the car came under the crossing electric. They were the men who were shooting at us."

"You were not imagining that?"

"Not an inch. They lied to us. They were no tin-can tourists; they were gunmen, hired to follow us. They made a roundabout drive some way, and have just got back to town."

"All right; dope the rest of it out if you can."

"It's clear enough. My black box is here, and the men who have it know we have followed them, and that they won't be safe until they get rid of us."

"Can you carry it a step farther"?

"I think so. There are four men in it, and Canby is the fourth."

"And the three others—are they the men who ran their car off the road and burned it? How can that be if they are what they have appeared to be, all along—three well-known business men of Louisville?"

"I don't know. But never mind that. What we have to do first is to cut Betty out of it. Let's go to bed. I've had all the excitement I need, for one day."

In accordance with the programme which Landis—with his war paint on— had mapped out, the two of them promptly laid siege to Miss Betty Lawson. In a week-long contest thus ushered in, Canby fought stubbornly for place, and there were numerous collisions—which seemed to afford Miss Betty no little quiet amusement. On the seventh day, when Markham, taking his turn, had her out in the blue roadster—beating Canby to it by a margin so close that the sport car was turning in at one end of the suburb street as the blue car was racing out at the other, she said:

"What makes you and Owen freeze up and refuse to talk when I say anything about Bert, Wally? What has he done to make you hate him?"

"We have never had much to do with him, either of us," Markham evaded. Then, bluntly: "Are you going to marry him, Betty?"

"Don't you wish you knew?" she laughed. "Do you know of any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Perhaps not any reason that would appeal to you."

"That is dodging," she retorted brightly. "As a friend, don't you think you ought to tell me if there is a reason?"

"Yes; and get myself written down in capital letters in your black book! No, thank you, my dear."

"All right; don't, then. I'll ask Owen."

"Think he'd tell you, even if he knew, beyond question, that Canby was the most unmitigated rascal on earth? Not in a month of Sundays!"

"Wrong, as usual. I can always get anything I want to out of Owen. I often wonder if boys, nice home boys like you and Owen, know how beautifully transparent you are."

"Thanks; glad you find us so. It's all right to wear a glass front when one has a clear conscience, you know."

"But your conscience isn't clear; neither yours nor Owen's."

"What makes you think so?"

"Perhaps it is the transparency we were speaking of." Silence while the roadster was speeding across the bridge to the north side of the river. Then: "Why won't you tell me why you and Owen are out here, Wally?"

"I have told you. Can't we have a vacation as well as other folks?"

"That is exactly what Owen said yesterday; and it means just as much —or as little. Let me tell you something, Wally, dear: in this little round world we're living in, you get just as much as you are willing to give—and no more. Put that in your nice, new briar pipe and hold a match to it."

"Meaning—?"

"Meaning that if you and Owen can't trust me, I can be clammy, too."

"Now you *have* got me climbing up a tree," laughed Markham. "Why shouldn't we both trust you?"

"Why, indeed? I'm sure I don't know. Where are you taking me today?"

"Out to meet some friends Starbuck has found for us; the John Smiths."

"Distinguished name," she giggled. "But I know who they are. Mrs. John is the daughter of Colonel Dexter Baldwin, the Timanyoni wheat king."

"Right. And the Colonel's home, and the Smiths'—Hillcrest—is a show place. It's a handsome copy of a stately old Blue Grass manor house."

[Continued on page 24]

Courtesy Canadian National Railways

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with my teeth so white and clean?

OF course you're frightened when "pink" shows upon your tooth brush. For "pink tooth brush" warns that your gums have become unhealthily soft, unsound!

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 22

"Mrs. Stillings has been telling me about the Colonel and his lady wife. But I understood from what she said that they are not at home."

"They are not; they're touring the Yellowstone. It's the Smiths we're calling upon. They are running the big ranch in the Colonel's absence."

In due course the blue roadster was parked in the Hillcrest garage, and in Corona Smith Miss Betty speedily found a kindred spirit, to say nothing of falling instantly in love with the two Smith children, home from their schools for the summer vacation. Markham chuckled jubilantly. This was timekilling of a sort worth while; a new social outlet for Betty and one which promised to make the Canby cuttings-out easier in the future. And when Smith, president of Timanyoni Light & Power and a busy business man in the city, came home and added his insistence to Corona's urgings that the callers stay to dinner, Wally rejoiced afresh. For Betty, ignoring the stricter social conventions, accepted the invitation, calling the Stillings' house over the 'phone to let her city hostess know where she was.

After she was through telephoning, Markham shut himself into the soundproof 'phone closet and called up the Hophra House and his and Landis' suite therein, hoping he might catch Landis dressing for dinner—as he did.

"Any new developments?" he asked.

"No," came the answer. "Where are you?"

"Out at Hillcrest, and we are staying for dinner."

"Good. Make it an evening and keep the other fellow guessing."

"Right. You're not forgetting that this is the show-down day — the twenty-eighth?"

"No; but nobody has turned up yet. I'm watching the register."

"Right again. I'll be with you later. Call me if anything breaks loose."

Since Colonel Baldwin's daughter was of Kentucky stock, the dinner was all that Southern—and Western—hospitality could make it. But after he had smoked an after-dinner cigar with his man guest in the Colonel's den, Smith said regretfully that he'd have to excuse himself; that he was due to meet the westbound Flyer which was bringing some of his business associates from the East.

"It's perfectly all right," Markham assured him. "We'll have to be going, too. I promised Mrs. Stillings I wouldn't keep Betty out late. You and Mrs. Smith have given us a mighty pleasant time. You'd have to be a stranger in a strange country to know how such hospitality hits the mark."

Smith's smile was soberly reminiscent.

"I have been that stranger, Mr. Markham, and this house was the first to open its doors to me. Corry and I have tried to keep up the tradition."

When the good-bys were said, Smith went with Markham to the garage. Wally got his roadster out, but Smith found that his gas tank needed filling.

"You'll beat me to town," he said; "I'll have to stop and fill up. And that reminds me: there's been a good bit of whiskey-running from the hills north of us lately, and today the sheriff gave me a tip. It's likely he and some of his deputies may be on the road between here and town. If you're stopped, just take it easy. Harding won't be rough with you."

"Much obliged for the hint. Without it I might have taken the sheriff's men for holdups and got myself in bad. I'll be law-abiding."

After they had driven out of the Hillcrest grounds, Markham told Betty of the warning Smith had given him. "Just so you won't be scared stiff if we should happen to be stopped," he added.

"I don't scare so easily as all that," was the ready answer. And then: "I hope you're quite sure you haven't any whiskey hidden in the car?"

"Nothing more intoxicating than you are."

"That isn't nice—to compare me with the liquor we have nowadays. Didn't Mr. Smith say he was going to town, too?"

"Yes; but he had to stop and fill up with gas."

For the first few miles the country road was empty, and it was not until the distant lights of Brewster came in sight that their headlamps showed them an unlighted car half hidden under the roadside cottonwoods. Markham slowed down, and as he did it, two men stepped out and signalled him to stop.

Miscalculating his distance slightly, he ran a little way past the men, and when they came up he was ready with an apology. Before he could make it, the door on his side was jerked open and he was seized and dragged out of the car, one of the pair clamping him in a vise-like grip while the other threw a blanket over his head. It was done so quickly that he was half smothered in the muffling folds of the blanket before he realized that this brutal and wordless attack didn't at all square with what Smith had told him of the sheriff and his methods; that he had to deal, not with officers of the law, but with another contingent of the mysterious assailants who had tried from time to time to efface him and Landis. And then the fight was on.

It was an unequal battle, as it was bound to be, with the advantage all on the side of the silent garroters. With his arms fast clamped in the grip of the man behind him, Markham could not get at the holstered pistol under his coat. But his legs were free, and a swift kick doubled the blanket-holder up and made him lose his hold long enough to enable Markham to shake his head free of the stifling folds. Instantly he backed the clamper violently against the standing car, bending him over the fender until he was forced to let go to save himself from having his back broken.

At that, Markham got his weapon out, but now the two were between him and the car and he couldn't fire without taking a chance of hitting Betty. Again the thugs saw their advantage and flung themselves upon him, the shorter and stockier of the two crouching low to grab at his legs while the other darted into a clinch and tried to twist the automatic out of his grasp. While one might have counted ten, there was a whirlwind wrestling match, and in the midst of this there came a glare of light and the raucous blast of an auto horn. Markham, twisting his head aside, saw the headlights of an approaching car and saw Betty running to meet it, frantically waving her arms to stop it.

That ended it. As the oncoming car came to a brake-squealing stand and Smith sprang out of it, the taller man aimed a blow with a clubbed revolver at Markham's head—a blow that was cleverly dodged; then the two ran for their car, gained it, flung themselves in and were gone.

When Smith and Betty came running up, Markham was beating the dust out of his clothes. For Betty's sake he tried to laugh the incident off.

"Thought you said the sheriff's men wouldn't roughhouse me, Mr. Smith," he chuckled, taking his coat off to shake it.

"Good Lord!—those fellows were not Harding's men; they were just plain holdups! Are you hurt?"

"No; just warmed up a bit, that's all. They hauled me out of the car and tried to garrote me with a blanket. Might have done it easier if they'd stuck a gun in my face; but they'd have got me, anyway, if you hadn't come along. Scare you half to death, Betty?"

"N-not quite that bad. But it was pretty dreadful."

To reassure her, Markham continued to make light of it. "All in the day's work—these little things. It's all over now and we'll amble along and get you home. And here's thanking you, Mr. Smith—till you're better paid."

As he spoke there came the crack of a gun from somewhere on ahead, and then another and a third. Betty put her hands to her ears and said, "Dear me! are we going to get into more of it?"

"I guess not," said Smith. "I'm inclined to think that was Harding, trying to stop those fellows. Just drive along, and I'll stay close behind you."

A mile or more farther on they found the sheriff and two of his deputies standing in the road. Markham pulled up and waited, and Smith got out of his car and walked on to speak to the sheriff.

"My guess was right," he said, when he came back. "They went by here, merely hitting the high spots, and Harding tried to stop them; shot at their tires but apparently missed the mark. Anyway, they didn't stop. I told Harding what they did to you, and he says he'll try to trail the scoundrels and bring 'em to book. I guess we're safe to go on to town, now. I'll be your rear guard, and you may speed up a bit if you like. I mustn't be late for my train."

A few minutes' fast driving brought them to the bridge over the Timanyoni; and on the city side of the river Smith's car turned off to the railroad station. The fast drive had been made in silence, and so was that from the bridge head to the Stillings house. But after Markham had helped his seatmate out at the curb the young woman broke the silence to say:

"Wally, where could I find you or Owen quickly, if I should need to?"

"Find us? Why, we are at the Hophra House, as you know."

"Yes; but you are not there all the time."

Markham did a bit of quick thinking.

"Are you asking seriously, Betty?"

"Yes. Don't ask me why. I can't tell you—yet. But—"

"I'm not asking you why. It's enough that you wish it. Until you say it's no longer necessary, I'll promise that one or the other of us

[Continued on page 59]

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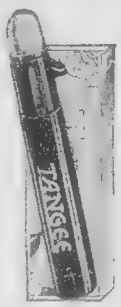

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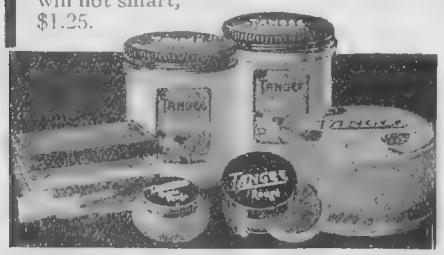

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Name

Address

The Right Miss Wright

Continued from page 7

hurt somebody with these. Miss What-Ever-Your-Name-Is—?"

"My name's Wright," she announced, a bit defiantly.

"It's *what?*"

"Wright. Mary Wright, if it does you any good to know."

"Huh?"

"What's the matter with you? Can't you hear?"

Bob's jaw had dropped open. His eyes were wide. He pulled the rakish handkerchief from his forehead without taking his eyes from her face. "Heavens!" he gasped weakly.

"What ails you? What of it?"

"I'm bound for Pasadena—right now—to ask a girl named Mary Wright to—"

"Well, what's so strange about that? Reckon there's more'n one Mary Wright in this country. I got mail for another when I went one time to St. Louis, but, look here, stranger, what you aimin' to do with me?"

"I'm not aiming to do anything with you—that I know of, yet."

"I don't quite get your game, stranger. You seem to talk and act like a gentleman."

"Why on earth shouldn't I?"

"But how could a man who talks and acts like a gentleman do such a rotten thing as to rob old Griggs?"

"I haven't robbed old Griggs—or anybody! Unless I did it in my sleep."

THE sun had begun its descent down the west. Bob moved around with his back toward it, to get its glare from his eyes. The girl drew closer to the coupe, sinking down on its running-board weakly. "Where was you at nine o'clock this mawnin'?"

Bob reflected. "I'd say I was ten or twelve miles from Williams—heading this way."

"Can you prove it?" the girl demanded.

"I can prove I stopped on the camping-grounds in Williams last night. I bought a new tire in a Williams garage just before sundown. That's it on my left hind wheel. Perhaps the bill, dated yesterday and receipted, would convince you I'm no desperado."

"Let's see it."

Bob found the paper in his wallet. He was carefully preserving all such to later compute the cost of his outing. Smoothing it out he handed it across. Her face took on color. "And where was you night befo' last?"

"Holbrook." he answered. "And the night before that I put up at the Harvey Hotel in Albuquerque. I've got that bill also."

"How'd you happen to be one lone man drivin' through the same stretch o' country in the same kind o' car as that Eastern feller who looted old Griggs?"

"I didn't know I was. It's a stock car—this coupe. There's a thousand like it. Are you after a bandit—alone?"

"I was!"

"Where did this looting occur?"

"Down to Kelson, on the new State road to Prescott, about seven o'clock last night. But it wasn't discovered till after the feller left this mawnin'."

"How far's this Kelson?"

"Ninety-eight mile—by the road. But the way I took across Pisgah Canon shortened it to thirty-one."

"As a matter of mileage, could I have been down around Kelson and in Williams, too?"

"No, reckon you couldn't, stranger."

"Were you responsible for making me detour, back there on the trail?"

She nodded.

"I kind o' figgered you'd come this way. And when Mister Griggs offered a thousand dollars fo' recoverin' his money, and the Kelson sheriff says get the bandit dead or alive, I reckoned I'd work my hunch. I brought some red chalk fo' the sign, and, stoppin' at the deserted shack in the canon fo' a board, I found the dummy—the posse used it last April to trick the Dyker boys the same way. Then when I saw you turn from the trail, I threw the sign away and followed you myself."

"Will your horse come back?"

"Reckon he won't—not without a bridle. He'll lope home to Kelson." She looked around in flaming mortification. "And now I've smashed your engine so you can't get out o' here yourself—and it's six mile back to the trail, with night comin' on. Oh, oh!"

Bob sank on the sand. "Seems funny to be sitting here talking to a lady with the same name as the one I thought of asking to marry me. You live in Kelson, wherever it is?"

"I run a ranch a little way outside, with three or fo' cowhands. I took over the place when my uncle died. I live there with Hester. She's my cousin—and crippled. Are you really an Easterner? You really come from Vermont?"

"A little one-horse town called Paris, away up in the heart of the mountains. Hobart's my name—Bob Hobart. I own a pulley-factory and machine-shop up there. But I had to break away this summer and see a bit of America before I settled down—or go crazy. Same old program from Monday morning till Saturday night."

"It's the first time you've ever been down here?"

"It's the only time I've been west of Chicago in my life."

Her gaze dwelt on him closer—his splendid physique, his wavy brown hair, the strength of his features, the kindly humor in his eyes, the wistfulness about his mouth. Her color rose. "You're goin' to be married, you said?"

He laughed raggedly. "It has just occurred to me that I couldn't conceive my Mary Wright starting off single-handed to bag a lone bandit. She'd faint at the very thought of it."

"Faintin' down here'd be laughed at." She glanced quickly up at the sun. "Say, it's goin' to be dark perty quick; did you know it? And I've got you in an awful fix—if you're really not the person I thought you."

"Well, I give you my word of honor I'm not."

"I don't know what I can ever do to square myself."

"How far is it to the nearest telephone?"

"You'd have to go to Valentine, I guess. It isn't much further to Kelson."

"You mean I'm thirty-one miles from any garage?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" And the girl with the sun-flooded hair wilted over with her face in her hands. Then she straightened suddenly. "Mister Hobart, will you let me search your car?"

"For what?"

"If I don't find none of the things the bandit took from old Griggs' store, I'm goin' to penalize myself right proper."

"Go as far as you like. Looks as if I'd got to stay here till I find a way to fix that bus."

They began unloading the coupe together. Bedding came out; suitcases and cooking-utensils came off. He handed out a five-gallon canteen of luke-warm water, raising an eyebrow at her easy strength in swinging it behind her. Instinctively she sorted out his camping accessories. Once their naked forearms touched.

"We'd better start a fire," she warned him, "while it's light enough to get the fuel."

"That's right," he agreed, "we had." But he scratched his head. "Out of what?"

"You wait here. I know what to do."

He watched her stride away down the rocks and up the opposite grade. He dropped idly down on the running-board, hammer swinging between his knees. What a pal—such a girl! He couldn't imagine the other Mary Wright saying, "You wait here. I know what to do. I've done it before." Mary Wright, formerly of Paris, Vermont, would now be sitting helplessly up in this car, whimpering over their predicament. "Damn!" growled Bob Hobart. And he threw the hammer.

Mary Wright of Kelson, Arizona, came back limping. But her arms were loaded with rakish roots from which the sand still sifted—a load for a man, by the way. "Fire them," she ordered. "They'll burn for hours."

"Why the painful limp?"

"I bruised my foot when one of those roots came out too quickly." She sank on the trunk which he had unstrapped from above the gas tank and pulled off her riding-boot, then her stocking. Rodin might have chiseled her foot.

"It's bleeding!" Bob cried blankly. "But I've got some stuff in one of my bags that'll stop it."

She waited, and he brought it. He also brought a pair of slippers. "Put them on when you've fixed it. They'll be softer than your heavy boots."

"That's mighty thoughtful o' you," she declared gratefully, smearing the wound with the fiery salve. "Wait a minute, Mister Hobart. Let me fix that fire. Those roots'll all burn up in twenty minutes."

He straightened from his bungled work, flushing boyishly. At his knees she squatted, adjusting the fuel. "Now give me a match," she ordered, reaching up.

Bob handed down matches. The curve of her back as he looked down upon it belonged to a Venus de Medici, yet sustaining that feminine figure were muscles of rawhide.

"Do you want I should cook your supper?"

"I think it'd be immense." He found the courage to add, "After all, it's yours too. We seem to be in this together."

She explored his larder, and he felt a grim satisfaction watching her do it. "I declare," she announced, "you

[Continued on page 29]

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Are You Cheering Others On?

By Laurentian Lou

IN MY scrap-book is a little poem whose concluding stanza is quoted below, because its message seems peculiarly appropriate in these days when there is so much unemployment, so little money changing hands and so much already lost in unwise speculation and, wherever we go, we find "hard times" and discouragement.

"There's a lot of sorrow round you,
Lots of lonesomeness and tears,
Lots of heartache and of worry
Through the shadows of the years.
And the world needs more than triumphs,
More than all the swords we've drawn,
It is hungering for the fellow,
Who keeps cheering someone on."

There is a story about the little boy who lost the race. He was a good runner, and a man who knew the child well asked him how it happened that he came in at the end and with tears in his eyes, the little fellow answered, " 'Cause nobody cheered me."

There are more than little boys who fail because "nobody cheered them." The most pathetic records in all the word is the newspaper account of a suicide, and in these days of world depression we read many such accounts. "Took his life in a fit of despondency." Do we get so familiar with these brief accounts of human tragedy that they make no deep impression on us? Would it not be a better world to live in if we took a right-about face in our attitude to our fellow-men and began to take a little pains to cheer others on?

There is a very beautiful little anecdote told about the late E. B. Eddy, whose name is nationally known from his paper mills and match factory. This successful man found time to go out of his way to cheer on a young man whom he scarcely knew.

A young man who was just starting out as a florist in a nearby town had his greenhouses destroyed by fire and he had very little, if any, insurance.

As soon as the late E. B. Eddy heard of this, he drove to that town on purpose to see the owner of the burned greenhouses, and that was before we had the swift-travelling motor cars. The trip had to be made with a horse and carriage.

"Look here, young man," said the paper magnate, "This is your first bad luck and quite a blow at that and I just thought maybe you might get discouraged and give the whole thing up, so I came here on purpose to tell you not to get discouraged. Get busy and rebuild. Don't let this misfortune down you. I know how you must feel and you're a young man not used to hard knocks, but I've had plenty of them. I've been burned out just twenty-nine times."

That young florist rebuilt and today owns one of the largest groups of greenhouses in Canada.

The sick, the sad, the suffering, the disappointed all need cheering on. We cannot tell how a smile, a clap on the shoulder, a word of encouragement or counsel, or of assurance that we are standing by in the hour of special difficulty or sorrow, a brief letter, a telephone ring, a friendly call, a little deed of kindness may turn the scale for some struggling brother or sister and turn victory into defeat. [Continued on page 64]

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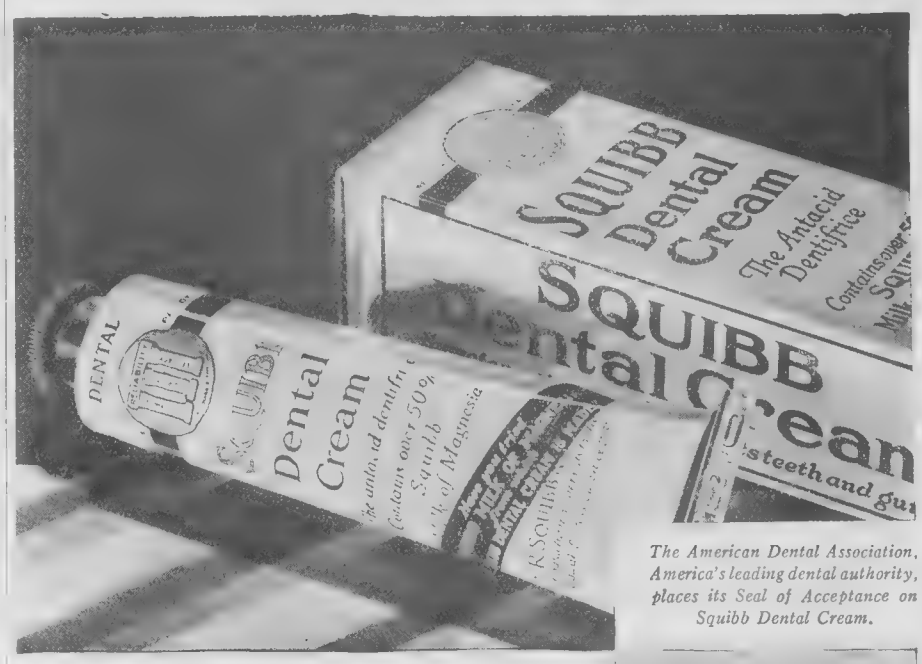

The American Dental Association, America's leading dental authority, places its Seal of Acceptance on Squibb Dental Cream.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

. . . AND KNOW THAT YOU ARE GETTING *SAFE, EFFECTIVE* DENTAL CARE

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM cleans teeth—safely, thoroughly, pleasantly.

It is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia—a product used by dentists for 25 years in the care of the teeth. It not only polishes the surface of the teeth and brings out their natural brilliance, but it cleanses and soothes the tender edges of the gums.

Squibb's is *safe*. It contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure your teeth or the delicate tissues of your mouth. You'll like the way it does its work. It's so pleasant to use, and it leaves such a clean, invigorating taste. It is particularly refreshing after smoking, or before going out for the evening.

The acceptance of Squibb Dental Cream by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, is added proof of the qualities that have made it a favorite in many homes for years.

Squibb's is the modern dentifrice for the entire family—a safe, dependable guardian of children's teeth as well as grown-ups'.

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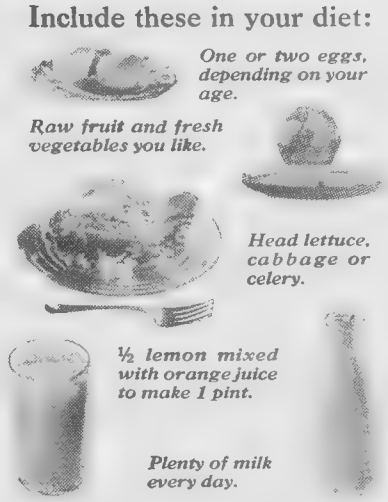
SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Decay begins beneath this Film on Teeth

COMBAT IT!—Remove film, eat the right foods, see your dentist—the 3 great rules. Science finds teeth must be protected from "within" and from "without."

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Include these in your diet:



BEFORE decay or other troubles can triumph there must be two prime conditions. First: germs of infection must be present—active, vigorous—ready to attack. Second: natural resistance must be low and hence *invite* attack.

To build natural resistance against decay and gum disorders eat the right foods. (Refer to diet hints on this page.) Eat them to make teeth harder and to make gums firm.

Remove film

And in addition remove the germs associated with tooth troubles. To remove germs from teeth, remove film. For film is their breeding ground. It glues germs against the teeth so tightly ordinary brushing cannot remove them. The stains from food and smoking are absorbed by film. It fills every tiny crevice in enamel. Film is hard to reach and hard to remove. So to meet this need Pepsodent was developed. Today Pepsodent has become the *special film-removing* tooth paste.

Pepsodent's unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is SAFE and gentle. One twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. Because of its great safety, Pepsodent is recommended widely for the delicate teeth of children.

Yet with all its softness Pepsodent cleanses teeth and polishes enamel to a degree heretofore unknown.

And besides the proper diet and removing film each day, one thing remains: **See your dentist regularly.**

Further than this there is nothing left to do. It's science's own prescription.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

THE YOUNG MAN AND EMPLOYMENT

FOR the past two or three years, much attention has been centered upon the employment problems of skilled and of unskilled workmen. This attention is very necessary but another employment problem has arisen which is probably just as serious in its implications. This is the problem of providing work for the many thousands of young men (and women) who leave annually the public and high schools of the cities and villages of the western provinces.

Those who have been trying in a limited way to deal with this problem of vocational guidance and employment as it affects young people, know that for something like three years it has been possible to place in employment but a very small number of graduates and many cases are on record of students, worthy in every way, who have been out of school for over a year and who have not been able to get work of any kind.

It is discouraging to hear of cases of men being told that their services are no longer required after they have served faithfully for many years and at a time of their lives when they cannot turn to other occupations. But in some ways it is even more discouraging to know that young people leaving our schools by thousands are forced to admit to themselves, after fruitless efforts to secure work, that society does not need them or, at least that it is unable to provide opportunities for them.

Young people who cannot find employment after months of searching, develop undesirable social attitudes and despondency to an extent that is exceedingly damaging to their personalities and to their ultimate value to the community. A distinguished English scholar remarked recently that he knew of no better way of bringing about the destruction of civilization than our present method of turning out thousands of young people with nothing to do.

In some cities in Eastern Canada and in many cities in the United States, the problem of vocational guidance and employment has received serious consideration for a number of years, but in the West, where the problem is increasingly acute, no organized steps have yet been taken to deal with them. This is a condition that should not continue. It may not be possible just now, although it ought to be, to find work for all of our young people, but it is possible to set up machinery for finding and providing as many openings as the times will permit.

Vocational guidance organization should be set up in all of our western high schools and no stone should be left unturned to bring graduates into touch with possible employers with as little delay as possible. This may involve some reconstruction of programmes of study. Let it do so. Our system of education, while admirable in many respects, is still too much out of contact with economic realities. It is true that man does not live by bread alone but it is also true that he cannot live without it; neither can that state long survive which maintains an indifferent attitude to its future citizens—the graduates of its public school systems.

SOME SEARCHING QUESTIONS

MR. OWEN D. YOUNG in conferring the degrees at St. Lawrence University this June suggested five questions which every graduate should put to himself, the very things that academic examinations should seek to discover in youth. The list cannot too often be repeated:

First—Have you enlarged your knowledge of obligations and increased your capacity to perform them?

Second—Have you developed your intuitions and made more sensitive your emotions?

Third—Have you discovered your mental aptitude?

Fourth—Have you learned enough about the machinery of society and its history to enable you to apply your gifts effectively?

Fifth—Have you acquired adequate skill in communication with others?

This is a group of questions well worth checking, not only for the college graduate, but for all. There is no set date for taking this examination. It may come at any moment when an individual feels the need and courage to take it.

ACROSS THE WATER

MR. P. G. WILSON, M.Sc., an English schoolmaster, says that it looks as if we were starting our schooling in this country after we had left school! No longer does the schoolboy creep unwillingly to school; he keeps on going to school long after he has begun to earn his living, and he goes willingly. Up and down the country young men and women will throng the evening institutes—3,500 in this one devoted to commerce, 10,000 in that one with an encyclopaedic range of subjects, 5,000 here, 6,000 there, astronomical figures everywhere. Come with me, ye pessimists who wail of our degenerate youth, come with me and see them at work throughout the winter. Do you see that young woman? She works in an office from 9.30 to 5.30 . . . and does four nights a week hard grind for an Inter. B. Com. Degree. See that young fellow with the well-brushed, sleek hair? A "nut?" Well, he has passed his Banker's Intermediate and is now working for his Final. Did you notice that quiet-looking chap? He's a first-rate Spanish scholar, a spare-time Spanish scholar, but a scholar for all that. When our older business men have finished weeping over the spinelessness of the Modern Young Man and Young Woman—"Now, my boy, in my young days, you know . . ."—perhaps they will spare an evening to see how hundreds of thousands of them spend their winter leisure.

In their own way, Canadian young men and women are just as busy in various centres. The educational records of the country show that from the Atlantic to the Pacific thousands of them are engaged in strenuous programmes of study at evening educational institutes. Their motives are right and their efforts are praiseworthy. They deserve every encouragement.

Many firms in cutting expenses and in reducing staffs, have carried matters too far and numerous cases are coming to light of young people being heavily overworked. They cannot afford to resign and yet they can barely stand the strain. Employers who can find it at all possible to increase staffs would be doing a great public service by providing for increases wherever possible.

The Right Miss Wright

Continued from page 26

menfolks certainly do mess up your chuck. Women wouldn't have things so."

"Go ahead and fix them," he laughed. "I'm willing."

She found pancake flour, mixed it in a twinkling, flipped the griddles dexterously, all the time squatting beside that spicy, crackling blaze. Coffee boiled. Bacon sizzled. She cooked their meal, and they ate it together by the stranded car. The stillness shrieked at their ear-drums.

"It is nice out here, isn't it?" the girl drawled languidly, leaning back against the machine. "Reckon I never noticed it in quite this way before."

"I know why this trip has been tiring me so," he blurted. "I've been driving it alone."

"Yes. Reckon it is nicer to have company along."

He lighted a brier. Never had shag tobacco tasted so delectable. "You can't go walking thirty-one miles anywhere in the dark, Miss Wright," he said suddenly.

"Land's sake, did you think I meant to? I'm not afraid o' stayin' out all night. I do it half the year, lookin' after my ranch. What's the matter with you? What you all fussed up about?"

"Well, back in my part of the country, people might think this situation—"

"Would they? Folks down here are sensible. Pshaw! I ain't afraid o' companyin' you till mawnin'."

She was like her Yavapai County—big, open, frank, artless.

"I've got plenty of blankets. You can sleep in the car. I've got a way of turning down the seatbacks—"

"What! Me sleep in a little glass box like a corpse in a hearse? I see myself!"

"Well, you can use my army cot, then. I'll sleep in the car."

"Pshaw! I don't want no cot or anything. You just loan me one blanket and watch me roll up by this fire."

"On the ground?"

"O' course! Where'd you think?"

Bob sprang up and stalked away In one vast, overwhelming revelation he knew what he wanted. And Fate had brought him three thousand miles across great America to show it to him.

The stars came out—desert stars—great, low-hung flares of yellow incandescence. The burnt orange and old rose of the mountains faded. A cold wind stirred the greasewood. Night was upon them.

The man looked up directly overhead. The Milky Way came steadily into its own. How high it was! How vast, beautiful, terrific, was the world which God had made!

Ghostly hoots began sounding off at their left, like moans of phantoms that were haunting that basin. "Those are owls, aren't they?" the man whispered. And the woman nodded. Her face was cupped by her hands as she sat crosslegged before the coals. Brown-topaz ears were copper now, her silhouetted head a tracing of infinite grace. Slowly, slowly, the embers died.

"I'll go out to the trail in the mawnin' and pay someone to come in here and tow you to Kingman," she promised him.

"Never mind the morning. I don't want to think there's ever to be a morning. I've read about nights under desert stars. Now I know what—"

"But I've heard New England is a whole lot prettier. It's really awful common down here—just sand and mountains and mesas and sky. I've dreamed a lot o' what New England must be like: hills and trees and little old crooked lanes and old-fashioned houses and well-sweeps—and Paisley shawls. My mother had a Paisley shawl. My uncle fetched it from Boston. You ever been to Boston?"

"Heavens! I know Boston like a fellow knows his pockets."

"Then — you've really seen the ocean?"

"Seen it! I've lived beside it whole summers at a time. I've bathed in it, fished it, crossed portions of it twice."

"What's it like?" she picked thoughtfully at her palms. "I was born and raised right here in Yavapai. I went to St. Louis once, though, and saw the Mississippi. Is the ocean like the Mississippi?"

He told her about the gruff old Atlantic, and the night around them deepened, till little foxlike barks, faint at first, grew plainer on the south. "You better unlock your toolbox and give me my guns," she suggested. "We don't want no varmints gettin' into our grub along toward mawnin'."

He secured her guns and handed them down. "Tell me all about New England," she begged him.

"It's just mediocre and hidebound and old. The past few years I've held myself in it with a grip of iron. That's why I've had to make this trip."

"Reckon that's because o' the way you've looked at things, isn't it?"

"How do you mean?"

"I used to feel that way toward Yavapai, but I cured myself. After pap and mammy died I just sat down and thought things out. The reason I got bored was because I wasn't doin' much of anything interestin'. You come down into my country and think it's wonderful. But why? Because you're doin' somethin' interestin' in it. I'd be doin' the same thing if I went up to yours."

"For a time, perhaps."

"That's just it. Come right down to it, what's mediocrity? Nothin' but acceptin' routine with cowlike patience, doin' the same old things in the same old way because everybody else does—takin' life as you find it instead of as you make it. You comin' down here on this trip is doin' something to make your life different. It isn't the new country that takes hold o' you so. Because it isn't new. It's old—to those of us born here. You're doin' a new thing in a new way, that's all."

"You think I could have done it without leaving New England?"

"You can smash mediocrity and monotony any day. You can smash it in your personal livin' by not missing the chance to do somethin' new. If you stayed down here and saw these desert stars night after night, and slept on the ground, and roped cows, and ate out o' tin cans—same as the run o' folks down here—this place'd get just as mediocre and unbearable as anything you got up there in Vermont. I saw it all, finally. I said that whenever a new way opened to do somethin' different, somethin' out o' the ordinary, I'd grasp it quick."

"Bagging a bandit single-handed, for instance?"

She surprized him by her sharpness. "Yes, baggin' a bandit. I was follow-in' my system when I come out on my hoss to catch you. I didn't need old Griggs' reward. There's folks back in Kelson all the time grumblin' about the place. They hate the drab lives they lead and claim nothin' ever

[Continued on page 32]

X marks Scene of the Crime

(FOR FLOOR SCRUBBING IS A CRIME NOWADAYS)

The Johnson Electric Floor Polisher rents for only $2 a day at hardware, paint, drug, grocery or department stores.

• It's a crime for any woman to put herself in *such* a position — reddened hands, weary back, tired-out expression. This inefficient method of floor cleaning has passed away. Modern housewives don't sentence themselves to hard labor that doesn't do any good.

But how do they escape this business of scrubbing and yet keep floors beautiful and clean?

Johnson's Wax is the secret of immaculate floors, preserved against wear — the secret, too, of happy housewives who wouldn't risk spoiling their floors with old scrubbing methods.

Dirt can't become imbedded in a Johnson Waxed surface any more than it can penetrate the surface of a mirror. A dry floor duster removes surface dust — a little wax on a clean rag wipes away all spots or stains. An occasional polishing with the new Johnson Electric Polisher keeps floors radiant. The marvelous little machine runs by itself and does the job in a few minutes' time.

You are liberated from tedious work by the long-handled wax applier, the Johnson Electric Polisher and the Johnson Dry Floor Duster.

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THE running of any race, anywhere, finds motors of every size and description entered, all with the greatest diversity of equipment. In one amazing respect the most consistent winners throughout the world agree — their engines must be equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.

For eight consecutive years Champion Spark Plugs have been the choice of winning drivers in every major race the world over. This choice of Champions is confirmed by the winners of innumerable lesser events the world over. Simultaneously Champions have enjoyed the preference of the majority of the world's motorists.

By their championship performance this year Champion Spark Plugs have once again proved that they are indeed Champions in name and in fact. The better performance of Champions is traditional, and the Champions for your car are identical in design, materials and workmanship to those used by the world's foremost racing drivers. Install a set in your car and judge for yourself their noticeably better performance.

FIRST NON-STOP TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT

October 5th, Hugh Herndon and Clyde Pangborn, flying the Champion equipped Bellanca monoplane, "Miss Veedol", after completing the first non-stop trans-Pacific flight on record, at Wenatchee, Washington, wired: **"Champion Aero A Plugs used on our Miss Veedol flying across both Atlantic and Pacific oceans, functioned perfectly in every kind of weather."**

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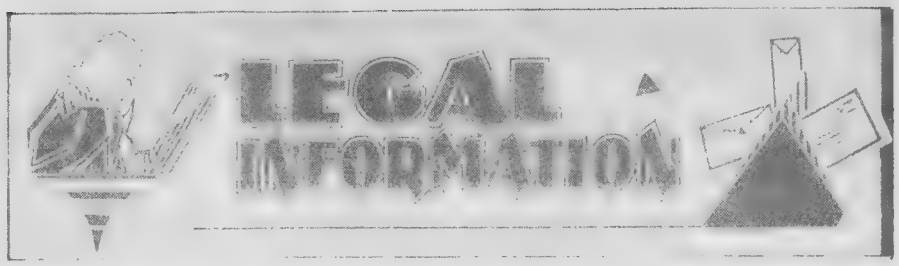


This department is conducted by a well known firm of Legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all Canada. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

SINCE we first undertook the writing of this legal article we have seldom passed an issue without being called upon to give advice on matrimonial affairs, particularly with reference to divorce. The following case decided in Alberta is typical of this situation, and affords an answer to those who make enquiries as to the validity of some decrees.

It appears that two parties were married in the State of Massachusetts, that State being the domicile of the husband then. Some years later the parties moved to Alberta where the husband acquired a new domicile, which domicile he never lost. Some time after being in Alberta he took up his residence temporarily in Reno in the State of Nevada, U.S.A., and resided there for a period of six months before applying for a divorce, such residence being for the express purpose of the divorce proceedings. The divorce was granted him by the Court at Reno on the grounds of cruelty on the part of his wife. This was in 1924. Subsequently, in 1928, he went through the form of a marriage with another woman in Vancouver, but this woman did not know that he had been previously married and that he had been granted a decree of divorce from his first wife in Nevada or that the first wife was then alive. After this so-called marriage the man and his new wife returned to Alberta where they lived together. Subsequently the new wife became aware of the fact that her husband had been previously married and divorced and she thereupon petitioned the Court to have her "marriage" declared null and void. The Court held that the husband having moved to Alberta after his first marriage, lost his original domicile in Massachusetts and acquired a new domicile in Alberta. He still retained his Alberta domicile at the time he was granted a decree of divorce from his first wife, upon a ground not recognized by our law, and that he had not since ceased to be domiciled in Alberta. The Court, holding that the only grounds for divorce recognized in this Province is infidelity, declared that the divorce obtained in Nevada was not valid and binding and that therefore the first marriage was not dissolved. This being so, he was not free to contract any other valid and binding marriage, and the purported marriage in Vancouver must be regarded as null and void. As long as a party retains his domicile in any Province he cannot obtain a foreign decree by simply leaving the Province for a brief period in order to qualify under the residence law of a foreign state.

Answers to Queries

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Please tell us if a tenant is under legal obligation to allow prospective tenants or buyers to view the inside of a house. We are leaving this house and are tired of showing people through it, they seem to regard us as caretakers, and we find it very inconvenient as we have sickness.—"Winnipeg Tenant."

A. If a lease has been signed the rights of the landlord and the tenant are governed by its terms. The usual forms of lease provide that for a month or more prior to the expiration of the lease, the landlord may exhibit the property to prospective tenants at any reasonable time. If there is no written lease, the landlord has only a right to re-enter for the purpose of viewing the premises and the state of repair. This does not give him any right to bring strangers in with a view to re-letting the premises.

* * *

Saskatchewan.

Q. We received an enquiry which has been mislaid, asking as to the position of a debtor who was unable to make payment to the creditor and who at the creditor's request gave a lien note on certain chattels. The enquirer asks whether the lien note would be valid security and whether the creditor could realize on this document.

A. The Saskatchewan courts have held that a lien note given under such circumstances is a valid contract between the parties to the extent that it gives the creditor a right to seize and dispose of the goods covered by the lien agreement. The creditor must hold the goods for the time required by law and dispose of them in accordance with law and the contract, or otherwise the creditor will be liable to an action for damages.

* * *

Brooksby, Sask.

Q. Three brothers are left a legacy to be divided equally and entrusted to their mother to do whatever she likes with it for the benefit of the boys. Can they demand that money when they become twenty-one years of age? Also, although the will was made in England, will it not be governed by Canadian laws, seeing mother and boys are all in Canada?—G. F.

A. We are unable to say for certain whether the legacy should be divided between the boys when they become of age or not. It will depend upon the terms of the trust under which the money is left to them. If no time is fixed by the terms of the will then each can demand his share of the fund when he becomes of age. The law applicable to the estate is that of the country in which the property under administration is situate. If real property is being administered and the property is situate in England, then the laws of England apply. If the property is in Canada, Canadian laws apply.

* * *

Calgary, Alta.

Q. I am my husband's second wife. He owns the home we live in. What rights have I regarding this property? Do I not have any vote right or am I considered no property owner? Can I make any claim against the property for money I have paid out for him towards repairing his home? If he sells it have I got to sign off on his property which he owned before we were married or have I no claim on what was his before marriage?—Mrs. B. [Continued on page 50]

Dollars and Cents

SINCE our last issue the outstanding feature in the financial and economic world has been the suspension of the gold standard in Great Britain, brought about by the rapid depletion of gold reserves. The call for gold from abroad, particularly for the payment of imports, became so pronounced that it was necessary to resort to this drastic step. Apparently if the opinion given by financial leaders proves to be sound, this action will tend towards stabilization. The seriousness of the situation in Great Britain according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, may be gauged by the fact that Mr. Snowden, the English Finance Minister, in introducing his budget was compelled to announce the raising of the basic rate of income tax to the high figure of five shillings on the pound; the increasing of the excise duties on beer, tobacco and gasoline; the reduction of the "dole" by ten per cent, and the providing for increased contributions by the workers. In passing it is interesting to note that a recent despatch from England stated that the sudden call for gold was due to the action of the men of the British Navy, some of whom refused to accept the proposed reduction. This led to a feeling of lack of security in foreign countries and a miniature run on the gold reserves then started. The truth of this statement is problematical.

The sudden drop in the British pound has had its effect on Canada. Today the Canadian dollar is at a discount ranging from ten to fourteen per cent on the American market. Whilst Canada officially is still on the gold standard, as a matter of fact this depreciation of her currency really amounts to the suspension of the gold standard. It has been announced by the managers of the leading gold producing mines that since dividends are payable in American gold that this step will be followed out and that Canadian shareholders will benefit to the same extent as American shareholders. The federal government has not placed any embargo on the shipment of gold but has requested the mines to ship bullion to the federal mint, payment being made on the American basis. It has been estimated by one financial paper that if the present discount continues the leading gold mines will benefit by sums ranging from two hundred thousand dollars to a million dollars. At the date of writing the announcement is made that Scandinavia has decided to abolish the gold standard, this being due to the fact that the British demand for Scandinavian goods fell off since the abolition of the gold standard was announced. Part of this crisis is due to the fact that sixty per cent of the world's gold supply is held by France and the United States. The United States has piled up a great surplus of goods and is unable to sell them to foreign countries for the very simple reason that the foreign countries have no gold with which to pay them, and the American tariff prevents their being sold at all in America. It seems likely that, as the Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., declared in a recent address, "The gold standard could not be continued under present conditions with France and the United States holding the bulk of the gold, and unless there was to be a reduction of tariff barriers and a cancellation of war debts the gold standard would never be effective."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Flin Flon, Man.

Q. I have a few shares of Howey Gold stock. There is another person's name on the certificates. Should my name be on them? These shares are considerably lower now than when I bought, do you think they will rise? What do you think of Howey Gold? Is it a sound investment?

Can you tell me something about Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co. stock? Is it likely to drop or rise in price at the present time? Would it be safe to invest money in it?—H. V. B.

A. You will be well advised to send your share certificates to the Howey Gold Mines Ltd. to have them registered in your name. The transfer agent is the Trust & Guarantee Company, Toronto. The shares of Howey Mines are not an investment at present. The company would need only slightly more valuable deposits of gold in order to put the mine on a favorable basis so that at the present time it offers fair speculative possibilities. You should at least know within a year or so whether the Company will eventually operate at a profit, and this eliminates the long period of waiting usually necessary to ascertain the value of shares in a gold mine.

We consider that the shares of Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co. Ltd. are more likely to rise in value than to depreciate any further. However, in view of the general world conditions and the decided depression in the market for copper and zinc, which are the chief products of this company, its position is still speculative. As soon as there is any increase in the price of these metals this will immediately be reflected in the profits of Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co. Ltd. We prefer its prospects at present to those of Howey Gold Mines.

* * *

Estevan, Sask.

Q. Would you please advise me if The Home Assurance Company of Canada, Calgary, Alta., and The Western Savings & Loan Ass'n., Winnipeg, Man., are reliable companies to deal with.—L. F. K.

A. Any insurance company which is licensed to carry on business in Saskatchewan or any other province in Canada is required to maintain on deposit in the province securities sufficient to guarantee the payment of anticipated losses to policy holders in the province. For this reason we consider that a policy taken with the Home Assurance Company should prove satisfactory.

The Western Savings & Loan Association of Winnipeg has been making fairly good progress. It has a good Board of Directors, and we believe that you will find the company reliable to deal with. At the same time it is one of the newer companies and has not a period of successful operation behind it so as to place its securities in the category of seasoned investments. However the companies which have engaged in the building society business have shown a remarkably low percentage of failures, although the nature of the business is such that they can only be moderately successful. We would suggest that you should not purchase any of the savings certificates of this company unless you are satisfied that you can maintain the payments to maturity of your certificates, because if you have to realize upon the certificate at any time, the interest rate on your investment will be rather low.

LET THE THERMOMETER DECIDE THE OIL

BUT GET THAT EXTRA QUART!

● Quaker State Cold Test is the finest winter oil you can put into your motor. Cold cannot make it sluggish. Engine heat cannot thin it out. It starts lubricating with the first turn of your motor. Use it if your winter weather averages 15° above or colder.

● But if your winter is usually warmer than 15° above, then the oil to use is Quaker State Medium or Medium Heavy. Whatever Quaker State Motor Oil you use, you'll get an *extra* quart of lubrication in every gallon!

● An extra quart? Right! And here's why . . . Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil a quart or more of thin, waste oil that is utterly useless in an automobile motor. This stuff is so light-bodied, so quick to vaporize under heat, that Quaker State engineers have dubbed it "water-thin".

● And they've found the way to throw it out! They've developed special equipment that removes this waste. And they've installed that equipment in every one of Quaker State's refineries—*the most modern refineries the industry knows!*

● By removing "water-thin", Quaker State can and does replace it with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—not three quarts and one of waste. So you really get an extra quart of lubrication! *And right there you have the reason why Quaker State is the largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!*

● Every gallon of Quaker State is refined entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● One dealer in every four sells Quaker State—and displays the green and white service station sign. Fill up with Quaker State. You will find that it will save you money every mile you drive. The extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State makes it far and away the greatest bargain in oil! © 1931, QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

Only Stockings

that are so authoritatively styled—so carefully made under such rigid standards of inspection could have the worth that Penmans New Silk Hosiery offers. These stockings—shaded to blend with the colours of the reigning Fashion—are constantly up-to date. See them at any good hosiery counter and judge their value for yourself.

PENMANS
NEW SILK HOSIERY

Have You Any Legal Problems? Remember the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you in next issue.

The Right Miss Wright

Continued from page 29

happens to make 'em interestin'. But how many of 'em ever end in adventure like this? They'd like the adventure all right, but wouldn't sprawl 'round to make it.

"I reckon I got a record for bein' sort o' pert and irresponsible back to Kelson. 'Tomboy Wright,' they call me. But it's only because folks don't see what I'm drivin' at. All the time I'm lookin' for new things to do—or new ways o' doin' 'em. And I don't get bored any more. The time goes so quickly I don't know where it passes, I declare."

Bob Hobart filled his brier afresh many times, drinking in the glory, the wonder, the romance of that desert night which could never come again because it was his first—with her. The camaraderie was strong between them now. He seemed to have known this girl for years.

ON either side of that campfire, the fanning embers between them, they stretched themselves after a while. The chill night grew as numbing as the day had been hot. Triple hoots of the tiny owls came from the crags of ebony nothingness around them. The coyote-barks sounded off toward the west and then worked around to the north. Now and then a coal leaped up in a little ripple of flame, yellow as a hen's foot. A rakish wisp of dried greasewood stirred. Within thirty-one miles was no human being.

"Asleep, Miss Wright?"

"No. I'm watchin' the stars—and thinkin' o' what you been tellin' me about New England. And I wish you'd call me Mary. Makes me feel you just aren't friendly to talk so formal."

"You want to see the ocean badly—M-M-Mary?"

"It'd be a dream come true."

"The sand makes a wonderful bed; it's the first night I've tried it. I've been watching the stars too—and thinking what you said about smashing mediocrity." Then silence for three full moments. The fire was almost out. "M-M-Mary!"

"Uh—huh?"

"Fate directed me here, Mary, all the long way from Vermont, just to linger in this lonely desert basin with you—how's your foot, Mary?"

"I'd forgot all about it."

"Sleepy?"

"Not in my head. My body's tired—all the ridin' I been doin' today. But you aren't enjoying anything that I'm not, either. It's a new way o' breakin' monotony—the best I've found yet."

He raised himself and glanced across what remained of their fire. She lay on her back, one arm thrown up to pillow her head. He could see her profile, clear cut as a cameo.

"Mary?"

"What, Robert?"

"Do you know how many men back East, grinding their lives out in factories and shops, long for the kind of women who'll rough it with them in this glorious way—bedded down on warm earth—beside a dying camp fire—looking up at desert stars?"

He heard her voice come faintly, "And do you know how many Western women long fo' the kind o' menfolks who can see any romance lyin' on warm earth beside a dyin' campfire, and notice desert stars at all? I been stretched here thinkin' of that, too."

He said hoarsely, "I'm beginning to believe—I've been wasting myself—on the wrong Miss Wright."

After a time she answered, "ever since I looked in your chuck-box I been entertainin' some such thought myself!"

Icy winds of desert morning blew the Spanish thorn and greasewood. Owl hoots had quieted and the coyote yaps died away utterly. The embers of their first campfire had died to gray and then lampblack long before an eery light began diluting the eastern skyline. Six miles northward the Golden State Limited, from Chicago to Los Angeles, crawled—a child's toy train—across a wasted world.

The sweep of pearly gray along the east grew slowly into henna, apricot, and fallow. Mary Wright, of neither Vermont nor Pasadena, came awake to discover both her hands clasping something weighing on her breast that bore uncanny resemblance to a man's arm. He was lying still asleep, on an angle with her shoulders, and for the past seven hours her yellow hair had been pillowed on his heart.

"Whatever are you up to?" she demanded from the rekindled fire as the henna, apricot, and fallow heightened into amber, claret, and ripe cherry, twenty minutes later.

Bob Hobart crunched his sixth wrapping of tissue-paper and cast it aside as he bent beneath his enginehood.

"You set out to capture a man, didn't you? I'd say you succeeded. I'm screwing in new sparkplugs so you can take him wherever you want him—and sentence him for life!"

The Watering of the Lily

By Patrick McKenzie

As I passed through the murky part of town
I saw the house to which the paths go down—
And she was watering, in a broken vase
A lily, it seemed strangely out of place.
Then in her bitter face and her bold hard eyes
Rose lights like dawn against night's stormy skies,
And then I knew the lovely Nazarene
Was lifting the soul again of Mary Magdalene.

His Wondrous Peace

By Fred Scott Shepard

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Phil. 4:7.

Within the secret of God's grace
Is found a perfect resting place,
Where love divine grows never cold,
And tender arms of strength enfold,
And souls find peace.

A peace abiding day by day,
Whate'er the task, where'er the way,
Unmoved by any fear or doubt,
Which may assail within, without—
God's perfect peace.

Then rest, O Soul, serenely rest,
As child upon its mother's breast;
The Father's care will constant be,
And he will ever give to thee
His wondrous peace.

WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM

RITA LA ROY

MISS LA ROY was born Ina Stuart on a ranch near Kitscoty in Alberta. Her mother, from whom she took her movie name, was a premiere danseuse at the Paris Opera House. She was left an orphan at the age of thirteen. Neighbors put her in an orphan asylum, but she ran away dressed in boys' clothes and hitch-hiked to Spokane. It took her more than a month, but when she arrived there she found refuge with a woman who kept a boarding-house, and started to earn her way by waiting on tables. A short time later she was working in a Bohemian cafe, where the "help" performed—singing, dancing or playing character roles. It was there that she attracted the attention of a director of a stock company who cast her for a minor role in one of his productions. She soon became a seasoned trouper, and for two or three years travelled all over the Northwest in stock companies and vaudeville. Later, when she had tired of stage work, she tried to settle down in business—designing clothes. Rita made quite a success of this, but the call of the theatre returned, and she travelled to Portland to go back to the stage. She was in Hollywood for some time before she got a real chance in pictures. Then, in quick succession, she was given several excellent roles in "Dynamite," "The Love Trap," and "The Bachelor Girl." She was then signed for the leading feminine role opposite Rod La Rocque in "The Delightful Rogue." Following this she was placed under a long term contract and appeared in Richard Dix's starring vehicle, "Lovin' the Ladies," "Midnight Mystery," "The Conspiracy," "Leather - necking," "Traveling Husbands," and many other films. Courage, nerve and talent are the attributes which have brought triumph to Miss La Roy.

A thrilling moment from British International Picture's Submarine film, which is now in course of production. The actors here are seen shutting the watertight doors of the submarine against an inrush of water after the ship has been struck.

Binnie Barnes, who appeared in the British production "Love Lies," wears this original costume in "House Full," a British International picture directed by Norma Lee.

Dennis Hoey, who has been cast for the part of McGlusky, the burly and militant religious reformer in the film "McGlusky the Sea Rover," which will be produced at Elstree, England and North Africa by F. W. Kraemer.

SHADOW LAND

Molly Lamont, the South African beauty prize winner, who is appearing in her first star role in the British picture "House Full." She is wearing an evening gown of pale pink chiffon and lace trimmed with sequins and white fox.

A scene from the picture version of "Strictly Dishonourable." Left to right: George Meeker the original "Henry," Lewis Stone as "The Judge," William Ricciardi the original speakeasy proprietor, and Sidney Fox who plays "Isabel."

A skyline made to order. Paul Lukas, between scenes in "Strictly Dishonourable," watching one of the studio painters create a portion of New York City, which is seen through the window of an apartment in that production.

Phyllis Elgar, formerly a star on the stage in New York and Australia, now under contract to appear on the screen. This brilliant actress will doubtless quickly make a name for herself in the picture world.

A scene from "Beau Hunks," the Laurel and Hardy's latest Hal Roach comedy. Laurel and Hardy are at the extreme right of civilian rank.

SHADOW LAND

Virginia Perry as Mercedes in "Carmen," the screen adaption of the famous opera, which is now in course of production at the Elstree, England, studios, under the direction of Cecil Lewis.

Gene Gerrard, who has to his credit two brilliant successes in the British International pictures "Let's Love and Laugh" and "My Wife's Family," is about to make another film entitled "Out of the Blue."

In "The Guardsman," in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne make their talking picture debut, there is a short scene from "Elizabeth, the Queen," their most recent stage success.

Shirley Nails, the three-year-old baby who plays with George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill in "Riders of the Purple Sage," proves to be hard as nails, and frightens the stars to death, as can be seen.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

A CERTAIN producer was seeing one of his lieutenants off for the East on his way to Europe. Good-byes had been said and as the train was pulling out the Big Boss suddenly bethought him of a final injunction. Running along the platform he made a megaphone of his hands and shouted: "Hey, Sam! Don't forget the oil."

"The which, Mr. Goldswim?" called back the other.

"The oil! The oil! Any price vithin reason, Sam," cried the producer. "But don't come back vithout him."

Whereupon an alert young man who had overheard stepped forward and presenting Mr. Goldswim with his business card began to urge on him the advantages of buying shares in Texas Wildcat.

"Why send abroad for what can be got right at home?" he asked, with mild reproach. "I'm right from the best oil district and—"

"Say!" the producer cut in, wrathfully. "Who's talking about *oil?* Couldn't I have a private business conversation vith my secretary vithout people butting in? The kind of oil we want, young man," he added impressively, "can only be got in England, see? And it's a real genwine investment, *not* a speculation, get me? If we can't get an oil we'll take a dook or even a man-about-town, but it's got to be some guy that knows his social onions. Maybe you're one of them fans that laughed at the Allied Artists Picture Corporation for showing the royal family dining vith their crowns on. Vell, you ain't gonna have any more free laughs, see? Not in *our* films you ain't." And Mr. Goldswim marched off with a fine air of righteousness, secure in the knowledge that Sam would bargain the thing to a nicety, and well aware that in the British Isles were many impoverished aristocrats who could be prevailed upon to accept his offer without undue urging.

Birds-eye View of Hollywood, with Cliff Edwards in the Foreground

Alison Loyd and Chester Morris in "Corsair"

After all, better a salaried social mentor in Sunny California than an existence of decaying gentility in foggy London *sans* any emolument whatever. And better, much better, for Allied Artists to add another name to its payroll than run the risk of making another glaring *faux pas* like that scene in "Whitewashed Sinners" showing a marquis wearing spats with his dress clothes.

Thus it is that in Hollywood there has been established the profession of social regulator, an office that may be held by an individual of either sex but the requirements for which are rigid. Hollywood has been taken in more than once by plausible candidates using the broad "A" who were never nearer England than Battle Creek, Michigan, and she now demands the fullest credentials. You encounter the social regulators in the scenario department, on the set sitting-in on a production, and just about everywhere else. The careers of some of them read like a fairy-tale. For example, there was the young man whose ideas were not appreciated in dear old England and who is now in the near-millionaire class out here. One day at Elstree, which is the English Hollywood, a common labourer on the lot paused to watch part of a scene being shot. It was against the rules of course. To a man standing near the shirt-sleeved young man was bold enough to remark that if *he* were making this picture he'd do it rather differently. Apparently mistakes can be made even in England.

"Oh you would, eh? And who may you be?" he was asked.

"Odd-job man, sir. Name of Ruggs," the self-appointed critic replied. "But I *have* been a gentleman's man in the employ of the Duke of Bilgewater and also of Lord Swizzlehurst and Sir James Whifflebury and others, sir, and I know that never in the world would any of them have attended a coursing meet in high hat and Prince Albert coat, nor would His Grace for instance have sported an Ascot tie at a wedding. And furthermore, in this scene where the ladies retire from the dinner-table it is customary to—"

But he got no further for the man he addressed happened to be the backer of the picture and a newrich snob, and the young man was curtly informed that for his effrontery in offering suggestions to his betters his services would no longer be required, that subordinates had no right to ideas above their station in life, and that that sort of thing could not be tolerated. So, exit Ruggs. But a year later through some freak of fate he found himself in Hollywood in the part of prop boy at one of the larger studios. Once more he paused beside a set to watch a scene shot. And he wore a pained expression because things were being done that cried to heaven for correction. Lounging nearby in a canvas chair was the easy-going director.

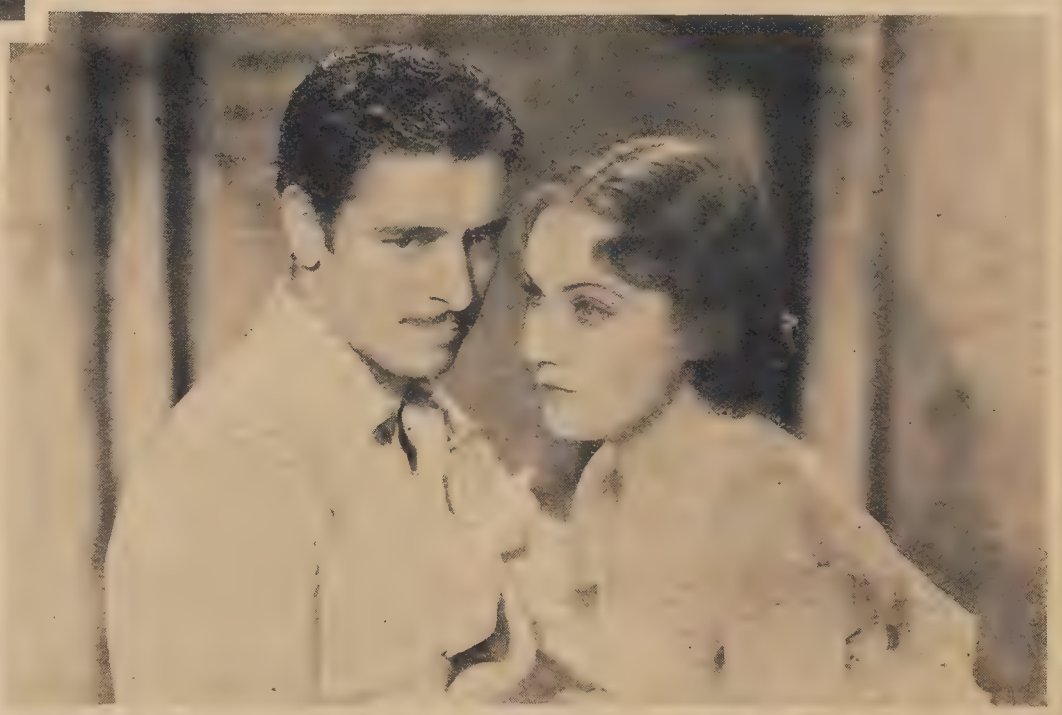
"If I might offer a suggestion—" Ruggs began, half-fearfully, but impelled by his British sense of the proprieties.

"Sure thing. Fire ahead," the director said, cordially.

"Well, in the first place, sir, at a hunt breakfast at home, sir, the butler and footmen do not appear in velvet knee-breeches. It simply isn't done you know."

"That so?" The director looked crestfallen.

"Yes, sir. And in the scene just before this you have Lady Flubdub ringing for her maid and *four* maids responding, all giving a mechanical bobbing curtsey, a thing which I have never seen done, sir. One maid draws the curtains, the second draws the bawth, the third holds



Ronald Colman and Fay Wray in "The Unholy Garden"

The Social Regulators; Putting Hollywood Right on Matters of British Etiquette; Selling Gold-Bricks to the Stars; House Parties and Entertainment Novelties; the All-Barkies; Some Players Lead a Dog's Life.

A Canine Parody on "Trader Horn". Jiggs and Oscar in an All-Barkie Comedy

the towels, and the fourth carries in the breakfast-tray. Help may be plentiful at home, sir, but it's not that prolific, sir, and—and now I suppose I shall get the sack." and poor Ruggs drew a sigh that sounded like a vacuum cleaner signing off. The other rose to his feet.

"Get the sack? Should say not!" The grateful director administered a hearty slap to Ruggs' back. "What you *will* get is a change of employment." He lowered his voice: "Look here. You come on up to the office with me. I guess we can use you in the business."

One day, quite a while after this, a distinguished English visitor was being motored round the film city. A particularly beautiful Spanish bungalow bowered in semi-tropic blooms caught his eye. Small but nifty. He remarked upon it.

"That's the home of one of your own fellow-countrymen. Fellow called Ruggs," he was informed. "One of our social regulators. He supervises the production of pictures laid in England. They used to be washouts but now they've got more snap than a pair of new garters. Smart guy, that. A fellow with ideas, and this is the place to market them. I just forget what his income is but it's a honey. He's got a yacht and two cars now and a summer place at Pebble Beach—"

But the visitor, who was none other than the film magnate who had fired poor Ruggs from the Elstree studio, scarcely heard. He was gaping incredulously at the velvet lawns, the trim flower beds, all the other signs of affluence and luxury and remembering the odd-job man whom he had snubbed for having ideas. He himself had lost a lot of money on his last film venture and was out here trying to edge in on the Hollywood market. Truly, Dame Fortune was a whimsical jade.

It is but fair to explain that the market for earls is now overcrowded. As Billy, our office boy, puts it, you couldn't squeeze another in with a shoe-horn.

AT THE moment the great vogue is astrologers, with numerologists as a close second. Wherever much money is reputed to be there will the opportunists gather, and a host of soothsayers, crystal-gazers, phrenologists, Hindu swamis, and others of the ilk, have been camping on the colony. Players, like sailors, are notoriously superstitious, probably because of the hazardous and uncertain nature of their employment, and dethroned idols, no less than the thwarted or baffled or out-of-luck generally, haunt the salons of these Cassandras with pitiful persistency. I believe that the Smithsonian Institute has recently issued a warning condemning such practices in no uncertain terms, but even glamorous stars riding the crest of popularity go right on consulting these givers of expensive advice and listening with bated breath to hear whether their next picture will be a success. Numbers of players have gone so far as to change the spelling of their names, or in some cases the name itself, on instructions from their favorite numerologist. I am told that Carole Lombard took on that superfluous "e" in an effort to get the correct assemblage of letters making for Success. There may be something in it, as the farmer said when peering down the old well.

It's all just another form of selling gold bricks, in the opinion of a blunt-spoken studio official.

"We're wise now on the differences between a genuine early-English tallboy and the phony article with made-to-order cracks and worm-holes," he said, "but there are still enterprising people in our midst making a snug living selling us things we don't want, everything from Persian pergolas to pedigreed bird dogs."

This includes old Gobelin tapestries, Chinese lacquer,

A Picture with a Pointed Moral. Taken from "Dogway Melody"

Egyptian scarabs, old Italian carved chests, Russian sables and Irish nightingales. One star owns a cream-walnut desk with pigeon-holes lined in scarlet leather, for which a fabulous price was paid. And never uses it.

I think it was the witty Louise Fazenda who once said: "What some of us need worst of all is a course in character development."

APART from picture requirements Hollywood in the main isn't overly preoccupied about its social etiquette, though there are some pretty rigid distinctions that must be recognized among the eating places. There is a Russian restaurant that is said to be conducted by an ex-general of the late Czar's imperial army, and the exclusive Embassy Club, with a membership limited to three hundred, isn't available to the common herd either. The equally haughty Montmartre is practically impossible of entrance also, that is, *sans* influence, though the throngs of sightseers that assemble outside its doors every Wednesday at one to see the stars arrive for luncheon get a tremendous kick out of the privilege and apparently bear no resentment at not being allowed the freedom of the place. Henry's, on the other hand, is the very soul of democracy and has long been known as Charlie Chaplin's favorite haunt. It is operated by one Henry Bergman, corpulent and genial and once in pictures himself, and to it flock stars, writers, directors, extras, and tourists, indiscriminately. [Continued on page 40]

Mrs. Renfro Rewards Each Four Footed Thespian with a Nice Fat Wiener, at Close of Working Day

Anna May Wong, gifted Chinese actress who will shortly be seen in "Daughter of the Dragon."

Polly Moran

Leon Janney

A study of Miss Dorothy Bartlam, the charming British star, who is now appearing in "Fascination."

Shadowland Oddments

POLLY MORAN was born in Chicago, Illinois, and her full name is Pauline Therese Moran. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Some agent saw her clowning in school and suggested that she become a vaudeville monologist.

She became the most travelled vaudeville star in the world. She crossed the Atlantic fourteen times.

She was as big a hit in Europe and South Africa as in America.

She never "teamed" with anyone on either stage or screen until the Marie Dressler-Polly Moran duo was formed.

She is one of the finest horseback riders in pictures, and she is an expert swimmer.

She is an irrepressible wit and because of this gets more social invitations than any single individual in Hollywood.

She would rather sleep than do anything else in the world, and can sleep anywhere at any time.

And what do you think ebullient Polly Moran would like to be if she ever quits motion pictures?

Polly wants to be a newspaper "sob-sister."

"I think I would be grand at it," said Polly, "I am so emotional that I even cry when a bill collector tells me that his eight children will starve, if I don't pay something on account!"

LEON JANNEY was born in Ogden, Utah, on April Fool's day of 1917. He went on the stage at the age of two and a half years, playing the Pantages and Orpheum circuit for several years. Four years ago he came to Hollywood and began his picture career.

At first Leon played numerous child parts, one with Marion Davies in "Old Dutch" and one with Lillian Gish in "The Wind." He worked in several Fox animal comedies and played a featured lead in both the English and Spanish versions of an "Our Gang" comedy.

Leon got his big chance in pictures when he was signed to play in "Courage," a part which came to him through his own efforts. The boy's realistic delineation of character and his ready response to direction prompted J. L. Warner to sign him to a three-year contract.

His first role under the new contract was with George Arliss in "Old English." He recently played the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Boy of Mine," which came to the screen as "Father's Son." His latest picture is another Tarkington story, "Penrod and Sam," which is due for release shortly.

One of his pet hates is to be called a youngster—he says it reminds him of a gawky young steer.

ANNA MAY WONG was born in Los Angeles, has brown eyes, black hair, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds and is five feet six inches tall.

When Miss Wong was twelve years old she evinced the longing to be in motion pictures. One day she learned that the important Oriental personality in the film business was James Wang. A former Baptist minister, he had entered pictures as a character actor and still appears in parts. He was charged with the selection of Oriental extras for pictures.

She went to Wang with a request for film work. He surprised her by telling her to appear as an extra the next morning. She carried a tiny lantern with three hundred other Chinese girls in a sequence in "The Red Lantern."

After many months of extra work, the little girl finally secured a bit. Her first scene was in "Dinty," starring Wesley Barry.

Her first screen credit part came in Marshall Neilan's "Bits of Life." This unique film contained four distinct stories. Miss Wong appeared in the "Hop" story with Lon Chaney. From this appearance, she became an established film actress, in such films as "The Thief of Bagdad," "Outside the Law," "Forty Winks," "The Chinese Parrot" and others.

In 1928, Miss Wong left Hollywood on a contract to appear in German films. In Berlin her first picture was "Tsong," which was an immediate success. Then she went to London to appear in English pictures, and added to the laurels she had won in Germany. She met Basil Dean in London. He had just purchased "The Circle of Chalk," and was seeking a Chinese star. She participated in the play for a long run at the New Theatre.

Anita Page watches Willie Hoppe, famous billiard champion, make some of his trick shots.

Miss Wong made her talking film debut in "Flame of Love," made first as a German picture, with English and French versions following. In England she acquired a British accent at the cost of two hundred guineas. She still retains it.

For ten months after the completion of her three-language picture, she played in a Chinese operetta, "Tschun-Tschi" (Springtime), in Vienna. During this time her mother was killed in a motor accident, and she decided to return to Hollywood to visit with her family.

Arriving in New York, Lee Ephraim, who was casting for Edgar Wallace's "On the Spot," sought her out and signed her for the role of Minn Lee in the stage play. She appeared opposite Crane Wilbur who, incidentally, was her first screen idol at the age of eight.

Paramount placed her under contract during the run of "On the Spot," and assigned her to the leading role in "Daughter of the Dragon," with Warner Oland and Sessue Hayakawa.

Do You Know?

That Harpo Marx has not spoken a word on stage or screen for twelve years, establishing what is believed to be the longest pure pantomime record in modern show business.

That Warner Brothers' Wardrobe Department occupies the whole of a steel and concrete fireproof building, two stories high and covering an area equal to a city block. What a paradise for moths!

That Maurice Chevalier, after spending a ten-week vacation at his summer home in Southern France, returned to Hollywood last month to begin work on his next starring film, "One Hour With You."

That Walt Disney is considering the advisability of presenting "Mickey Mouse" in color.

That Jackie Cooper while working at the Caliente race track in "The Champ," made friends personally with every racehorse in the paddock. Parental opposition was the only cause of Jackie not attempting to buy all the horses.

That Hollywood Central Casting Bureau has 10,000 extras registered who can be mobilized for work within a few hours. No more applications are being taken at the present time.

That Lawrence Tibbett after getting two wrong telephone numbers expostulated, "I've wasted about a hundred dollars worth of voice trying to get this call through."

That Polly Moran is moving to a busier street than the end of Hollywood Boulevard. She said her mother complained of not having enough cars going by to watch.

Criticisms

Favorable and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

«The Guardsman»

MOVIE-GOERS who like good acting and light, sophisticated comedy will find "The Guardsman" something to cheer about. It is the screen version of Ferenc Molnar's play which was one of the most successful of the New York Theatre Guild's productions. Better still, it brings to the screen those two highly accomplished artists, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, who have been for some time the brightest stars of the Guild organization.

Molnar's comedy is light and amusing, full of satirical digs at the vanity of actors. The story concerns a very conceited actor and his fascinating actress wife. Tormented by jealousy, the actor decides to test by a ruse his wife's fidelity. He disguises himself as a Russian Guardsman, a prince, and so makes love to her. Then his real torment develops: a struggle between his tremendous vanity and his love. For if he wins his wife in his disguise as a guardsman, he proves himself a brilliant actor, but a cuckold. On the other hand, if she rebuffs the "Guardsman," his vanity as an actor and a "great lover" receives a horrid blow. It is therefore with a diverting mixture of pride and chagrin that, as the "Guardsman," he wins his own wife. But when he finally accuses her of infidelity (in spirit, if not in fact!), she turns the tables on him by saying that she had seen through the hoax from the very beginning. And so the comedy ends very merrily—particularly for the audience who have very reasonable doubts of the truth of the wife's statement!

Miss Fontanne gives a brilliant interpretation of the role of the actress. Her enunciation, her suave and witty reading of the lines, and her facial expression all call for the highest praise.

Alfred Lunt, like Miss Fontanne, gives us acting of a quality rarely attained in Hollywood. His contribution to the comedy is really a dual role, for he has to show us the actor acting the guardsman. (His make-up for the guardsman is excellent. The whole contour of his face is subtly altered.)

By all means see "The Guardsman!"

«Five Star Final»

HERE is a strong and stirring melodrama that is intrinsically a tirade against the sensational, unscrupulous and too-often cruel methods of yellow journalism and the tabloid press.

The story tells of an editor of such a paper who, in need of a sensational story, exhumes a scandal long dead and forgotten, and by his act ruins the lives of a whole family. In an addition to the worthwhile propaganda, the story (originally a stage play) makes excellent dramatic material. It is swift-moving, filled with action and interest. The picture is well directed and cast. Edward G. Robinson, H. B. Warner, Frances Starr, Marian Marsh, Anthony Bushell and Boris Karloff are all good.

The director has introduced several symbolical touches into the picture, but they do not slow up the action of the film nor are they overdone. The last scene showing the tabloid newspaper blowing in the gutter and splotched with mud is effective.

«The Dreyfus Case»

THIS pictured account of the famous trial that shook the whole of France and Europe and which still causes agitated discussion in France is an English production that will be of great interest to intelligent, adult audiences.

The story of Dreyfus is told on the screen in a straightforward manner. The picture opens with the trial of Dreyfus for espionage and high treason. We see Dreyfus convicted and sentenced to Devil's Island for life, brought back, through the efforts of Emile Zola and others, tried again, and again convicted, and finally, reinstated as an army officer and honored by the nation. The authentic story is essentially strong drama, and this picture version of it is extremely moving.

Most of the famous characters that were prominent in the trial are shown in the film and give it added interest. Among these men are: Zola, Esterhazy, Clemenceau and Picquart.

The role of Dreyfus is admirably played by Cedric Hardwicke, one of the most popular and cleverest of England's younger actors.

Older people, who remember the Dreyfus sensation, will want to freshen their memories by seeing this film. Younger people will like it for its gripping dramatic quality, for its vivid recounting of one of the most famous trials in history.

Edmund Lowe in "The Spider."

Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon in "The Bargain."

«The Bargain»

"YOU AND I," by Philip Barry was a rather charming stage play, gently humorous and sincerely touching. In its translation to the screen it has lost its original title and a lot of its original charm. It is nicely played by Lewis Stone, Doris Kenyon, Una Merkel and Charles Butterworth.

«The Spider»

THIS stage thriller had, as its chief claim to originality and popularity, the fact that its action took place to a great extent in the actual audience of the theatre various characters being "planted" among the real spectators. This was a novel and amusing effect which it is impossible to duplicate in the talking picture version of the play. Otherwise the story follows the play quite closely. During a theatrical performance of a magician and hypnotist a man in the audience is shot. The theatre is surrounded by the police who try to discover the criminal while holding the whole audience as witnesses. The magician turns detective and solves the mystery.

Edmund Lowe is excellent as the magician. The others of the cast are capable. The suspense is well sustained, and the picture entertaining.

«Waterloo Bridge»

THE screen version of Robert E. Sherwood's play, "Waterloo Bridge" is moderately effective. The story is a sentimental one, telling of a young soldier, on leave in London during the Great War, who meets and falls in love with a girl, a rather pitiful waif forced by circumstances to earn her living on the street. The story demands particularly fine acting to make it affecting and although Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass give conscientious performances, they are not inspired. I find Douglass' reading of his lines artificial and self-conscious—despite the fact that the flappers purr ecstatically while he is on the screen.

Except for some very apparent padding at the beginning, the film is quite well directed, and the scenic backgrounds and scenes of the air raid are good.

«The Modern Age»

UNLESS you are very devoted to Joan Crawford, you will not be highly entertained by her new vehicle "The Modern Age." Miss Crawford and other members of a good cast that includes Pauline Frederick and Neil Hamilton are wasted on a mediocre story.

«Personal Maid»

NANCY CARROLL is starred in this pleasant little picture built upon the ever-popular Cinderella theme. Some amusing comedy is provided by Mary Boland, one of the cleverest comediennes of the legitimate stage, and George Fawcett. "Personal Maid" is not at all distinguished, but it is pleasantly entertaining. (Continued on page 40)

Edward G. Robinson and Marian Marsh in "Five Star Final."

Cedric Hardwicke in the role of Dreyfus in "The Dreyfus Case."

LITTLE RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD—*Continued from page 37*

In the minds of the fans there exists an ineradicable belief that the life of the players is a dizzy mingling of luxury, adulation, and mad revelry, but the movie folks are very much like people in other cities of that size. They tire of bridge, badminton and other conventional amusements and take a whirl at quoits, crokinole and blindman's buff on occasion, and I have attended parties at the Studio Club and elsewhere that began formally enough but that rose to an uproarious climax of fun and clowning with the introduction of such old-fashioned pastimes as musical chairs and three-legged races. It is a revelation, for instance, to see some exponent of bored sophistication like Adolph Menjou down on his knees endeavoring to coax a half-pound potato into a tiny coffee spoon and then to crawl with it in competition with half-a-dozen others similarly engaged to the distant goal at the end of the room. Or to be invited to a "Hard Times" party where the guests come garbed in gingham dresses and denim overalls and eat plain bread-and-butter and cheese, with lemonade to wash it down. A gay life, whatever the program.

AND what of those players who lead a dog's life? There are about seventy-six dogs working in the barkies, mostly mutts, and a complete dog studio exists at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, with stage, wardrobe department, kennels and recreation yard for the canine thespians. Rennie Renfro, their trainer, keeps his charges, between pictures, on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley where they run about in a peach orchard. He believes there is just as great a degree of intelligence among mongrels as in the more exalted circles of dogdom, and many of his four-footed players are strays he has picked up.

"To train a dog, a fellow has to know at least as much as the dog." Mr. Renfro confided. "Then it's all a matter of patience and kindness—with a chunk of hamburger as a reward for effort. We first begin by teaching the newcomer to play with a ball, and we follow this up with some simple trick like 'sitting up.' Frequent play periods are necessary, for if you make the dog's lessons too long he can't focus his attention properly. And you mustn't browbeat him or his confidence is gone."

Among the best known of the canine players are Jiggs, Friday, Buster, and Oscar. Jiggs is a six-year-old Boston bull who can do almost anything but talk. Friday, a female, is an animal that Mr. Renfro saved from the lethal chamber and who is insured for $10,000. One can fancy her meditating, now and then, on what her former owners must be thinking, unappreciative people who deserted her because they didn't consider her worth a couple of dollars, the price of a dog license. For Buster, Mr. Renfro paid $25.00, taking a chance on him against advice from many quarters. He is valued today at $75,000 Buster has Boston bull in him—and several other breeds. He was named for Buster Keaton, the solemn-faced comedian. Oscar is the Julian Eltinge of dogdom, which is to say that he is generally cast in feminine roles. A Boston puppy with a white face and snub nose suggesting a strain of pug ancestry, he has screen personality. At first he was thought to have temperament too, but this was later diagnosed as worms, and his gift for loud snoring has brought many quarters into the box office. It is, in fact, his specialty. When a scene calls for some other dog to be found asleep, Oscar is led up to the mike to contribute the necessary nasal noises. I almost forgot to mention that Jiggs can achieve a vocal effort that passes for "Mama" and "Papa." It is a trick he learned all by himself, Mr. Renfro declares. Pepper, another dog of the Boston bull variety, came to pictures from vaudeville, while Billy, a yellow animal of no special breed, is a living refutation of the old saying that you can't teach an old dog new tricks, for at the mature age of five years this fellow learned to walk on his hindlegs and register a soulful expression!

Thousands of dogs have "gone Hollywood," to the extent that the place is fairly cluttered up with four-footed aspirants to fame and riches. With fifteen men on the set of one large studio who are employed for no other work but to dress the dog players, it begins to look like a profitable enterprise, and according to Jules White and Zion Myers, the clever young directors of the dogs and the originators of the "All Barkie" series, a dog comedy actually is easier to direct than one with human players. How do the dogs appear to be talking on the screen, you will want to know. Easy enough to manage that. Give the pup a piece of chewy taffy and jaw-action does the rest! And that soulful look above-mentioned is brought into play by suspending a nice fat wiener just out of sight of the camera.

There are beaute salons for the pampered pets of the human stars and where overfed dogs are put on short rations to "reduce" them. There a canine pedicure costs one dollar and a teeth-cleaning, two. For a shampoo and special rinse, and perhaps a job of permanent waving, your film favorite's pet Sealeyham will set her back twenty dollars. Somewhere there is also a dog dentist, though I've never located him. I do know, however, of a dog laundry. It is in Los Angeles. The pioneer along this line began life with three delivery trucks and collected dogs all the way from San Pedro to Hollywood and from San Fernando to San Gabriel, and so greatly appreciated was this service among dog owners he had shortly built up a flourishing business. Some days as many as four hundred dog or cat customers were in the tubs or on the drying-racks, and soon branches of the laundry had to be established in the neighboring cities. The proprietor charges on an eminently fair basis—ten cents per pound. Thus a prize Mexican Hairless weighing a couple of pounds can be laundered for a quarter or less, where a collie or a St. Bernard might run into money. A certain Irish wolfhound that tips the scales at three hundred pounds costs his master $30.00 every time he makes a trip to the cleaners, but since he plays in pictures he must be kept in the pink. The laundries of course are equipped with beauty parlors where the "frills" may be added. Some pets even have their lashes curled, 'tis said, and some of them react in amusing and nearly human ways. It is as though they realized their fortunate position in life, for a nicely brushed and perfumed pup will strut proudly by the common street curs as he emerges from his "treatment" or will sit up in haughtiest disdain on his silk cushion in the front seat of his mistress' limousine and look down his nose at the hoi-polloi.

After all, "a dog's life" may be capable of more than one interpretation.

I used to have misgivings about trained animals, built on more than vague rumors about the methods used by some trainers in achieving those cunning tricks that are so amusing to watch. I had heard of tacks concealed in the palm of the trainer's hand and of thonged whips and other cruel things, and while it was comforting to realize that the S.P.C.A. was usually on the alert at theaters showing dog-acts, the uncertainty was distressing. Anyone who knows Mr. and Mrs. Renfro, however, need have no fears on this score. Theirs is one group of dogs that always get a sqare deal. To see them among their charges is to know them for "dog" people.

A BUBBLING CONCOCTION OF STARS

Top Row, Left to Right: Greta Garbo, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford; Second Row: Robert Montgomery, Marie Dressler, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro; Third Row: Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Wallace Beery, Lawrence Tibbett; Bottom Row: William Haines, Buster Keaton and Jackie Cooper.

THE career of Sylvia Sidney has elements of the unusual so far as it has gone. Of non-theatrical people and not particularly beautiful she has been making good in a big way ever since Hollywood gave her her first screen part, a role that consisted of a loud scream. Sylvia's daddy is a dentist, she says, though this does not necessarily imply that she was imitating the death-agonies of some of his patients.

Miriam Hopkins had her first theatrical makeup applied by none other than President Hoover of the U.S.A. It seems that while Mr. Hoover was in charge of relief work for Near East sufferers during the War, a certain dance pageant was staged in New York for a benefit and the Chief Executive, as master of ceremonies, observing a young woman with insufficient pigment on her face took a makeup box and remedied the deficiency. She said he made a good job of it too.

Polly Moran, who is Marie Dressler's sparring partner in many of her films, earned her first stage money with Robert Mantell in Chicago as part of the "atmosphere" in Macbeth. Torches were carried by some of the supers, and the ten-year-old Polly's hair caught fire from one of them. The curtain had to be rung down, she says, while they put the fire out. She was a scared little girl, but she was being paid fifty cents a night, and after all, she argued, what was a little blaze compared with that? "Let the play go on," has always been her motto.

Richard Dix has an immense respect for Canadians. It was one of the hardy breed who broke his nose, Jack Renault, heavyweight who polished off George Godfrey it will be remembered. Renault also broke two of Richard's ribs while he was about it. This all occurred during the production of a fight film some time ago.

CRITICISMS: FAVOURABLE—AND OTHERWISE

Continued from page 39

«Merely Mary Ann»

ANOTHER Cinderella story. Like "Personal Maid," it is sugary but mildly and harmlessly entertaining. "Merely Mary Ann" is adapted from the play by Zangwill in which Eleanor Robson was starred some twenty years ago. The story tells of the love affair of a little slavey and a struggling young musician. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are the co-stars.

«My Sin»

AND Joan Crawford isn't the only one who isn't getting the breaks. Tallulah Bankhead, the Alabama girl who made such a success on the legitimate stage in London and has been brought back to the United States and Hollywood, has little opportunity to shine in her latest picture, "My Sin."

"My Sin" (a silly title!) is all about a lady who has had a past in South or Central America (the geography of the film is rather vague!) and who comes to North America "to begin life anew," as they used to say in the subtitles. Although she gets thoroughly regenerated, the "past" crops up again and almost spoils everything. But in the end she is very happy, my dears, and marries a perfectly lovely man (Frederic March) who also has a past and doesn't mind her having one also.

This sort of thing is hard on Miss Bankhead. The picture, although it ends happily has hardly a light moment and is slowly paced. No matter how much film fans love heroines with languorous beauty, husky voices and tormented souls, these doubtful charms alone fail to make a good picture.

To film an automobile scene it is necessary to have power, cameras, mikes and recording car move ahead of the bus and principals to be filmed.

«Their Mad Moment»

ELEANOR MERCEIN'S stories set in the Basque country seemed fated to supply good material for the movies. They were picturesque, glamorous, and sentimentally romantic. But here is one, Elinor-Glynishly titled "Their Mad Moment," that is unbelievably flat and feeble. The screen adaption is weak and neither Dorothy Mackail nor Warner Baxter invest their roles with charm.

«In Case You Have Not Already Seen Them»

Don't miss "Street Scene," the film adaptation of Elmer Rice's Pulitzer prize-winning play. It's well worth seeing.

George Arliss returns to statesmen. This time he plays that romantic figure in American history, Alexander Hamilton. The acting is fine.

Try to see "Le Million," the French picture directed by Rene Clair. It is a delightful farce and you don't need to know French to enjoy it.

Brave Men of Battle Begin Their Second Hundred Years of Service

Continued from page 17

all kinds. When I wanted a scholar, a writer, a painter, all I needed to do was to ask the sergeant-major on duty. On the morrow he produced the man I wanted; in fact, sometimes, they were ten to each one I required. I could have formed an Institute with the elements composing my section."

Where did all these men come from, what had they done to make them bury themselves alive? No one knows. No one asks them. They tell no one.

The Legionnaires are well fed. Since many years the legendary "gamelle" or soup which was served to all soldiers alike has been done away with. The men are now given separate courses of food in separate plates in the ordinary way. Before, there was only one large pot out of which each man came to help himself. In there all the courses were mixed, meat and the vegetables all swam together in an indescribable mess. On Christmas day and New Year's they have roasts and dessert as well as coffee. Wine is the ordinary beverage without which French soldiers could not exist.

Their outfit is composed of three uniforms. One white and two khakis. Each uniform is washed every time it is worn. The Legionnaires are the cleanest and the best kept soldiers in the French army.

Desertions are not very numerous. When they occur, the officers take great pains to find the man before they post him as deserter. The reasons which prompt a man to absent himself without leave are not many. The principal is a kind of nostalgia which often affects men living in barracks under a relentless sun, and who at times have very little to do outside of the routine of the soldier. This depression, to which the men have given the name of "cafard" was well known to the fighting troops during the World War when entrenched for days without anything to do. "The Cafard" (cockroach) is very well named. It has all the creeping insidiousness of the loathsome little insect which crawls and invades even the cleanest of households. The clearest of brains, the happiest man, the healthiest one becomes the prey of this very real disease of the mind. When thus afflicted the Legionnaire is liable to do anything to relieve the monotony of his days. He may run amuck and murder his best friend, get drunk and clean up the town, or run away, straight before him anywhere. Some Legionnaires have been found dead from thirst in the desert. They have gone on and on without knowing what direction they were taking. That is the reason why officers have any amount of indulgence for the man who does not answer roll-call for several days. When he comes back either of his own free will, after he has recovered from the passing madness, or between two gendarmes, he is sent to the lock-up to meditate for a few days, and he returns feeling better for his little fling, and ready to take up the burden of living in a more cheerful frame of mind.

A STRANGE incident took place not long ago in one of the regiments of the Legion. Some wealthy man had died in Austria, leaving all his fortune to his nephew who had not been heard of for a long period of time. The boy's whereabouts were traced by a detective hired by the executors of the will. He was finally heard to be in the Legion. The Colonel was written about. The only thing the Colonel could do was to call the sergeant on duty and to tell him to call his men and to try to find a man who answered the name he gave him. The sergeant did this, but no one took any notice of the name. Some months after, this sergeant was killed in an accident. Sewed up in the lining of his tunic, his own identity papers were found. He turned out to be the missing heir to the Austrian millions. He had prefered staying in the Legion to going to enjoy life as a rich man.

This incident, and many others, show that if the men were unhappy with the Legion they would not be so willing to stay with it. Certain legends which have been built around it which depict the officers as cruel and brutal, more like jailers than respected and highly cultured French officers, are contradicted every day by the fact that most of the men, when they have finished their period of five years, re-enlist once more, and sometimes twice.

The fact is that the officers who are in command are men picked from amongst the very best. Only those who have proved their worth in the capacity of commanding positions elsewhere are sent to direct the Legionnaires.

In concluding it is well to add that a mistake that has too often been made abroad about the Legion is that writers who knew little about their subject have mistaken the Foreign Legion for the "Bat d'Af." This latter is a disciplinary one composed only of men who have served prison sentences, and who are in every way undesirable.

But about the Foreign Legion, the motto of which is "Valor and Discipline," clings a mysterious glamor, which has continued for a century to draw men from all walks of life and many nations to serve under its flag.

Until

By A. M. Radcliffe

I never knew a human soul
Could hold so much of grace:
I never knew that love was all,
Until I saw your face.

I never knew the song of birds
Such melody could bring,
I never knew what golden notes
Until I heard you sing.

I never knew, I never dreamed,
The sun could so beguile,
I never knew how fair its rays
Until I saw your smile.

I never knew—how could I guess?
How gay the world might be:
But now I know that life is love
Since you have come to me.

The Singer

By H. Reginald Hardy

The sun is set, the day is spent,
The earth in quiet beauty lies;
The swallows whisper of content
And soar amid the placid skies.

The mist is falling on the hill,
The night is happy in repose.
But oh, my art is hushed and still
Beside the beauty of the rose.

Good-night, dear world, good-night, good-night!
The evening star above the west
Is shining soft, and clear, and white,
And speeds thee to thy welcome rest.

And I would sing a parting strain
To rouse once more the woods and lakes,
But mine are idle songs and vain
Beside the music Nature makes!

In treating
COLDS
protect your child's
VITALITY

ALL colds have a tendency to rob the body of its precious vitality. Constantly *"dosing"* these colds with internal medicine often upsets children's delicate digestions and further reduces body strength. This paves the way for even more colds and serious complications.

Treat Externally

Wise mothers prefer the modern *external* treatment, Vicks VapoRub, because it checks colds 2 ways at once *without* "dosing." Just rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks acts through the skin like a plaster and, at the same time, gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled *direct* to the air-passages.

Follow Medical Practice

This better method of treating colds externally is in keeping with modern medical practice, which is steadily away from needless "dosing." As there is nothing to swallow, Vicks can be used freely, and as often as needed, *even on the youngest child.*

For Adults, Too

Used at first largely for children's colds, *adults* have found by actual use that Vicks is just as effective for their colds, *too.* Now a family standby for colds in over 70 countries.

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 26 ~~27~~ ~~17~~ MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

HEADACHES

IT is not necessary to give-in to headaches. It is just a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Aspirin and quickly heads it off. Relief is immediate.

Always keep Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, periodic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you will only remember this handy, harmless relief. Aspirin does not hurt the heart. Carry it in your purse; for your comfort shopping, or your evening's pleasure at the movies. Those little nagging aches that bring "nerves" are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking Aspirin! You'll find these tablets always help. Remember that there is only one Aspirin. Don't be persuaded to accept any substitute. Read directions in package for relieving headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, rheumatism, etc.

BAYER

Ishmael's Dog

Continued from page 5

from the sky and the crystal northern moon was beginning its climb into the star-spattered canopy. The swamp was a mystic sea and the river a silver serpent, but he did not notice. He was speaking half entranced, and the dog knowing that he was talking to her, tried to answer him with her little whines and under-tone growls as he went on and on.

"When I was laid up with smallpox, you knew. You knew I had to have help an' you went an' got it for me. You made them come, an' you tried to stop them from leavin' me.

"An' when I was fightin' it off an' they was all thinkin' it'd be maybe a good thing if I did die, what did you do? You wouldn't eat an' you wouldn't sleep. You just laid there on the floor an' watched me, an' I'd see your eyes an' feel better 'cause I knew if I died you'd die too.

"If it was different with you an' me now, if it was me that was in trouble, what'd you do? Supposin' I'd done murder say an' they was after me, would it make any difference to you? Would you stand back an' let them come an' take me? I know what'd happen before they got me. You'd be lyin' in a bloody heap on the doorstep, an' there'd be maybe one of them lyin' that way too.

"But don't you see, old girl, it's different with me. I know I can't stop them. They've got the law on their side, an' I've run up against that before. I couldn't keep them from gettin' you whatever I did, an they'd only get me too. They'll get you anyways.

"A bullet'll be quick. It'll be over before you know it, an' you've got to die sometime anyway. You won't feel it. You won't feel it, no, but I will. I'll be feelin' it every day an' night. When I wake up in the dark, there'll be nobody here but me. When I put my hand down to you, you won't be there to lick it."

HIS voice was a rasping whisper, and the dog, feeling something of his agitation, laid her head on his knee with a heaving sigh. He stopped, moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue. Slowly his hand went to his throat. He tore his shirt open at the neck. She rolled her great liquid eyes up at him.

"Don't," he breathed, "Ah don't."

He sprang to his feet with a shout. "For God's sake don't look at me like that!" he cried, then shrilly, "Stop it! D'ye hear, stop it!"

The dog cringed back apologetically, and her action seemed to break his tension. He stood motionless for an instant. Then he shivered. His mouth twisted into a conciliatory smile, and he stretched his hand awkwardly towards her.

"I didn't—I didn't mean it, old girl. You're all right, all right. He sank to his knees beside her and took the scrawny head between his hands. He felt the hot moistness of her tongue on his wrist.

"You'd lick my hand if I was killin' you," he murmured sadly. His eyes were brooding. Then all at once a glow shot through them.

"But supposin'—supposin'. What if I wasn't here tomorro' when they come? What if both of us wasn't here? Why should I stay?"

He looked about him over the billowy sea of swampland, so rich in its yield of fur and game, then at the cosy little shanty he had built. "I'd never get another place like this," he told himself, "Never. It's the only home I've ever had, and I've been happy here."

Then his gaze rested on the dog again and a glorious smile lit his face. Somehow it seemed not unlovely for once. He leaped to his feet. An old canvas canoe was pulled up on the river-bank. Swiftly he slid it down into the water. He stowed his blankets and provisions into the bow, then his traps and rifle. He picked up an axe from the chopping block and reentered the shack.

With great shattering blows he shattered the rough boards of the table and bench. Then he turned his attention to the slabs of the bunk. Lastly he heaped the straw of his bed in the corner of the cabin and piled the splintered fragments against it.

He struck a match. Slowly the flames flared up. Like serpents of destruction the orange-red tongues twisted in and out through the broken kindling. They writhed up the walls of the little shanty and finally enclosed it all in their triumphant embrace.

The dark mirror of the river sent back their ruddy flare as over its sleeping surface the canoe of the outcasts swept them down towards the timber and lakes of the great rock country; Ishmael and his dog.

Canada's Opportunity in World Affairs

Continued from page 11

Boston for more passengers. Business was brisk; $13,000 worth of tickets was sold before Dr. Manion was notified by the Halifax Board of Trade. "Let sleeping dogs lie," said the minister in effect. "As long as Uncle Sam says nothing, we will make those tickets good with the people who paid good money for them." For aught we know here, that trick is still going on. Will coastwise trade under the nose of Uncle Sam be the next? The Coast Guard is too busy chasing rum-runners to notice a trifle like that.

At St. Catherine's, Ont., March 28, 1930, four months before the election landslide which swept him into office as the head of the Conservative Party, Premier Bennett declared that Canada's destiny was hanging in the balance. Ordinarily a statesman seeking election may have his statements sharply discounted, but there is evidence Mr. Bennett meant all he said and more.

"We want to build a nation," the Conservative leader asserted. "How long can we preserve our integrity as a nation if we remain the economic slave of another country, if the economic penetration of the United States continues? We want laws that will give Canadians an equality of opportunity with the rest of the world. If the Conservative Party goes into power . . . we will give Canada those laws or we will perish . . .

"The United States will take our newsprint, but let us try to sell them a pound of high grade coffee. They let our raw copper go in free, but they won't have our refined copper. All the countries but Canada are raising their barriers to stop Canadian goods from getting in, except for manufacture. Practically all of our exports are of partly processed or raw materials. Every country in the world is making it more difficult for Canadians to send their products to its

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Canada's Opportunity in World Affairs

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markets, and during all these years we have been making it easier for those countries to send their goods into Canada . . . Not one country in the world took as much from the United States in the fiscal year 1929-30 as did this country of 10,000,000 people, the amount being more than $850,000,000, and what did they take from us? They took $521,000,000 worth, and that included our raw copper, zinc and asbestos, our pulp and newsprint, and all the other raw materials which we have to send away to give employment to their workers and buy back like all foreigners at a higher price than their own people pay.

"The Prime Minister (Mr. Mackenzie King) talked about equality of status as if it were something he had won for Canada in 1926. You know and I know it was won on the fields of Flanders and France. Canada won her nationhood there and must protect it."

Economic penetration from the United States was told in the investment figure of $3,600,000,000, a sum more than $1,000,000,000 in excess of British investments, calculated on a basis of good-time values. Although the King administration was probably no more to blame for hard times and unemployment than any other Government would have been, the Bennett forces played the tremolo stop upon those notes, and called attention to the fact that the King tariff schedules allowed a vast quantity of New Zealand butter to enter Canada in competition with Canadian butter.

New Zealand butter did much to grease the toboggan for the exit of the King Government, and that particular lubricant—like the two-edged sword—operated both ways. As soon as the newly-elevated Premier put a heavier duty on this butter, New Zealand announced that Canada would lose nearly $20,000,000 worth of business with her. Canada's exports to New Zealand were worth nearly $3,000,000 more per year to her than the Australian exports, so after fixing a tariff schedule to offset the Smoot-Hawley scale from the United States, Mr. Bennett drove through a new treaty with Australia, hoping to capture most of her $300,000,000 business. The King Government during 1925 had been able to arrange for preference on only four Australian items, while the Bennett deal provided for preference on 415 out of 433, only a small number of which, however, run into volume.

The Bennett Government dealt with butter by increasing the duty on the Australian brand from one cent to five cents, determined not to duplicate the mistake of the opposition party. The general tariff on butter entering Canada is 14 cents a pound. Florida and California oranges are at a disadvantage of 35 cents a cubic foot in competition with free-entering Australian oranges, which may come in without tariff from May through October. Australia got $3,000,000 worth of unassembled motor car chassis per year, and now grants Canada a preference which may work a change in the $16,000,000 worth formerly sold from the States.

"We have sought to adhere to the principle of diverting to each other trade which at this time is being done with countries outside the Empire," was the way Premier Bennett explained the foundation purpose of the Australian treaty.

"The permanency of the arrangement," commented the *Manitoba Free Press*, "will depend, probably, upon the success which the Australians will meet with in finding markets in Canada of equal value for their products. Under the treaty which is now retired, Canada had four times the best of it . . . The trouble with commercial treaties which do not give equal advantage to both parties is that they do not last. It is therefore to be hoped that our imports from Australia will bear some relation to our exports to that country."

What of the figures which tell the story of Canada's manly struggle for economic independence with sister states of the world? We believe a presentation of them in tabular form will be appreciated by the reader, and here they are:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS—DOMINION OF CANADA

Statement showing the value of merchandise imports entered for consumption and exports of Canadian products from and to each country during the twelve months (fiscal year) ended March 31, 1930. Compiled by the External Trade Branch, Dominion Bureau of Statistics and reproduced from the 1931 Canadian Almanac.

COUNTRIES	1930 Merchandise Imports for Consumption	1930 Exports of Canadian Produce Merchandise
BRITISH EMPIRE		
United Kingdom	$ 189,179,738	$ 281,838,175
Irish Free State	267,905	2,711,544
Aden	12,510	63,355
Africa:		
British East	1,982,243	1,707,167
British South	824,025	10,917,642
British West	1,321,906	1,083,269
Bermuda	93,460	2,287,280
British East Indies:		
British India	9,032,740	9,116,251
Ceylon	2,600,423	486,236
Straits Settlements	1,536,879	1,105,228
Other British East Indies	170	8,875
British Guiana	3,982,493	1,661,332
British Honduras	340,577	802,518
British Soudan	3,414	95,093
British West Indies:		
Barbados	4,675,158	1,324,569
Jamaica	5,194,293	5,138,757
Trinidad and Tobago	2,586,653	3,998,197
Other British West Indies	1,205,809	4,567,639
Gibraltar	.....	71,491
Hong Kong	1,259,085	2,000,124

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inconspicuous

It is very difficult to feel really well dressed if you're not entirely comfortable. Modess is comfortable at all times—it's not just a matter of physical comfort either. To know that you have the safest sort of sanitary protection certainly adds to your peace of mind.

Modess is so cleverly designed that you can wear it inconspicuously with any type of ensemble. The softly fluffed filler graciously shapes itself to the natural lines of the figure—all the edges and corners are subtly rounded. Modess is carefully deodorized—easily disposable.

There are two types of Modess—Regular and the new Compact. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that Modess Regular is the best possible sort of sanitary protection.

The Compact is Modess Regular gently compressed to half its thickness. It supplements the Regular and adds to your general comfort. Modess Compact is designed for special occasions when less thickness is desirable. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times.

The next time you buy, try a box of each. See what a perfect combination they are.

Modess

So Infinitely Softer

A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

63

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Save Yourself Work *with this New Wax . . .*

"You'll find its finish Lasts Much Longer."

"And, it is so very Easy to Put On!"

HERE'S the new wax that actually cuts work in half and gives any floor a beautiful, lasting surface.

It is emulsified and blended by a new and secret process—called the Koric Process—which removes all the objectionable features of ordinary wax and makes a super-fine compound that is creamy-smooth, supple as can be and unusually durable. Neither heavy, slow-drying nor sticky.

When you use this new wax compound you'll discover, first of all, that in a very few minutes it gives the floor a wonderful finish of jeweled loveliness.

Then, as time passes, your admiration will increase as you watch the rich, velvety surface resist heel-marks, scratches and wear much longer than you ever expected.

Now keep your floors gleaming—whether varnished, shellaced, painted, waxed or covered with linoleum—and furniture gleaming like new and save yourself a lot of work. Use this new-process wax.

Attention: There is just one wax prepared by the Koric Process . . . *and that is Old English.* Made by The A. S. Boyle Company, Windsor, Ontario.

THE ONLY WAX MADE BY THE KORIC PROCESS

Old English Wax

PASTE and LIQUID

Canada's Opportunity in World Affairs

Continued from page 43

COUNTRIES	1930 Merchandise Imports for Consumption	1930 Exports of Canadian Produce Merchandise
Iraq (Mesopotamia)	29,102	79,130
Malta, Cyprus, Gozzo	1,627	318,853
Newfoundland	2,378,103	12,178,392
Oceania:		
Australia	4,211,351	16,322,771
Fiji	3,676,604	431,211
New Zealand	16,282,719	19,166,488
Other Oceania	.....	71,957
Palestine	24,717	98,934
Total, British Empire	$ 252,703,704	$ 379,742,478
FOREIGN COUNTRIES		
Abyssinia	35,683	8,163
Argentina	10,232,327	19,206,746
Austria	797,370	435,770
Belgium	13,019,006	21,692,858
Bolivia	.....	132,315
Brazil	1,687,707	4,292,293
Chile	667,126	2,280,003
China	2,972,526	16,527,959
Columbia	7,252,691	1,643,048
Costa Rica	136,934	97,847
Cuba	3,510,227	4,245,617
Czecho-Slovakia	3,792,389	478,576
Denmark	178,660	4,108,704
Ecuador	.....	111,674
Egypt	155,852	1,028,530
Estonia	636	32,509
Finland	91,273	1,331,652
France	25,158,207	16,507,011
French Africa	113,329	612,653
French West Indies	561,000	537,990
St. Pierre and Miquelon	64,169	5,859,251
Germany	21,505,428	25,343,661
Greece	374,266	5,387,067
Guatemala	37,598	172,877
Hayti	70,783	142,578
Honduras	352,805	143,701
Italy	4,963,694	11,387,294
Japan	12,537,253	30,475,581
Korea	1,928	18,509
Lettonia (Latvia)	4,317	11,248
Mexico	749,645	2,583,440
Morocco	48,556	306,654
Netherlands	9,431,484	15 944 469
Dutch East Indies	630,120	2,279,871
Dutch Guiana	28,135	102,204
Dutch West Indies	441,151	264,502
Nicaragua	28,152	61,999
Norway	1,104,935	3,674,985
Panama	.....	877,780
Paraguay	.....	75,401
Persia	246,954	148,928
Peru	7,492,128	1,795,003
Poland and Danzig	143,430	85,234
Portugal	683,114	1,410,606
Azores and Madeira	139,290	153,946
Roumania	27,308	449,303
Russia	909,525	3,738,401
Salvador	14,032	91,432
San Domingo	1,776,772	227,510
Serb, Croat, Slovene State (Jugoslavia)	30,938	28,658
Siam	51,393	126,808
Spain	2,784,059	4,503,231
Canary Islands	5,568	99,098
Sweden	2,256,750	4,678,037
Switzerland	7,314,840	1,197,480
Syria	17,612	242,184
Turkey	496,156	82,679
United States	847,450,311	514,957,553
Alaska	177,692	515,626
Hawaii	332,250	37,576
Porto Rico	7,687	877,934
Philippines	171,474	266,794
Uruguay	66,147	1,094,771
Venezuela	528,962	1,286,943
Total, Foreign Countries	$ 995,569,878	$ 740,515,824
Grand Total	$1,248,273,582	$1,120,258,332

NOW, let us study these figures briefly for a helpful interpretation of their true meaning. We see immediately that Canada's imports from the United States, amounting to $847,450,311, are more than twice as much as Canada's receipts of goods from all other countries combined, the contrasting figure being $400,823,271. We note that Canada's imports of $252,705,704 from British Empire countries are less than a third of those which come from south of the border. After the United States, Canada imports the most from the United Kingdom—$189,179,758; France is third with $25,158,207, and Germany fourth with $21,505,428. Canada receives from little Belgium imports worth $13,019,006, from flourishing Japan $12,537,253, and from far-off Argentina $10,232,327. From

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Canada's Opportunity in World Affairs

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isolated Switzerland she receives $7,-314,840 in goods annually.

Of far greater importance, however, are the exports; the figures show that Canada has a total adverse trade balance of $128,015,250. Without making a political matter out of an economic situation, this record was chargeable to the King Liberal administration, for the figures embrace the last year of its incumbency. Along with an ugly unemployment nemesis the Bennett Government inherited the scarecrow which every political party dreads — an unfavorable balance in trade. What does that mean? It means that prorated properly, it is $12.80 yearly for every man, woman and child of Canada's 10,000,000 population. We may say this is the cost to each for Canada's association with its neighbors on a basis of goods exchange. It represents going that much in the hole, and the only recourse is for them to live off each other. The Bennett Government resorted to the expedient of issuing bonds, which it confidently expects to redeem when the Conservative policies prove sound. The result as told in additional trade figures will be watched with interest.

Canada's most favorable trade balance, by the way, is with the United Kingdom: this approximates $100,-000,000 yearly, while its most unfavorable balance—some $330,000,000 —is with the United States. If Canada could sell the States as much as she receives, and her trade remained the same with others, she would be some $200,000,000 ahead. This propinquity with Uncle Sam costs her dearly; but there is evidence of a slump in imports which will cause Uncle Sam to take notice. There are other ways to impress Uncle Sam, but the most salutary, no doubt, is through the pocket book.

Trade between Canada and British India is slightly favorable to the former. Canada has more than a $12,000,000 edge over Australia; with British South Africa, $10,000,000; with Japan, $18,000,000; German, nearly $4,000,000; Italy, nearly $6,500,000; Argentina, $9,000,000; China, $13,-600,000. Among small states which enjoy a substantial balance over Canada the reader will note Colombia, Peru, Fiji, British Guiana, Barbados, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia and Ceylon. Canada runs behind Ceylon to the extent of more than $2,000,000 each year, largely for the privilege of sipping tea.

The above figures show a most gratifying growth during the 64 years since confederation was attained in 1867, for the start was made from almost nothing at all. That Canada has an adverse trade balance and owes more than $3,000,000,000 of national debt is not an alarming circumstance, but it is a circumstance which still gives statesmen and financial leaders concern. The situation is such that lands and seas are being swept to develop new opportunities for trade.

There are few leaders in public life who would not feel more comfortable if they could reduce the national debt to the point where it might be well in hand, to the point where future expectations were not so heavily mortgaged to satisfy present needs. A progressive nation which has no fear for the future will not refuse to go into debt within reasonable bounds; but the contrary argument says, "Let us pay as we go!" Nations have burdened posterity with too much war cost, and in the general campaign for peace there is a tendency to limit war damage to what people can pay in cash, while putting on posterity the cost of internal improvements. Such a program, rigidly adhered to, would abolish war as effectively as the proposal that war should not yield private profits to anyone.

THE Disarmament Conference, referred to previously, may accomplish the miracle of peace and prosperity. From October 21 to November 4, at Hangchow, China, another deliberative body was due to consider problems peculiar to the Pacific—the fourth biennial conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations—the Canadian section of which was headed by the Hon. Vincent Massey, former minister to Washington and High Commissioner to London. As a curtain-raiser for this conference, a Japanese military force occupied Mukden and other strategic parts of Manchuria commanding the approaches to Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula from the north. In making this swift and unexpected move the Japanese seized territory the possession of which was the primary cause of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-95 and the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05, and incidentally promised the Pacific conferees at Hangchow something more than trade matters to talk about.

At the eleventh hour the Conference was called off on account of war clouds and a threatened rain of bullets; it was considered unwise under stress of the circumstances to bring China and Japan face to face with only a mahogany table between. The pow-wow is due to be held when the rumpus quiets down.

Japanese activity in Manchuria, involving serious clashes with Chinese garrisons, serves to complicate a delicate situation in which Russia as well as China has direct and vital interests, and with which the European and American powers are concerned; that Russia will respond with war is beyond the realm of the common sense she showed toward Germany at Brest-Litovsk. It focuses world attention on the Pacific at the identical time when Canada is trading at minimum with Europe and with Russia not at all, hence is seeking an outlet in the Orient and the South Seas for its surplus goods.

In 1895 and 1905 the intercession of the Powers prevented Japan from retaining Manchurian land won in war; and, since the League of Nations has been defied, it will be interesting to watch what they do now.

If we imagine ourselves standing on an eminence at Vancouver, we shall see that Canada is trying to cut by water a trade swath west of southwest to the Orient and Australia just as surely as Germany tried to cut one by land east of southeast from Berlin to Bagdad and India in the World War. It is in India and Australia that these imaginary paths intersect. The Canadian movement also, as indicated above, radiates toward Pan-Americanism, embracing though it does certain cross-currents of political antagonism. That Vancouver is destined to handle a large part of the new business is inevitable. Her "Hawaiian climate" is another thing to talk about. [Continued on page 46]

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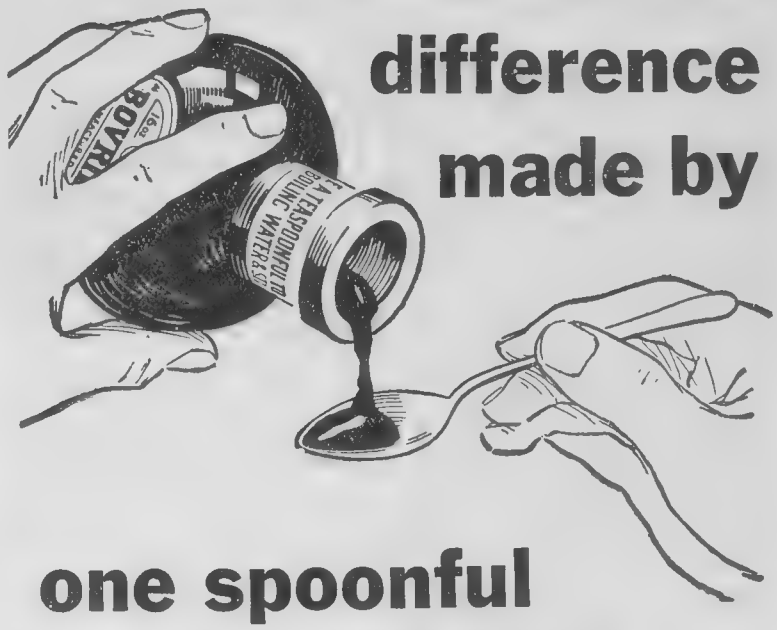

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Canada's Opportunity in World Affairs

Continued from page 45

With Singapore as the centre, let us describe a circle with a radius of 3,500 miles to include, roughly, all of China, India, Siam, French Indo-China, the Philippines, East India Islands, and Afghanistan; nine-tenths of Australia: one-third of Persia; half of Russian Turkistan; the eastern tip of Arabia; a segment of southern Siberia at Lake Baikal; and three-fourths of the Japanese Empire. This represents approximately one-sixth of the earth's land surface but within it reside the densest populations, totaling some 1,000,000,000 struggling souls, or half the people of the world. China contains some 500,000,000 and India above 350,000,000; nobody has ever counted these two to a gnat's heel.

Quite a market, and that is what makes Envoy Marler's mission in the Orient highly important; when those people get the money to buy the things they want, the world will take notice. The diplomat has ceased to concern himself so much with political matters, and instead of a high hat he wears one of wool on his rounds of warehouses, ship holds and mines. Mr. Marler has expressed the transition thus:

"Some consider the diplomatic functions of the envoy nowadays the same as they were twenty years ago. The functions of the envoy in these days of quick communication have almost entirely changed . . . I have never disguised from the people of Canada that I thought the best efforts of the envoy in these times should be directed toward the promotion of commercial intercourse."

In glancing over the figures, the casual observer as well as the student will wonder whether Canada can not advantageously increase her trade with India, inasmuch as England has lost so much ground. It would seem logical that if the steamer-borne part of this great trade stream is to be shifted into the Pacific from the customary course through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, as the Japanese trend indicates, then Canada might increase her items of non-competitive goods by dealing direct without paying a middle-man's profit to Japan for finished articles. In other words, why should Canada buy from Japan products processed from India's raw materials so long as she can bring them out and process them herself? Of course there may be some good reason not generally understood but involving inter-empire policy to explain how Japan has been allowed to quietly appropriate this trade.

The figures say that in 1927 Britain's total business with India (exports and imports) amounted to $761,312,070 and in 1928 $747,060,000, presumably including the insignificant amount of a bit more than $9,000,000 each way or $18,000,000 both ways annually done by Canada. If the authority quoted is correct, then, Japan has captured the larger part of some $750,000,000 worth of business, or at least $375,000,000 worth, while Canada's part has been only $18,000,000. The non-competitive elements which make Canada and Japan good customers of each other are likewise present when Canada and India are compared.

Canada can make acceptable loin cloths for the Ghandistas, though perhaps not as cheaply as Japan.

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Canada sits on the top of the world. Politically and commercially, little as the average citizen may realize it now, her vantage point of the near future may be the same. In the past, Canada has looked to larger nations for initiative and guidance; she now stands on her own. The Dominion is writing a chapter of history which, taken in perspective with the whole American scheme, justifies the Baconian dream of a New Atlantis in the western hemisphere which would put into eclipse the brightest nation in the firmament of the Old World.

In a coolly practical way Canada is meeting her economic problems without the same regard to the course of the United States as she has entertained in the past. Her curtailment of annual imports from below the border is estimated up here at more than $100,000,000; the predominating factors there are the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Law and the Bennett reprisals. The recession means, in a word, that Canada has ceased to worship her more powerful neighbor out of respect for mere size, and is employing her own devices to change the Yankee attitude. How the slump might be stopped was solemnly considered by the Foreign Trade Council at Oakland, Calif., September 19.

The crux of the Bennett economic policy as it relates to the States seems to be to so manipulate retaliatory tariffs as to oblige manufacturers to establish more branch plants on the Canadian side that additional finished products might be turned out at the source of raw materials. One edge of this sword would operate to absorb Canada's 300,000 unemployed, while the other would eliminate customs' duties, middlemen's profits and needless transportation, and reduce to local consumers the prices of processed goods. The plan runs counter to Republican political doctrine, wax-tight monopoly principles and the present wayward economic current, which tends strongly toward mergers of all kinds and the absorption of a variety of small local establishments into great central producing and distributing units.

The idea of building up Canada industrially has never been more popular along the Atlantic seaboard than the idea of creating plants in New England was popular in the Mother Country; yet such was brought about. The Middle West and the South overcame the antipathy to branch plants, but right now as the hawk of depression swoops above the brood, the old hen is taking back many chicks. It will amount to a startling new act on an already varied vaudeville bill if, as seems quite possible, the low-tariff Democrats elect a president of the United States in 1932.

Meanwhile, the Hon. H. H. Stevens, Canada's Minister of Trade and Commerce, whose legal residence is at Vancouver, by the way, throws considerable weight into the international scales by sending abroad an energetic and keen group of junior trade commissioners with instructions to get the trade which does not compete with Canadian industries.

But trade and dollars aside, Canada seeks recognition in another sense; cold type can not express it, and the only way the busy "United Statesman" can get the message is to step across the border and see for himself.

The Last Run

Continued from page 13

with us today. I'm a sub short too." He was glad to have Benton, and the two went into a huddle, looking over the opposing team, which were practising at the far end. "Look at the speed those birds have got in their backfield—Rogers, Lazzeri and Bucky Watson: It's our steady plugging line against their flashy backs, that's all! We've only got one man that comes anywhere near them for speed and that's Sanderson, and he's not exactly greased lightning. Look at that—they're cocky, aren't they!"

The Chesapeake rooters—it seemed as if they had brought the whole town—were staging the old gag of parading around the grounds with a mock coffin labelled "Poor Old Holbrooke," carried by pall-bearers in loud sport sweaters, and led by their forty-piece band playing the Dead March; the rest of the school followed behind with their hats off. It was good comedy and even the Holbrookites laughed; but in the latter hearts' was a cold fear that perhaps it would be "poor old Holbrooke," for they feared that flashing backfield that had led the 'Speakies to overwhelming scores over everything so far. Often a sad eye would stray down to that figure in golf trousers, their own speed demon . . . disabled . . . out of kilter . . . dismantled.

Funny—he didn't look "dismantled," as he flashed here and there, helping the coach with last minute instructions to the players; a ruddy glow in his cheeks; those powerful, lanky shoulders swinging; the word "speed" written all over him. "What a shame it was."

However, their capering cheerleaders allowed nothing but optimism, and the savage Holbrooke cheers that followed their exultant lead could anticipate nothing but victory. "Yea, Holbrooke! Yea, Team! Team . . . Team . . . Team!"

THE whistle blew, and a mighty shrieking cry of anticipatory delight and battle split the air in unison from the rival camps at each side of the arena. King Drama, King Conflict, and King War were on their thrones as these two great High Schools faced each other on the field of battle. Spread out fan-shaped on each side, the helmeted warriors crouched—waiting. The great preliminary hush was broken by a Holbrooke cheer, as "Sandy" Sanderson, kicking off, sent the pigskin booming down the field into the enemy territory. Chesapeake took up the strain when the vast, lanky Rogers received and started back, weaving in and out, as he dodged the tacklers, in that style that caused every big college in the land to have strings on him for the future. When brought down he was mighty near the Holbrooke posts.

"Gee, they're going to score right away," moaningly thought the home rooters.

But the home team were fighters, and on succeeding plays they smothered the Chesapeake backs before they could get away. Trying for a touch, the 'Speakies didn't kick and lost the ball. On the Holbrooke play, Sanderson, in typical Larry Benton style, rounded the end and gained 23 yards. Holbrooke took heart for a while and yard-by-yard gained the centre; but there was a fumble and Buck Watson brought the ball down the gridiron so fast you could hardly see him. The end of the quarter found the homesters struggling like mad within an inch or two of their last line. Substitutes were changed rapidly, and Larry on the bench suffered agonies not to be able to go and help the boys.

Being in the same position, having changed ends for the next quarter, Rogers bucked and went clean across, and later converted easily. Holbrooke was down.

By half-time, by scintillating runs, the 'Speakie half line had added two more touchdowns, and it looked like the game, literally, was on ice.

"It's speed that's beating us, boys," Captain Art Van Ness mumbled, "the line is doing wonderfully, but once they get away we can't catch them."

Walking past the grandstand, to and from the showers, that half, Larry could hardly look into the faces of the Holbrookites. He felt as if he were letting them down, as if he were a yellow chap who just thought of his own skin.

Sometimes, in the heat of a struggle, rugby football seems like a war—a miniature war: It's like the massing of the resources of one tribe to defeat another tribe; anything goes; everything and everybody must do their bit. In the excitement of the fight, people will do silly things; athletes, knocked cold, will, upon reviving, tear right in to the struggle again, risking limb and life itself in front of their fellows. The hidden instincts of Man, the political animal, come to the fore. And that feeling was beginning to show in desperation on the faces of the Holbrooke supporters that afternoon: So long they had been proud of their team, which had not been beaten for years—and now was going down to, not only defeat, but overwhelming defeat! For, with the board reading already 18-0 at half-time . . . what would the end be?

Emotion was beginning to show. The red and white colors through the now silent stands seemed to droop. To Larry Benton all this was terrible. He felt a hand on his arm as he passed the bleachers on his way in. It was Myrtle Davis, a girl-friend of his. Myrtle formerly had just been "one of the many," but, since his trouble, she had—in his private popularity contest—worked her way from around sixth or seventh—to first place. She was fretting, like everybody.

"My, Larry! I wish you were playing, we might have a chance."

His sister, Doreen, sitting next, said: "Now, Larry, I saw you dashing up and down the field, working as hard as the players. Don't do anything silly! Remember you have to take care."

Family impatience came in. "Oh—I'm all right!" he ejaculated, and tore off to the boys. "Darn the family, they never did realize the importance of things—of a fellow's life."

Do or die expressions were on the faces of the Holbrooke team as they prepared to open the second half. Benton conversed with the coach, Van Ness and "Fat" Muckle, husky line-plungers: "Try to break the heart of that line, boys, and make holes, so that Sandy and Jakes can get through with the ball; cut going around the end. Bring Kapek back from quarter and let him do the kicking."

Out in the centre of the campus the Chesapeakians were doing the dance of victory. Girls and boys filed in and out in the serpentine; and

[Continued on page 48]

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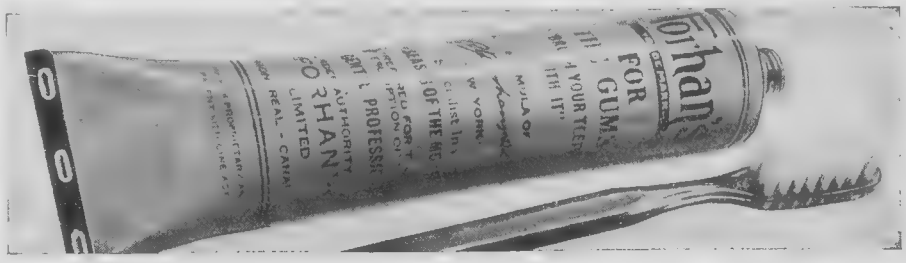

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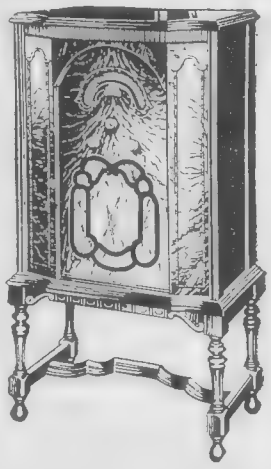

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The Last Run

Continued from page 47

many were the taunts hurled at the grim-mouthed Holbrookites.

Holbrooke opened the final half like desperate defenders saving their homes against the invaders. Sandy made a great run, and then they got a "break" from that play that adds so much the element of chance in modern rugby football—the forward pass! Jakes sneaked ahead, and Sanderson winged a wonderful long throw to his teammate, who, before being tackled, was almost across the enemy line. Holbrooke shrieked in delight; once again the old Red and White began to wave.

Freshened from their rest, the opposing line held against the onslaughts of Van Ness and two-hundred pound "Fat" Muckle, but, eventually, on an old Larry Benton play, Sanderson "crossed" the Chesapeake defence, and while badly shaken and brought to earth himself, allowed Billy Jakes to scamper over the line with the ball.

Pandemonium reigned; and taking the bit between their teeth and massing all their efforts at smashing the Chesapeake line and making holes for their half-backs, the home-town gridironists began bit-by-bit to wear down their opponents. Like a great slow-moving tank they crawled slowly down the field. Whenever it was the 'Speakies' ball, before their fast backfield men could get away, they were tackled by the bursting-through Holbrooke line men. In desperation they moved Rogers and Lazzeri, back men, to the line. Rogers managed to hold "Fat" Muckle's steam-roller plunges for a while.

But the casualties to the local men were many and often; being behind, they were taking more chances than the enemy players. Substitutes were changed often. Once, when little light Bernie Holt was layed cold, it was all Coach Ritter could do to restrain Larry from going out and entering the game.

"Don't be a fool," cried Coach, whose professional mind always kept cool and unemotional, "this is only a game, don't risk your life for a hot moment. And these boys are learning football today: I'm proud of them!"

Larry was almost whimpering. "They're getting dirty out there, we can't stand it. They're trying to get Sandy!"

Sanderson was the boy who was carrying every gain; light, keen and fast enough, he followed up shrewdly the gaps and interference offered for him by Van Ness, Muckle, Kapek and Co. But they were "getting" him hard. After a particularly vicious tackle, Captain Van Ness swung his fist on Rogers, and was put off for some minutes. That weakened the line, but near the end of the third quarter, on a great buck—where everyone on both teams was pushing and shoving—the stands and rooters themselves bucking and pushing against the barriers in hoarse imagination—"Fat" Muckle was carried over the visitors' goal line. The score was now 18-12; Kapek kicking the ball clean over the posts for the converting point.

But Fortune's arrow swung again. At the fourth quarter the Chesapeake coach switched his line somewhat, and brought again the swift play of his backfield into action. Watson, Lazzeri and the sensational Rogers combined for great runs. It was only the surprise kicking of "Polish" Kapek that kept them from scoring. Chesapeake was almost through, when an over-anxious back fumbled and allowed "Smoke" Love, a Holbrooke substitute, to pick up the loose ball and make an unforgettable name for himself by running half way down the field. Tiring badly by their fine uphill fight, the home team were unable to make yards, but Kapek, well-protected, made the longest kick of his life, the oval taking a phenomenal bound, eluding the waiting fullbacks and caroming behind the Chesapeake goal. Sanderson, following up like a bullet, caught Rogers before he could get across the line and, though fended off viciously, threw the big fellow for a hard tackle. Holbrooke went wild! Another point. The score was now 18-13.

Yet it was a costly point for Holbrooke. Sanderson, rising, was seen to limp badly, and, on the next play, though not carrying the leather, was cut down viciously by Lazzeri, and carried raving from the field with a shattered ankle; completely out of the game. There was a big pause in the game until the hot-blooded Art Van Ness, after a fistic encounter with Rogers, Lazzeri and Company, could be calmed down.

Grim-mouthed, Larry Benton had disappeared from the Holbrooke bench: as they carried the wounded Sandy off the gridiron, he returned, tightening on a hastily donned football suit. As he picked a helmet from the bench, the coach grabbed him.

"What the deuce are you going to do, Benton! You're not—"

"Yes! I'm going out there and finish this game. It's perfectly O.K. You've been playing short and I'm listed—"

"But what about your condition—your heart?"

"To blazes with my heart!" A historical sob seemed to shake the big footballer. "My heart's in this game!" He took the man by the shoulders. "I can't stand it, Coach, I tell you. I've got to get in there! There's only six minutes left. I'm going to take a chance!"

With that he started across the boundary lines. He reached the playing group just as the Van Ness trouble reached its height. He himself pulled Van Ness and Lazzeri apart.

"Cut it, Van! Let's finish this game. I'm going to replace Sandy."

Hysteria gripped the half-blinded Captain. Larry Benton, his old ace! There was a chance yet! Not a thought of the latter's weakness crossed his fighting mind. Larry looked big and strong. "Let's go!" he cried. "Let's go, Gang, here's Larry! The old speed demon!"

The referees secretly did not exactly blame Van Ness, and he was not put off. So once again the two High School machines prepared to clash each other.

LIKE a beaten nation that sees miracle help arrive from nowhere, the fire of the Holbrooke crowd, quenched when they saw Sandy carried hors de combat from the contest, rose with a mighty yell as they perceived Larry Benton jogging across the field—into the game. They knew his trouble, and some of them wondered, but to the rest it seemed like aid from the sky: Surely he could do something! The glamor of the imperial name rang deep.

Doreen Benton gazed at her brother's act with horror: to Doreen,

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The Last Run

Continued from page 48

naturally, the family came first, the school second. She rushed down to the edge of the playing-ground as Larry broke away from the Coach: "Larry!" she shouted, "come back, you mustn't play!"

But Myrtle Davis held her. "Let him go; you can't stop him now! I think it's brave!" And Myrtle knew something . . . something she had guessed lately.

They were playing now!

The ball was snapped back to Larry at half-back line like a whip lash. As the elusive leather thing struck his nerve-tensed hands, he fumbled it; then, recovering, he tore at the gap the plunging Van Ness had made in the Chesapeake line. Before he knew it he was in on the enemy half-backs: he straight-armed the lunging Rogers, side-twisted in the old Benton style away from Lazzeri, and was in his stride on down the field.

"Just like a knife through the cheese!" exulted the Coach, "Oh, Lord, give him strength."

Crazy with excitement the entire Holbrooke stands poured down to the front . . . fighting; falling; roaring: Pretty girls, hoarse youths, teachers and solemn professors; staid towners. Hats were lost, seats over-turned, anything went! Chesapeake followed suit, screaming at their backmen: "Get him! Get him!"

As he ran, Larry hearkened to his inward condition. Funny; he felt great. Probably the excitement and nerves keeping him up . . . likely collapse or die after the game. As they say a drowning-man's past comes up before him in those few seconds, so it seemed the momentum of his scudding heels brought such flashes to the ex-star. He saw the green fields of his kid days . . . his first football —Dave had given it to him. Memories of old games came back . . . games . . . always games. Well! he was going down for them now, God bless them! And what more glorious than to finish fighting! The Autumn sun shining down upon his gleaming helmet: the mighty cheers of his beloved Holbrooke friends filling the park around him: the waiting, crouching full-back ahead. Close behind him panted the desperate speed merchants of the Chesapeake back-line. It was a test of speed.

His breath was coming shorter now; and he swung to avoid the tricky Bucky Watson. Watson was fast and he had to swing wide, and so lost "flying speed." This brought Rogers and Lazzeri abreast, and they swung across to protect their touch line. Hemmed right up against the chalked side-line, Larry and Watson fought it out in a supreme trial of running power. Giving himself every ounce of strength he had, the Holbrookite squeezed past the charging fullback, who, missing by inches, crashed into the shrieking crowd. But Rogers and Lazzeri were waiting to get him: as Larry dived desperately to throw himself over the touch-line and yet to miss the corner flag, they dived too; they both hit him like a ton of bricks, and the invalid footballer felt a shot of pain go through his chest, as graspingly, blindly, tenaciously, he shoved the leather oval ahead . . .

Like a thundering herd the rest of the gridironists arrived . . . only the referees whistle stopped their furious flingings on the now-stilled heap. Larry lay there, and Muckle and Van Ness, sobbing, pulled him off the ball. It lay there—three inches over the line. The score was tied—18 all.

The wild, exultant, home-team cheers and joy dance died away suddenly in a breathless hush, as, white-faced, the Coach, followed by the water-men and substitutes, came running up.

"Get a doctor, quick!" came the cry.

Then, freshened plaudits of relief rang through the attendance, as the fallen Larry was seen slowly to rise to his feet. In a sort of fighting anger he pulled himself away from his pals; "Come on, let's finish the game; let's go!"

He walked out on the main field, steady enough . . . yet conscious of that heavy pain down his side. As he came down the centre, the sun shining on his leather head-piece in a glamorous way, cheer after cheer rose from the Holbrooke partisans. "Atta boy, Larry! Nice going, Larry kid!"

Well, let them cheer . . . it was the last time he'd hear it. A sob seemed to shake him. As he smiled at them, his hand, unnoticed, clutched his left side. Then, as he saw Kapek place the leather for converting, his football senses dulled the pain.

The score was at a deadlock, and he realized the very game depended on the pigskin being kicked over those posts. Kapek, who could boot it over with his eyes closed, swung toward the new hero: "The coach wants you to take it, Larry," he lied. Benton could kick too, and, to the Polish boy, it seemed sporting, after what the former had done, that he should have the fun . . . the moment of victory!

Larry eyed the waiting ball eagerly; he loved taking those kicks. Captain Van Ness lay along the ground, holding the sphere. A hush settled over the vast assembly. "Take it easy, Larry boy!"

Setting himself, Larry tore at the ball. His foot met it cleanly and it soared, a clear eight feet over the cross-bar. The score board flashed 19-18 for Holbrooke. Once again history was repeating itself!

UP IN the stands, Dr. Creagin watched the truant football player . . . with a strange expression. He watched him plod back, seemingly weak, with his fellows to withstand the last enemy attack. Like an act of fate the medical man saw Roger's long kick-off swerve in the air and go unerringly into Larry Benton's arms, far back on the right half. Everybody in the park was on his and her feet, feeling this was the last telling point of the contest, for the kick was tremendous and the "do or die" Chesapeakians swept down for their last drive; a fumble or a slip would change the war map again. The doctor, with the others, saw the big High-Schooler brace himself for another effort and start again down the field; he saw him weave in and out, eluding the 'Speakie tacklers like a flying phantom, killing their supporters' cheers like cold water, and reaching far into the visitors' territory before being brought down. "What a footballer! What a shame!"

Doctor Creagin's eyes, from his high perch, wandered over the rows of houses of the town and came to rest on the Benton home, not far from the rugby park. Did Mrs. Benton know what was happening?

His eyes followed again the youth's tall figure in the last plays. What a fellow to admire! And yet matters were going to come to a head over

[Continued on page 50]

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Some kinds of protection seem soft at first. But what a difference you find after using them. Some must be worn a certain way . . . otherwise you risk embarrassment, you are not sure of adequate protection.

Kotex is disposed of so easily. Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1. **Kotex is soft . . .** Even the gauze is specially treated to make it amazingly soft.
2. **Can be worn on either side** with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
3. **The Kotex absorbent** is the identical material used by surgeons in Canada's leading hospitals.
4. **Disposable,** instantly, completely.

KOTEX

MADE IN CANADA

1997

For 3 FREE KOTEX Samples

Send coupon to:—Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 9-11-1 Room 1103, 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Prov. .....

THAT WON'T LIE DOWN ON THE JOB

See and feel the snap-back of Tek's *Better Bristles.* Grouped where they will do the most good—to teeth and gums. No bristles at leisure as in old-fashioned brushes—but each tuft pointed for action at every stroke. Due to its *Better Shape* Tek fits precisely the sharp curve behind your front teeth. With its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles* Tek is a *Better Value.* TRY A TEK TO-DAY. On Sale At All Drug Stores. *Product of*

Johnson & Johnson *Limited*
MONTREAL CANADA

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH 9

The Last Run

Continued from page 49

this; his own reputation as a doctor was at stake.

And as the shot fired for the end of the game, and the exultant Holbrookers swarmed down from the bleachers and stands, Doctor Creagin still kept watching Holbrooke's last-minute-star. The happy students grabbed each victorious player as he came in, and hoisted each on their shoulders. But there was one player who "needed" to be carried in.

For Larry, realizing the battle was over, and his powers, which had stood up so surprisingly well, relaxed, felt himself slowly . . . to be "going." Hardly conscious of any feeling he managed to reach the bench: there he appeared to stumble; the coach caught him.

In a moment the atmosphere of joy turned to tragedy. The word passed through the throng; hushed voices repeated: "Larry Benton's collapsed. His heart!—he was forbidden to play. Against doctor's orders. He risked his life for the team!"

In the shadow of the stands, after a sort of a coma, Larry "came round." A sea of faces, loving, anxious faces met his eyes; the boys; the girls; the team—still sweating . . . no! it—it was tears! Even the Chesapeake team was there—looking awedly at the now stricken athlete who had snatched victory from their grasp. Myrtle Davis was holding his hand and pushing back his hair in a frantic sort of way, while Doctor Creagin was examining him. "Gee!" he thought. "It had happened all right; just as he had been told had happened! But he couldn't have let the boys go down." He said to Myrtle:

"Don't tell Mother that—"

But, even as he spoke, his mother, followed by Doreen, came through the crowd. She looked anguishedly at the doctor.

"There, Doctor, it's happened; it's even worse than I told him!" Larry couldn't speak.

Dr. Creagin didn't answer. He went on working, saying to Coach Ritter, between pauses, as someone dictating a report:

"Shoulder out of joint . . ."

The coach nodded.

"Rib torn . . . and slight brain concussion—"

"Yes."

"Wrist—"

The anxious coach couldn't wait. "What about his heart, Doctor? Is it—?"

"Heart?" The physician looked at Mrs. Benton. Her eyes fell. He listened to Larry's heart; then, in that unemotional, inscrutable professional way, he looked up. The gathering waited with bated breath.

"This young man's heart is in absolutely perfect condition. Remarkably perfect condition!"

A gasp.

Larry sat up. "What!" He looked at his mother. She spoke to him in a low tone:

"It's my fault, son. Doctor Creagin told me there was a slight, passing condition last summer, and I used that to keep you from playing this fall. We didn't realize that sport meant so much to you . . . that you were so desperate for it. I'm sorry." She looked away. "I was afraid you'd go—like Dave."

He put his hand on her shoulder quietly; "That's all right, Ma, you . . . you didn't know. As a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for—for Dave, I wouldn't have been out here this afternoon." A pause. Then he turned to the doctor:

"You don't mean to tell me, Doctor, that it was imagination made me go like . . . like this?"

The Doctor considered: "Well," he said, "that, perhaps, combined with—ahem—some of those bumps you received."

Larry grinned. Then, suddenly, he got up and looked out at the world: how much brighter the sunshine seemed; the faces, the Coach, Myrtle—the boys—even his Ma. He picked up the leather ball from the bench, and, with a sudden motion, faced everybody.

"Let's have a yell, Gang! What's the matter with e-v-e-r-y-t-h-i-n-g?"

And loud, clear and happy, came the reply:

"N-O-T-H-I-N-G!"

Legal Information

Continued from page 30

A. A great many people seem to consider that the status of husband and wife creates something in the nature of a partnership, so that all property acquired by either party must become in part the property of the other party.

This however is not the case, the only right apart from ordinary contract being the rights given by the Alberta Dower Act. The Act requires that the husband must before transferring or mortgaging or dealing with the property in which you reside, obtain your consent in a formal way before a lawyer or certain officials. This is merely your right to veto any disposition or encumbrance of the homestead, and does not give you any interest in the property. If your husband should die before you then no matter what he sets out in his will you can, if you desire, claim a life estate in the home in which you live, and also a life estate in such of the chattels which your husband owns as would have been exempt from seizure before his death.

As to the moneys which you paid out for repairing your husband's property, this will depend upon the circumstances and terms upon which payments are made. During his life your husband can sell or dispose of any of his property except your home without your consent, and without accounting to you for the proceeds thereof, provided that he supplies you with maintenance reasonably in accordance with his means. After his death your rights in his property are governed first of all by whether or not he has made a will. If by his will he does not provide for you out of his estate in the manner in which you would be entitled if he had not made any will, you can apply to the Court for relief, when the Court will make whatever disposition of the estate it considers advisable.

HELPING NATURE

(A Real remedy for constipation)

℞
It takes..3 days
It costs..50 cts.

So many things will "act as a physic" no one need be told what they are. Most of them do a thorough job, and some act in half an hour—or even less time!

If you choose a laxative with a view only to its immediate effect, there are hundreds from which to make a choice.

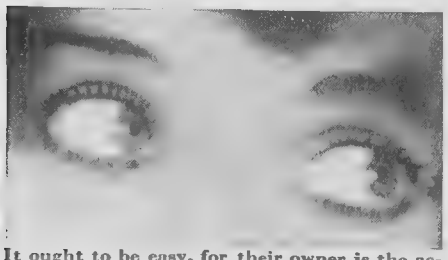
But there is a better way to aid elimination. A way that thinks of tomorrow. That paves the way for future natural functioning of the eliminative organs—alone and unaided.

Start this real remedy tonight. You'll feel fine in the morning. And better still, the day following—and for days to follow. For in only three days you can do much toward restoring a proper alkaline balance. The whole system benefits from this simple process. You have neutralized the excess acid that so frequently causes constipation (and a whole lot of attendant ailments). And this is all you do:

The first day, take three tablespoonsful of milk of magnesia in a little water. With fruit juice, if you would emphasize its action. The next day, two tablespoons. The third, only one. On the next day you shouldn't need any. For you should be in better condition to have effective, regular movements until acidity has again become too much for Nature to handle by herself. After this aid, it may be days—or weeks—before a return of the acid condition in the digestive tract. And then you've but to repeat the alkaline treatment—which is not only harmless but a wholesome and helpful thing for stomach, liver, and other important organs.

Milk of magnesia is an ideal cleanser and conditioner which keeps the entire system sweet. Its use is endorsed by the medical profession—for men, women, and children. For sour stomach, distress after eating, sluggishness and those unaccountable headaches, there is nothing like the true milk of magnesia of Phillips' formula. Your druggist has it.

IDENTIFY THESE EYES!



It ought to be easy, for their owner is the acknowledged comedy queen of the talking pictures. 5 feet, 5 inches tall, she weighs 138 lbs. and has light hair and hazel eyes. Name below*.

safely relieves irritated eyes

To eyes irritated by over-use, late hours, crying, motoring, or exposure to sun, wind and dust, *Murine* affords safe and immediate relief. Easily applied with its combination bottle stopper and eye dropper, it instantly ends the burning feeling and soon clears up any bloodshot condition. This world-famous formula of a veteran eye specialist costs but 60c at all drug and department stores.

**Louise Fazenda*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Requires no insanitary eye cup!

Makes Sour Stomachs Sweet

In Five Short Minutes—Can't Beat Bisurated Magnesia to End Indigestion—Gas!

When your stomach burns with gas and the sour acid indigestion of fermented food—just take a teaspoonful or two tablets of Bisurated Magnesia—and quick and certain relief is yours!

Folks whose stomachs—either chronically or just occasionally—won't perform properly, find in pure Bisurated Magnesia a safe, sensible, pleasant, economical and never failing means of avoiding all symptoms of indigestion or after-eating distress. They eat what they please and their digestive organs behave because Bisurated Magnesia prevents the formation of the gas and excess acid that causes indigestion. Used either to prevent or to correct indigestion, you can't beat Bisurated Magnesia, which is obtainable from any well-stocked druggist in either tablet or powder form. Do not confuse with Milk or Citrate Magnesia, and be certain the Magnesia you take is Bisurated. The first trial proves its great value—try it today sure!

COLONIAL PLAYING CARDS

The Evidence of Good Taste

The CANADIAN PLAYING CARD COMPANY, LIMITED
1800 Parthenais St. Montreal

The Bathroom in Modern Guise

Continued from page 20

close hardness of the surface successfully resists soil; nothing can penetrate it and the wiping-off and polishing of the seat is a matter of the utmost ease; another labor-saver in the list of modern equipment.

Even the water taps and the little fittings which we previously considered ourselves lucky to obtain in nickle-plated finish, can now be had in this new chromium finish that far supersedes nickel. Popular also and modern are the porcelain taps in octagonal shape. These with the pop-up waste (replacing the old-time chain and stopper in the bath and basin) are all details of importance when renovating.

It is not always practicable, when putting in new porcelain bath and so on, to have the built-in type which we cannot help but favor; it necessitates plastering and floor-fitting after the installation and often, too, requires more support, on account of its extra weight, than can just be casually imposed. However, there are exceedingly smart designs in both white and colored fixtures, that present no problem.

EVERYBODY wants a shower today; fortunately, it can be added, even in the otherwise complete bathroom. In the new house, the shower pipes are run up *inside* the wall and brought out at the right level, as shown in our illustration. But there are various showers that can be attached over any ordinary tub, what we might describe as "afterthought showers." The ordinary taps are removed from the tub, the taps of the shower including one for hot, one for cold and a third tap which directs the flow of water directly down into the tub or upward in the shower pipe. You can regulate your mixture of cold and hot water with the down flow, then turn the control tap that will send it up, to be sprayed through the big rose, which is adjustable as to height and slant, at the top of the shower pipe. This shower also solves the problem of the protective curtain, as it has a metal curtain rod of extremely generous proportions, with supports which are not merely screwed but are *bolted* into the ceiling. The cost of this very complete equipment is surprisingly moderate, averaging thirty-odd-dollars in most parts of Canada.

A word of warning with regard to electricity in the bathroom. Many people like to have a little portable heater and of course, there is lighting to consider. We are protected against our own ignorance in these matters, by laws in most places requiring proper inspection by the authorities, of any new plumbing or electrical installations. Occasionally, however, danger does exist. No piece of electrical equipment, not even the light, should be within such distance of an installed plumbing fixture, that both might be touched, however inadvertently, by one person at the same time. A fault in the electrical bracket or heater—and the current might pass immediately into that person's body, because of the completion of the circuit by the plumbing fixture, which is "grounded." Everyone has read of these "bathtub electrocutions" yet not always understanding just how they come about. Avoid trouble by having the electric outlet a safe distance from the plumbing and let it be controlled by a separate wall switch, not a switch at the fixture.

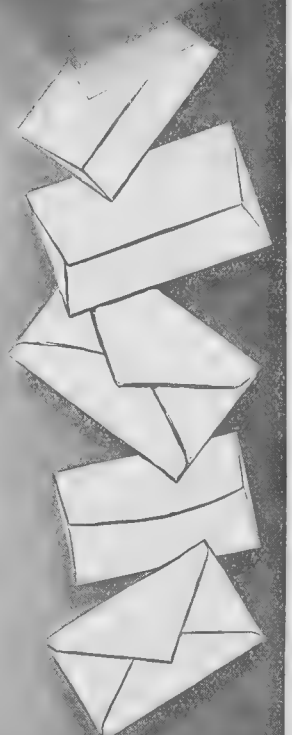
Barber-Ellis

A name which identifies good Stationery

CAMEO VELLUM

WHEN a woman realizes that her letters indicate her social position, she knows that care must be exercised in the choice of stationery. It is difficult to defend the use of inferior writing paper, as she is not usually present when her letters are read. If the letter paper does not creditably represent her, it is at once damaging to her social position.

If you use Cameo Vellum, you will be "sure of being right,"—it is always in perfect taste and correct form. Its high quality is recognized by women everywhere, but they have found that the moderate cost permits of its use for everyday letter writing. Most good stationers sell Cameo Vellum.



Barber-Ellis Limited

Various sizes, both with plain and tissue lined envelopes.

Makers of Fine Stationery Since Eighteen Seventy-Six

TORONTO BRANTFORD - MONTREAL - WINNIPEG - REGINA
CALGARY - EDMONTON - VANCOUVER

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S FACE POWDERS

* Miss Arden is often asked why her powders are so smooth, so fine, so beneficial to the skin...so clinging and yet so imperceptible * The answer is: Only the purest ingredients are used. These are combined with the greatest care under Miss Arden's personal supervision, according to her special formula * Only pure food colorings are included. The colors are mixed entirely by hand, as there is no other way they can be made to meet Miss Arden's high standards. The powders are blended in a wide range of carefully thought-out shades to harmonize with every skin tone, so that the uncertainty of individual mixing is completely eliminated * *Elizabeth Arden's powders specifically do not contain rice powder or orris root*, since these ingredients act as direct aggravation in cases of hay fever, sinus trouble and other nasal affections * The result of this extreme care is two powders of exquisite delicacy and quality, which give to the skin that lovely silken finish known as "the Arden look."

Elizabeth Arden's Face Powders are on sale at smart shops everywhere

FLOWER POWDER...A powder of absolute purity, delicately perfumed. White (for neck and arms), Cream, Maréchal Neil, Naturelle, Rose, Special Rachel and Spanish Rachel . . . . $1.75 the box.

ILLUSION POWDER...The quintessence of quality in face powders. Mat Foncé, Illusion, Rachel, Banana and Minerva are favorite shades for daytime. Poudre de Lilas is poetic for evening . $3 the box.

Lysetta...The newest shade of Miss Arden's famous Illusion powder. A soft, warm color that gives the skin a delicate glow...not pink...nor blush...but something indescribably youthful and charming . $3 the box.

* ELIZABETH ARDEN *

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

Wholesale Distributors: ELIZABETH ARDEN *of* CANADA, LTD.
207 Queen's Quay, Toronto, Canada

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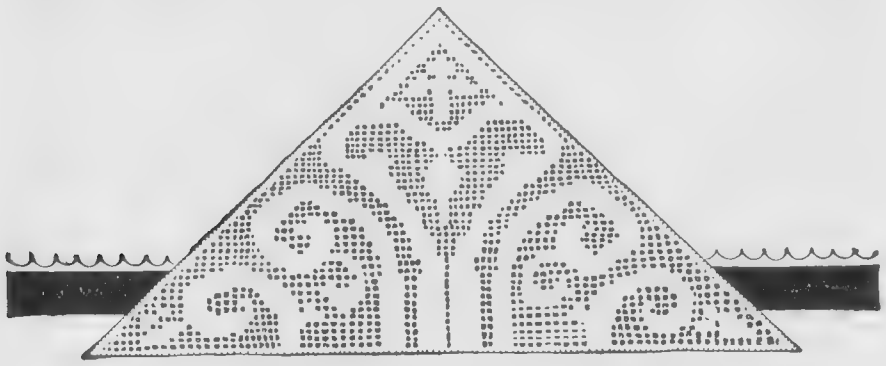


Make House Linen smart with Crochet

Things of everyday use are made admired possessions with crochet worked in Coats' Mercer-Crochet. This famous thread is ideal for working the new lovely patterns now so fashionable. Smooth, glossy, and easy to work with, and of a uniform thickness, its purity of tint lasts for ever. Neither constant use nor constant washing can spoil its freshness. You can rely on it absolutely. It is made in Canada by the makers of Coats' and Clark's spool cotton which you already use.

Coats' MERCER-CROCHET

In colors: Ecru, linen, dark linen, yellow, lavender, royal blue, blue, pale blue, pink, pale pink, beauty pink, rose, black and white.

Made in Canada by THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON COMPANY

MONTREAL. Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton.

CC27

The Paper Doily Vogue

FOR a thousand decorative uses the hostess of today is welcoming paper doilies. In these exquisite bits of loveliness she is finding backgrounds of charming design and of great convenience. Everywhere we go we see these paper doilies used in ingenious, artistic and practical ways. The vogue for doilies of lace paper has spread like the proverbial wildfire, and delightful and obvious are the reasons for this enormous popularity.

The modern woman instinctively wishes to set an alluring table. It lends magic to the meal. It raises the family's morale It's essential to a dinner party. Have you any idea how perfectly Roylace doilies fit those requirements? They're so immaculately clean, they're so lovely in design and come in such convenient sets—plate doilies, bread and butter plate doilies, glass doilies and others, round or square. And such variety! Some of the doilies are substantial and look like embroidered or hemstitched linen; others are charmingly lacy and decorative on a polished dark wood table.

When you're in a hurry

Have you little spillers?

There's never enough time in the early morning for the commuter's wife. She should certainly use paper doilies. A couple of doilies spread on the table in the dining alcove, with the necessary coffee and bacon accompaniments, make quite a paradise of breakfast and send Dad off to his train feeling that he has been treated like a king.

For other quick meals—such as lunch between sessions for school children, or a quick bite for mother by herself—don't forget the possibilities of doilies in the nursery, the dining or kitchen alcove.

Children spill! And whiff, there goes your clean tablecloth. Unless—ah, there's the answer. A smudge of chocolate frosting or a gob of applesauce just means nothing on a paper doily. Clean one next meal anyhow. This way you can have a fresh-looking table all the time without considering the laundry problem.

Tots that are small and unusually spilly can have tray doilies on the trays of their high chairs.

The children will like them in color, too—they'll get a big kick out of gay apple green or pink or yellow.

When the gang comes flocking in, none too careful, either, about tipping over the punch on your nice Italian cloth, the sensible thing is to fix up a buffet table with doilies and let them go to it. You can get wonderful big tray cloths (14 x 19⅛ inches, say) in linen effect of substantial paper that are just the thing for glasses and pitchers. And there are stunning patterned squares and rounds for setting plates and platters of sandwiches and what-not on.

This is just the trick when the youngsters entertain, too. Give Miss High School Age the freedom of paper and see how little damage her crowd does.

THE kitchen of today is no longer a place of drudgery--it sings with colored pots and pans, gay painted chairs and frivolous linoleums.

Shelves are gay these days, gay with shelf papers displaying light-hearted and singing motifs that have always added to the charm of hearts and homes. Shelf papers for the kitchen, for wall-cupboards, for corner cupboards, for linen closets—they are garlanded with charming roses, or lyric with singing birds, or quaint with formalized teapot and cup and saucer, or charming with prim bouquets or hanging baskets, or merrily cross-stitched with windmills and bow knots, or trellised with flowers of a thousand lovely kinds. For most home-keepers, shelf-papers can't be too gay, too brightly colorful for their decorative uses! But if you prefer shelf papers of white, you may have them . . . may have them in exquisite lace designs . . .

BRIDES these days are having great fun decorating their new homes in colors that are most flattering to their own particular style. If she's a sparkling brunette or a Titian beauty, she'll probably choose green as the keynote. With apple green edging the shelves, her linen closet will be ravishing when her guests peek at the piles of snowy white and pastel sheets, pillow-cases and towels tied up in delectable peach satin ribbons. This Roylace pattern comes in an interesting variety of colors.

To a bride a budget is a tremendous bugaboo, but if she's thrifty in planning her decorations, she can do marvels with a few yards of both wide and narrow shelf paper. It will daintily decorate her linen shelves, make her kitchen adorable and her bathroom cheerful. And when it's soiled, a few new packages will make everything look fresh and spotless again—and (so important) without damage to the budget.

Sunday Suppers

Items of Interest to Juniors

7277—Girls' Coat.
Designed in sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2⅛ yards of 35-inch material. The collar of fur requires 16 inches, 4½ inches wide. To line coat requires 2 yards 35-inches wide. Price 15c.

7336—Girls' Dress.
Designed in sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 year. Size 4 if made with long sleeves requires 1⅞ yard of 29 inch material. With short sleeves 1-2/3 yard. Without sleeves and collar 1½ yard is required. The tie string of ribbon requires 1 yard. Price 15c.

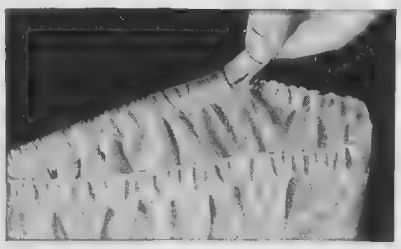
7337—Nursery Toy.
Designed in one size only. It requires ¾ yard of material 35 inches wide. The ribbon bow requires 1 yard 3½ inches wide. Price 10c.

7329—Girls' Dress.
Designed in sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size if made without sleeves and all of one material will require 2⅛ yards of 35-inch material. With sleeves 2-2/3 yards. Collar and tie belt of contrasting material requires 2/3 yard 35-inches wide. The tie belt of ribbon requires 2 yards. Machine plaited frills put on as illustrated will require 3 yards. Price 15c.

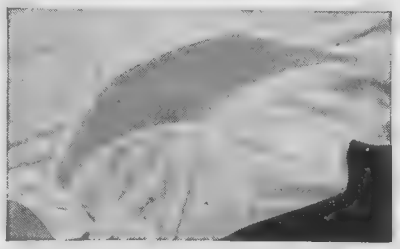
7338—Dolls' Outfit.
Designed in sizes for dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in length. A 20-inch doll requires ¾ yard of 35-inch material. The Rompers will require ⅜ yard. The Beret ¼ yard. Price 10c.

When Sending for Patterns Do Not Omit to State the Size Required.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.



Free - running elastic, easily adjusted or replaced.



Long double gusset with cross crotch assures durability and a perfect fitting bobette or bloomer.

You'll like Novasilk. Particular wearers do.

It's smart. Stylish. Exquisitely tailored. Perfect fitting. Easily laundered.

The fabric is better. Every garment is made with painstaking attention to the smallest detail. Flat lock seams are a feature of this lingerie.

There's a wide choice in beautiful pastel shades of vests, brassieres, bloomers, bobettes, brevities, pantees, Princess slips, nightgowns, and pyjamas. Sizes to suit everyone from the small miss to the mature woman.

Stanfield's Limited,
Truro, N.S.

Butterscotch Breakfast Rolls

Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

Can You Make a Good Cake?

PERHAPS there is no other form of cooking quite so thoroughly enjoyed by the majority of women, as that of making cakes, or one which gives them so many reasons for pride and satisfaction. With a dependable oven, good quality of ingredients, and a little attention to details, it is one of the easiest things to do, too. Careful measuring is essential for success. One should have a regulation measuring cup and use standard tea and tablespoons. Ordinary tea or coffee cups vary considerably in size, and who can tell accurately whether she has a half or third or quarter of a cupful of some ingredient if she is not using a cup properly marked? Recipes should be carefully followed in the matter of sugar, shortening, flour and liquid, or the flavor and texture may not be quite right.

Before beginning to make a cake, the utensils and ingredients should be assembled, the pans prepared, and the oven attended to. When using a wood or coal range, the fire should not need attention while the cake is in the oven. The baking is perhaps the most important part of cake making. Too cool an oven makes a coarse-textured cake and often causes it to go over the sides of the pan. If too hot, a crust forms on top of the cake before it has risen properly, which causes cracks in the top. A pan of cold water set in the oven will reduce the temperature. It is well to plan that nothing else shall be in the oven at the same time as the cake. It is unnecessary to open the oven for the first ten minutes of baking. After that, the cake is not likely to fall if the oven door is opened carefully. A good oven thermometer is an excellent help. A slow oven, which we use for angel and some sponge cakes, is one from 250° to 300° F. A moderate oven, 300° to 350° F. is used for the majority of cakes. Layer cakes and cup cakes require a little hotter oven, about 375° F.—the layer cakes for 20 to 25 minutes, the cup cakes about 30 minutes. Loaf cakes take 45 to 60 minutes, sponge cakes about 45 minutes. Those containing molasses or chocolate need slower, somewhat longer baking than white batter. It is a good plan to divide the baking time into quarters. During the first quarter, the cake should rise; during the second quarter, it continues to rise, and begins to brown; in the third quarter, it continues browning; and in the last quarter, it finishes browning, and shrinks from the sides of the pan. If it is necessary to move the cake in the oven, this should not be done before the batter has risen to its full height, or it is almost sure to fall. A cake is done when it shrinks from the sides of the pan, or if a clean wire tester, or tooth pick or straw, inserted in the middle, comes out clean. In the case of rich cakes such as fruit or pound cakes, a finger tip is pressed on top of the cake, which, if done, feels firm, and springs back again when the finger is removed. When taken from the oven, the cake is loosened around the edges of the pan if necessary, then inverted on a wire cooler or a cloth on a board, and allowed to come out of the pan by its own weight.

If one expects a cake to fill the pan used, it is well to select one which will be about two-thirds full of batter before baking. If the oven has a slight tendency to over-bake things on the bottom, it is well to line the pan with heavy brown paper which is well greased. A smooth under surface is obtained by first buttering the bottom and sides of the pan, then dredging with a little flour, shaking out all the surplus flour. Pans used for angel or sponge cakes are never greased, because the greasy surface would be impossible for the cake mixture, which is composed so largely of egg, and free from fat, to cling to in rising.

We have two main classes of cakes—those without shortening of any kind, such as angel and sponge cakes, and those with shortening, generally called butter cakes.

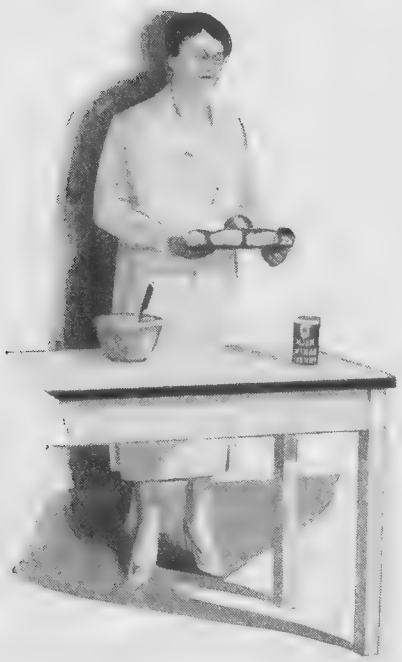
THE ingredients used for cakes are important, if one wants really good cakes. Coarse-grained sugar makes a cake of coarse texture with a hard crust. However, the sugar usually found on the market now-a-days is much finer than that found a few years ago, so that it is not necessary to buy special sugar for cake-making. It is well to sift the sugar, though, if one wants an especially nice cake. In a light cake, no other shortening gives the delicious flavor of butter. If the flavor is masked by something stronger, such as chocolate, or molasses or spices, a cheaper shortening may be used. With eggs as cheap as they are in our country, we can all have them of the freshest and best. Pastry flour contains much more starch and less gluten than bread flour, so makes a lighter more tender cake. But it is considerably more expensive. The amount of flour called for in all present-day recipes is for pastry flour, so if one is using bread flour, two tablespoons less should be used for every cup. As flour packs down so easily, it should be sifted before measuring, then again after measuring, with the other dry ingredients, several times. The easiest way to sift flour, is to use it on sheets of butter paper, to which it will not cling.

The usual way to mix butter cakes, is to cream the butter, add the sugar and continue creaming till the mixture is very soft and light, add the eggs, or if separated, the beaten yolks, and flavoring, then the sifted dry ingredients, a little at a time, alternately with the liquid, then the whites of eggs are folded in. When making a sponge cake, the egg yolks are well beaten, the sugar gradually added and the beating continued, the flavoring added, then the very well beaten whites folded in, then finally the flour cut and folded in. The egg whites are stiffly beaten for an angel cake, the cream of tartar [Continued on page 56]

Cakes may be varied in many ways, such as the addition of broken nut meats, a few caraway seeds, dates, raisins or currants, chocolate, spices, candied peel, cocoanut, a little vegetable coloring, variety of flavorings, or by frosting in various ways.

Biscuits are better when made with

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



Miss Dutton, pictured above in her testing kitchen, has just completed a tempting dish of tea biscuits made feathery light with Magic Baking Powder. Her favorite recipe for this delicious treat is listed on this page.

Miss Gertrude Dutton, Western Canada's best known cookery expert, is the conductor of the Better Cookery Section in the Winnipeg Western Home Monthly. Every month, thousands of Western Canadian housewives look to her department for practical baking suggestions and advice!

Miss Dutton says: "I recommend Magic Baking Powder because I know from experience that *its uniform leavening quality gives dependable results*. Most baked dishes look and taste better when Magic Baking Powder is used in making them."

Thus another of Canada's outstanding cookery authorities gives her unreserved endorsement to "Magic" . . . Canada's favorite baking powder for more than thirty years . . . and now the choice of three out of every four* Canadian housewives wherever home baking is done.

Try Miss Dutton's Favorite Recipe for TEA BISCUITS

2 cups *pastry flour
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lard
cup cold milk, or half milk and half water
1 tablespoon butter

*If bread flour is used replace two tablespoonfuls of each cup with two tablespoonfuls of corn starch

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the chilled shortening. Now add the chilled liquid to make a soft dough. Toss dough on to a floured board and do not handle more than is necessary. Pat out with the hand or roll out lightly. Cut out with a floured biscuit cutter. Bake on a buttered sheet in a hot oven, 450°F., 12 to 15 minutes.

If you bake at home, send for the new Magic Cook Book. It contains dozens of suggestions for many attractive baked dishes that will save you hours of time in planning interesting menus.

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having been added when the eggs are foamy. The sugar is folded in, then the flour and flavoring.

Everybody has a favorite cake recipe, which may be varied in many ways. To it may be added broken nut meats, a few caraway seeds, dates, raisins or currants, chocolate, spices, candied peel, cocoanut, a little bit of vegetable color, variety of flavorings, or it may be frosted in various ways, or the pans used may be varied from time to time. One such simple recipe, which may be used in a variety of ways, is

Washington Pie

Butter 1/3 c.	Flour 1¾ c.
Sugar 1 c.	Baking powder 2½ t.
Well-beaten eggs 2	Salt ½ t.
Milk ½ c.	Flavoring 1 t.

Mix according to the directions given for butter cakes. This amount of batter will fill two 8-inch layer pans, a loaf pan 8x4x3 inches, or a flat pan 6½x10 inches.

For Washington Pie, we bake it in the layer cake pans, putting the layers together with jelly or raspberry jam, and sprinkling the top with powdered sugar.

Citron Cake

Butter ½ c.	Flour 2 c.
Sugar 1 c.	Baking powder 2 t.
Eggs 3	Salt ½ t.
Milk ½ c.	Flavoring 1 t.

Citron Peel 1 c.

The citron peel is cut in thin slices, then in strips, and floured with a tablespoonful of the flour, reserved before the baking powder and salt are added to it. A mixture of vanilla, lemon and almond extracts, is good in this cake. Mixed peel may also be used in place of all citron, if wished. This cake should be baked in a loaf pan, and is not iced.

Seed Cake

The above recipe may be used, and the peel and flavoring omitted, and two teaspoons of caraway seeds added. It is also baked in a loaf pan or a straight-sided round pan, and of course, is never iced. A good seed cake is made by using 2 tablespoons more of butter, which will make a somewhat richer, closer-grained cake.

Walnut Mocha Cake

Walnut meats ¾ c.	Flour 1¾ c.
Butter ½ c.	Baking powder 2½ t.
Sugar 1 c.	Salt ½ t.
Strong coffee ½ c.	Egg whites 3

Vanilla 1 t.

The coffee should be cold. Break the nut meats in pieces. Bake in a flat pan and cover with caramel frosting.

Sour Cream Devil's Food

Unsweetened chocolate 2 squares	Butter 2 tb.
Baking powder 1½t.	Sugar 1 c.
Soda ¾ t.	Eggs 2
Salt ½ t.	Thick sour cream ½ c. and 2tb.
Vanilla 1 t.	Flour 1½ c.

Boiling water ½ c.

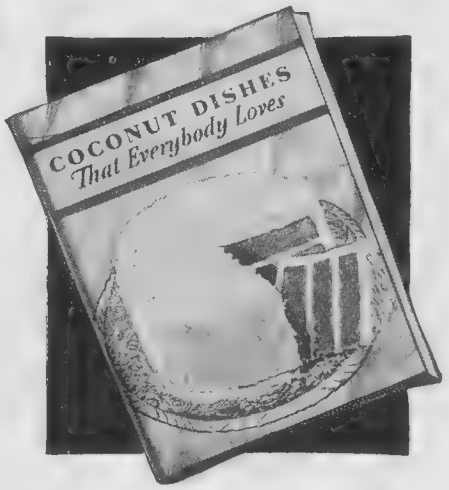
Melt the unsweetened chocolate, then add the boiling water, and stir till thick, then cool before adding to the other ingredients. Or use 2/3 c. cocoa and an extra tablespoon of butter.

Pineapple Upside Down Cake

Butter ½c.	Salt ½ t.
Sugar ¾ c.	Vanilla ¾ t.
Eggs 2	Canned pineapple
Milk ¾ c.	Brown sugar 1 c.
Flour 2 c.	Butter 2 tb.
Baking powder 2 t.	Whipped cream.

Use a straight sided, round pan, about 9 to 10 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep. Butter it, and then melt in it the 2 tb. butter, and cup of brown sugar. Cover the bottom of the pan with as many slices of canned

[Continued on page 57]



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Baker's three, made-in-Canada styles save you heaps of time and trouble — Baker's Southern Style in tins— Baker's Premium Shred in packages — Baker's Snowdrift by the pound.

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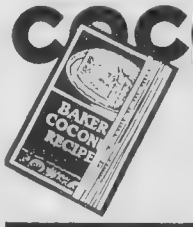
COCONUT LAYER CAKE
(3 eggs)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten
⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 can Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake with coconut while frosting is still soft.

BAKER'S COCONUT



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A6-31M

pineapple as can be crowded on the sugar and butter, pour the batter over it, and bake in a moderate oven till done (about 375° F. for 45 to 50 minutes). Turn out on a large flat plate, with the pineapple rings on top, and serve with whipped cream. For special occasions, put a maraschino cherry in each pineapple ring.

Marble Cake

Use any plain light cake recipe. Put half of the batter in another bowl. To one half, add a little color paste, such as red, to make a dainty pink, or add a little cocoa mixed with enough hot water to pour, or 3 tb. of molasses and ¼ t. each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Put alternate spoonfuls of the light and the colored batter in the cake pan, using either a flat pan, or a round or oblong loaf pan. An attractive way of frosting this cake, is to cover it with white frosting, then on top, put portions of the colored frosting, to give a mottled effect.

Rainbow Cake

Make a cake, using egg whites, no yolks, and divide the batter into three or four portions, coloring them dainty spring colors, such as pink, lavender, yellow, and white, bake in a narrow loaf pan, and cover with a white frosting. This cake is particularly dainty for teas, etc.

Daffodil Cake

This is another of the daintiest of party cakes.

Flour 1¼ c. — Egg whites 1¼ c.
Salt ½ t. — Egg yolks 4
Sugar 1⅛ c. — Cream of tartar 1 t.
Vanilla 1 t.

Beat the egg whites till foamy, then add the cream of tartar and continue beating till the egg white will stand up in peaks. Fold in the sugar vanilla. Divide into two portions, to one, add ½ c. of the flour which has been sifted several times, and to the other, the well-beaten egg yolks and the remainder of the flour. Put spoonfuls, alternately, in an ungreased tube pan, and bake as any angel cake, in a slow oven, about an hour, or 70 minutes.

Marble Angel Cake

This cake is similar to the Daffodil Cake, with chocolate in place of the yellow contrast.

Flour ⅞ c. — Egg whites 1½ c.
Cocoa 2 tb. — Salt ¼ t.
Sifted sugar 1¼ c. — Cream of tartar 1 t.
Vanilla 1 t.

Beat the egg whites till foamy, add the salt and cream of tartar and continue beating till stiff then fold in the sugar gradually, and the vanilla. Divide into two portions. To one, fold in ½ c. of flour, sifted four times, to the other, fold in the remainder of the flour, sifted four times with the cocoa, and, put alternate spoonfuls of the two mixtures in an unbuttered tube pan, and bake in a slow oven.

Sponge Cake

To make a sponge cake, separate the eggs, beat the yolks till thick and lemon colored, then add the sugar gradually, and continue beating, then add the flavoring and the whites of eggs, which have been beaten till stiff and nearly dry. (A good test is to turn the egg beater, out of the egg, and if a little flies from the beater, it has been beaten enough.) Cut and fold in the flour which has been sifted with the salt several times.

Lemon Sponge Cake

Grated rind of ½ lemon — Eggs 6
Flour 1 c. — Sugar 1 c.
Salt 1 c. — Lemon juice 1 tb.

Follow the above directions, and bake in a tube pan or a long narrow loaf pan, for an hour or less, in a slow oven.

Sponge and angel cakes are better if unfrosted.

Sunshine Cake

Flour 1 c. — Egg whites 1 c.
Cream of tartar 1 t. — Sugar 1½ c.
Lemon extract ¾ t. — Egg yolks ½ c.

Beat egg whites till stiff, fold in the sugar gradually, continuing to beat, then the well beaten yolks and flavoring, and if bread flour is used, 2 tb. of cold water, then fold in the well sifted flour and cream of tartar. Bake in a moderate oven in a tube pan, for an hour or a little more.

Angel Cake

Egg whites 1¼ c. — Flavoring 1 t.
Cream of tartar 1 t. — Flour 1 c.
Sugar 1¼ c. — Salt ¼ t.

With a wire whip, beat the egg whites till frothy, add the cream of tartar and salt, and continue beating till the egg whites will stand up in peaks. Fold in the sugar and the flavoring, then the flour, sifted four times. Bake in a tube pan in a slow oven 50 to 60 minutes. Invert, and let the cake fall from the pan by its own weight when cool.

Acid, such as cream of tartar or lemon juice is used in the cakes made largely of eggs, to stiffen the cell walls made by beating the egg, giving us a lighter cake.

Jelly Roll

Eggs 3 — Flour 1 c.
Sugar 1 c. — Flavoring ½ t.
Water 3 tb. — Baking powder 1 t.
Salt ¼ t.

Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar and water and continue beating, then fold in the whites, and fold in the sifted flour and baking powder. Bake in a flat pan, lined with buttered paper, in a moderate oven for about 12 minutes. Turn at once from the pan on a clean cloth, or on a paper sprinkled with sugar. Cut a narrow strip from the edges and spread with jelly or jam, roll up, wrapping the cloth or paper around it, to keep the cake a good shape. The work must be done quickly, or the cake will crack, if it cools before being rolled.

Orange Cake

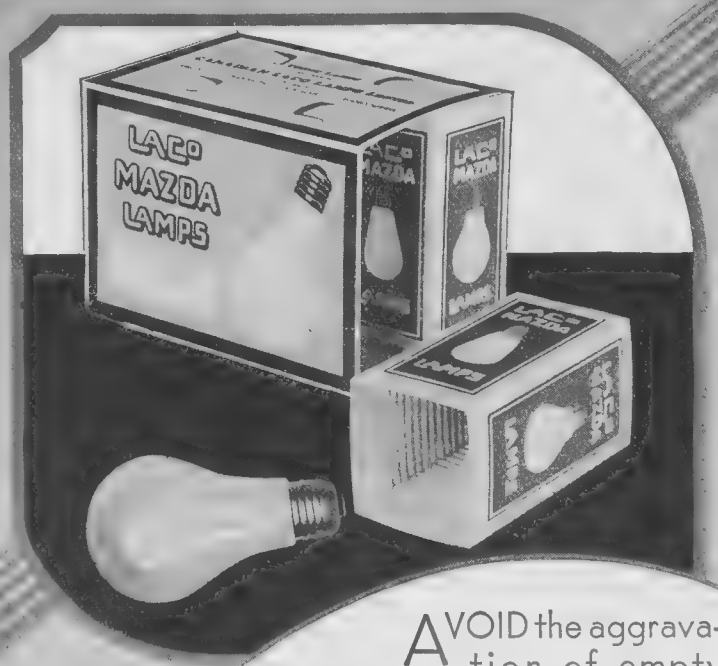
Use any favorite light cake recipe, flavoring it with a little grated rind of orange, and substituting orange juice for the milk or other liquid.

Apple Sauce Cake

Egg 1 — Unsweetened apple sauce 1 c.
Flour 2 c. — Sugar 1½ c.
Baking Powder 2 t. — Butter ½ c.
Cinnamon 1 t. — Cloves ½ t.
Soda ½ t.
Salt ½ t.

Cream the sugar and butter, add the beaten egg and mashed apple sauce, then the sifted dry ingredients. Fruit may be added if wished.

[Continued on page 58]



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Boiled Raisin Cake

Seeded raisins 1½ c.	Flour 1½ c.
Sugar ¾ c.	Cinnamon 1 t.
Butter ¼ c.	Nutmeg ½ t.
Egg 1	Soda ½ t.
Salt ½ t.	Baking powder 1½ t.

Cover the raisins with boiling water, and simmer 20 to 30 minutes, then cool and drain. Use ½ c. of raisin water as the liquid for the cake, and an additional 4 tb. of flour to dredge the raisins. Mix as any butter cake. Bake in a moderate oven in either a shallow or a loaf pan. This cake will keep moist for some time, and does not require frosting.

Butterscotch Breakfast Rolls

Pecans or walnuts 1 c.	Bread 1 loaf
Raisins ½ c. if desired	Butter ¼ lb.
Cinnamon	Sugar brown 1½ c.

Remove the crust from a fresh loaf of bread. Slice evenly lengthwise into five half-inch slices. Soften and cream the butter but do not melt it. Place 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar and a few nuts in the bottom of each of 15 muffin pans. Spread the slices of bread with the creamed butter, sprinkle lightly with brown sugar and the chopped raisins (if used) and dust with cinnamon. Roll loosely as for a jelly roll, being careful not to break. Skewer each roll with three toothpicks, placing that the roll may be cut into three equal sections between them. Place a roll in each muffin pan on top of the brown sugar, butter and nuts. Brush the tops with melted butter, dust with cinnamon and sugar and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. for 15 minutes or until the tops are toasted and the butterscotch has melted. Remove from oven, invert the pan quickly on wax paper, allow to stand one minute so that butterscotch will adhere to rolls.

Plum Puddings

In the bottoms of buttered custard cups, put 2 or 3 canned plums, according to the size of the plums. Fill each cup with a mixture of 3 c. cooked rice, 1 beaten egg, 3 tb. sugar, 1 c. milk. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Turn on serving plates, and serve hot, with a sauce made of the plum juice.

Fruit Souffle

Mash and rub through a sieve 1 c. fruit pulp, using prunes, apricots, etc. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Put in a greased mold or custard cups, set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven till the egg white will not stick to the finger when lightly touched. Cool and serve with custard sauce.

Trifle

This may be made as elaborate as one wishes, or may be kept rather simple.

In the bottom of a large glass dish, put small thin slices, or cubes, of stale, uniced cake. Cover with boiled custard then with cubes or spoonfuls of red jelly. Repeat till the dish is nearly full. Cover with whipped cream, and on top put several bits of the jelly. If the cake is too stale to be moistened by the custard, it may first be soaked with a little fruit juice of any kind. Candied cherries, drained canned fruit, cocoanut, broken nutmeats, may all be added, to make a more elaborate dessert.

Cottage Pudding

Make a very plain cake batter, in a flat pan, and serve hot with any desired sauce, or with fruit. Or bake it in muffin pans.

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A Bathroom Necessity Cleans Toilet Bowls. Removes Stains.

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 24

will always be within reach of the hotel 'phone. Will that do?"

"Yes, thank you. It's late and I won't ask you to come in. Good-night."

He waited until he had seen her mounting the porch steps before he drove away toward the business district. On the way he was wondering why she had made her singular request, and he was still wondering after he had put his car up and was entering the lobby of the hotel. A glance at the newcomers registering at the desk told him that the train Smith was to meet was in.

Looking for Landis, and not seeing him anywhere, he crossed to the counter. The key to their suite was in its pigeonhole, which meant that Landis had not gone upstairs. Waiting his chance, Markham spoke to the clerk.

"Seen anything of Mr. Landis lately?"

"Why, yes; he was right here a little while ago—just before these people began coming in from the Flyer."

"You don't know where he went?"

"No, I—hold on, yes I do, too. Mr. Starbuck 'phoned for him from his office across the street, and he went over there."

"What's that?" Markham snapped. "Mr. Starbuck isn't in town. He went to Copah last night to meet his wife and daughters!"

"He must have returned," said the clerk. "The operator said the 'phone call was from him."

Markham turned away vaguely disturbed and thoughtful. An attempt had been made to kidnap him, and only the opportune appearance of Smith's car had made it fail. Had a similar attempt been made to trap Landis? As he hesitated, hardly knowing what he ought to do first, he saw Smith talking to three of the lately arrived guests at the cigar stand. With a curious premonition of what the answer would be, he turned to the clerk and asked if he knew the names of the three who were with Smith.

"I do, for a fact. They are the three gentlemen you were asking about when you came, a week ago; Mr. Fleming, Mr. Cautrell and Mr. Martin, from Louisville. You may remember I told you they had reservations for the twenty-eighth. They have just come in on the Nevada Flyer."

"Not driving?"

"No; they started out to drive and came part of the way by motor. But they had bad luck with their car and left it at one of their stopovers."

Markham looked again at the three well-dressed men who were chatting sociably with Smith. Not in any single particular did they resemble the three who had been registering under the same names halfway across the continent, and whom he and Landis had seen leaving the lobby of the Copah hotel in company with Canby.

AT THE discovery that the three men talking with Smith in the lobby of the hotel were by no means the three who had travelled in the Fleetwing, Markham's first impulse was to introduce himself promptly for the purpose of telling Smith's friends what he knew. Then he remembered that he had no proof to offer, since the three name forgers had disappeared.

His next thought was to go in search of Landis. Possibly Starbuck had returned sooner than he had expected to. As he went toward the hotel entrance, he saw Canby step out of an elevator and go quickly to shake hands with the three new arrivals; saw this and noticed that Smith waved the three a good-night and turned away—a bit of by-play that seemed to say that he did not care to be identified with Canby. Markham stepped out upon the sidewalk and glanced up at the mine office windows. They were lighted, and he crossed the street and climbed the stair to the second-floor suite.

When he knocked on the office door it was opened by an elderly man in his shirt sleeves; apparently the mine bookkeeper.

"Mr. Starbuck," said Markham; "is he here?"

"Not now," was the prompt reply; and then: "You are Mr. Markham? I'm glad to see you. I was just going to 'phone the hotel to find out if you had come in. You are needed."

"Needed? What for? Has Mr. Landis been here?"

"Yes; he has gone with Mr. Starbuck. Word came a little while ago that Professor Lawson had been hurt by a landslide up at those fossil beds, and Mr. Starbuck got Mr. Landis and a doctor and started up there in his car. A few minutes ago they 'phoned from the other side of the river and asked me to find you and send you after them with this," picking up a black bag. "It's the doctor's instruments. Must have left them here when he came up with Mr. Starbuck."

Markham was deeply shocked at the news of the professor's accident, naturally.

"How badly is Dr. Lawson hurt?" he asked.

"Pretty badly, I judge, from what the telephone message said."

"Has his daughter been told? She is stopping with the Stillingses."

"They didn't call her up. Mr. Starbuck and Mr. Landis both agreed that it was better not to tell her until they found out just how bad it is."

"Where is this fossil place? Can I find it in the night?"

"Maybe you won't need to; maybe you'll overtake the other car. There's a good road for the first thirty miles or more; I can show you how to go so you can't very well miss the way—that is, if you don't overtake Mr. Starbuck," and upon a sheet of scratch paper the elderly man sketched a rude outline map, pencilling in the road that Markham should take, with the various right and left turns indicated by guiding arrows. "Not much of a map," he apologized, "but maybe it will do."

Markham picked up the black bag, saying, "If they telephone again, tell them I'm on the way and will try to overtake them."

At the hotel garage he called for his roadster and told the night man to fill the tank. The gasoline pump was at the curb, and he got in to place the car for the filling, keeping his seat until the man finished and came around for his pay. For this reason a dark figure had its chance to slip unseen from the shadows of a nearby doorway, to stoop for a brief moment at the rear of the car, and thereafter to vanish as swiftly and silently as it had come.

Once across the bridge and headed northward, Markham let the roadster out. He was still prickling from the shock given him by the news of the accident and was greatly concerned for the effect it might have upon Betty, whose love for her father was

[Continued on page 60]

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. . . happy and ready for sleep

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 59

unbounded. He was glad the bookkeeper had told him that Starbuck and Landis had not passed the distressing news on to her, thus saving her a long and heart-breaking interval of anxiety and uncertainty; the interval which must intervene before the worst could be known.

Mindful of his late experience on this same road, he rather expected to be halted somewhere along it by the sheriff or his deputies and was ready to stop if he should be signalled. But the road proved to be empty until he was within a mile of Hillcrest, where he saw, well on ahead, the red tail light of a car making nearly as good time as his own. Thinking it might be Starbuck's, he speeded up; but when the leading car turned into the Hillcrest driveway he knew it was Smith's; that Smith was just getting home from his train-meeting trip to town. Since there was nothing that Smith could do in the matter of the accident, there was no point in taking time for a stop at the Baldwin country house; and again Wally stepped on the gas.

From this time on, nothing intervened to make him slacken speed. The road, all the way to the end of its hard surfacing some thirty miles from Brewster, was clear of vehicles; a straightaway race track with no detours or forkings to make him consult the pencilled map given him.

With the paved road left behind, however, the difficulties began, and he had to get out the scratch-paper map and follow its markings. But after he had made the first two or three arrow-indicated turns a speed slackening became strictly obligatory. The road, none too good in any part beyond the end of the hard surfacing, was now degenerating into a country cart track among the hills, so sandy in the low spots as to make it needful to put the car in low, and so rock-strewn on the hills as to be a severe test for the best of springs.

Spurred on by the sharp necessities, Markham kept the roadster in motion, speeding up as often as he could see a clear hundred yards ahead, and shifting gears only when he was obliged to. In this manner he had made something over twenty speedometer miles of the bad going—which grew steadily worse—before the end came. On one of the rockiest of the hills the motor coughed a few times and stalled, and not for any switchings-in of the starter would it yield another explosion.

Pretty well out of patience with the gruelling progress by this time, he got his flashlight and climbed out to investigate, first going carefully over the wiring to see if there were a broken connection. There wasn't. So far as he could determine, the ignition system was in perfect condition. Next, he tested the fuel feed by trying to flood the carburetor—but it wouldn't flood. That seemed to put the trouble up to the gasoline line or the vacuum tank, and with a malediction upon his ill luck, he took off his coat, got out the tool kit and began to take things apart to probe for the trouble.

Though he was a fairly good mechanician, the probing process proved to be a glutton of time, what with poor lighting facilities and sundry stubborn nuts and bolts and pipe connections, and a long period of what he could well imagine might be a life and death delay for Betty's father was wasted before he had satisfied himself that neither the gas line nor the vacuum tank was responsible for the power failure. It was only as a last resort, and, as he thought, a useless one, that he went to look at the gas-tank gauge. But a single aiming of the flashlight at the gauge was enough. Though he was assured that he had left Brewster with a supply of gasoline which should have taken him five or six times the distance he had travelled, the tank was now empty. When he got down to direct the light upon the small drain-cock in the tank bottom he found it partly open, with the last residue of the liquid fuel still dripping from it.

UNDER other conditions, and in view of what had already happened to him and Landis since leaving Carthage, his suspicions would doubtless have been awakened at once. But the human mind is like any other container; when it is filled with one thing there is no room in it for another. Laboring under the burden of his responsibility as a doctor's messenger, he thought of nothing else, and the half-open drain cock merely suggested one of the many road accidents that may happen in a region of bad roads.

Obsessed by the thought that the life of Betty's father might be hanging in the balance for the lack of the instruments in the surgeon's bag, he snatched the bag and pencilled map out of the car, and with the flashlight for a lantern, started on afoot.

That was the beginning of a pilgrimage the like of which he had never before undertaken. Hour after hour he pushed on, running where he could and walking where he couldn't run, over a road which finally became no road at all, but upon which he could occasionally see the tracks of an automobile.

It was these faint tire marks that kept him going. He took them for the tracks made by Starbuck's car, and it was not until the graying dawn found him halting to stare at a way-worn Ford drawn up in front of a log cabin beside the road, which here ended abruptly, that the suspicion that he had been cleverly victimized struck him like a blow in the face.

Before he could recover from the blow the cabin door opened and an unshaven, gray-haired man in faded army khaki came out to voice his astonishment at finding that he had an early morning visitor.

"Well, well, stranger! Where on top of earth did you tumble from, this soon in the mornin'?" he called out.

Briefly, and hurriedly, Markham explained, offering the black bag as evidence, and the gray-haired one laughed.

"Somebuddy's done played a mighty mean joke on you, I reckon. Ther' ain't nothin' the matter with old Doctor Bone-hunter, as we call him. He was down here yiste'day to see if I wouldn't drive the Lizzie to town and fetch him out some more picks and shovels. The place where he's bone-diggin' is only about six mile on through the hills. He ain't hurt none."

"But he might have been hurt after you saw him."

"If he had, nobuddy in town would 'a' knowed it last night. The neardest telephone is at Briscoe's ranch on the big road, an that's a good thirty mile from here if it's an inch. An' you kin bet that if the Doctor 'd been hurt, somebuddy 'd been hustlin' over here to get me to drive to Briscoe's an' do the telephonin'. No; I reckon it's a

[Continued on page 61]

The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 60

joke, and I'll say it was a mighty mean one. You been trampin' all night?"

"A good part of it," said Markham, convinced now that he had been gotten out of Brewster by the basest of subterfuges, a plot in which the leaking gas tank had been made to play its part. "As I've said, I ran out of gas away back yonder somewhere." Then, overwhelmed by a sudden realization of what the plot might mean, not only to himself, but also to Landis and possibly to Betty: "It isn't a joke; it's the way a bunch of crooks took to get me out of town and lost in these hills. You've got a car and it will be worth a hundred-dollar bill to you to get me back to my car and give me gas enough to run me to Brewster. Will you do it?"

"If I had the gas I wouldn't hold you up for no robbin' deal like that. But I ain't got it; don't reckon I got more 'n enough to run to some place on the big road where I kin borra enough to get in with. More 'n that, I got to do a little tinkerin' on the Lizzie afore she'll run. You come on in an' we'll eat a bite first; an' then we'll see what-all we kin do with the li'l' old buzz-wagon."

Tired and hungry as well, Markham, disturbed now even more than he had been by the faked story of the professor's accident, entered the cabin with his host and helped him cook a breakfast of bacon and pan-bread over the coals on the hearth. In the talk interspersed with the cooking and eating, he learned that his entertainer was a prospector with a mining claim on the other shoulder of the hill, and that his name was Jackson Griggs; also that he knew Starbuck well. "Sure, I know Billy," was the way he put it; "knowed him when he used to punch cows in t'other end o' the Park. He's all wool and about ten yards wide, Billy is, an' his money ain't sp'iled him a single inch!"

After breakfast they fell upon the outworn flivver, Markham stripping his coat and rolling up his sleeves to help. As it proved, the old machine was little more than a wreck; there were brake and driving bands to be renewed and a loose bearing to be taken up, and the cause of a persistent miss in two of the four cylinders to be found and removed; an overhauling that killed all of the forenoon before it was completed; a hard-working period in which Markham's anxiety became a maddening thorn in the flesh.

What had the plotters, whoever they were, been doing in his absence? What had they done to Landis? That Owen, too, had been put out of the way, he could not doubt for a moment. That was the meaning of the telephone call which had taken Landis out of the hotel—a call doubtless sent by the gray-haired accomplice who had gained access to the Little Alice offices and had posed as the bookkeeper. Then there was Betty. Wasn't her danger as great as that which menaced Landis and himself? For she knew—she *must* know—that she was the one who, at Canby's instigation, had opened Owen's safe for the abstraction of the black box.

AT THE long last—and it was past noon and they had eaten again—the worn car consented to run, and the return to Brewster was begun. It was a slow business over the wretched road, and Markham's need of sleep was so overpowering that he slept in his seat most of the way, waking once to give his stalled roadster a glance in passing, and to tell Griggs he would send or come after it when he could.

As Griggs had predicted, he had barely gas enough to enable them to reach the first house on the paved road; but here they borrowed enough to make the run to town. At the hotel entrance Markham pressed a liberal reward upon the helpful old prospector and hurried in. As he passed through the revolving doors a man sprang out of the nearest chair and accosted him. It was Stillings; and before he spoke, Markham had read the story of anxious worry in his face.

"Miss Betty!" said the lawyer quickly; "do you know what has become of her? Mrs. Stillings is simply distracted!"

Markham made the only reply there was to make.

"I left her at your house last night about nine o'clock. We had just driven in from Hillcrest. Do you mean to say—"

"She didn't go into the house," Stillings interrupted sharply. "You didn't see her go in, did you?"

"No; but I saw her go up the steps to the porch."

Stillings explained rapidly.

"We were out for a call on one of the neighbors, and when Miss Betty telephoned to say that you were staying at Hillcrest for dinner, Mrs. Stillings told her to look under the mat for the door key if she returned before we did. We were back by half-past nine, and the key was where we left it and there was no one in the house but the servants, who had gone to bed. The natural supposition, after we'd waited a while, was that Miss Betty was staying the night with the Smiths; but when we tried to call up and find out, we were told the line was out of order. Then we tried to get you here at the hotel, and were told that you'd been in and had gone out again."

"I had," said Markham shortly.

"Early this morning we tried the Smiths' 'phone again and Mrs. Smith said that you and Miss Betty drove in between eight and nine o'clock last night. That rang the fire alarm right, and I've been haunting the hotel ever since, trying to get track of you or Mr. Landis. Have you anything at all to offer?"

"Only this: that Owen disappeared last night at about the same time; and that, a little later, I was sent to the northern part of the Timanyoni on a framed-up story which was intended to efface me for an indefinite time; which might have got me lost in the hills for days if I hadn't been lucky enough to run across an old prospector who happens to own a Ford."

"What was the framed-up story?"

Markham told it succinctly, beginning with the telephone message which had — presumably — taken Landis across the street to the Little Alice offices, and bringing his own experiences down to date.

"Why, that would mean that you three were the victims of some extended criminal organization," said the lawyer, half incredulously. "How could that be?"

"You've said it," Markham snapped; "and the story of how it can be is too long and involved to be told here and now when the situation is yelling for quick action. If I tell you that this 'organization' has made at least two determined attempts to murder Landis and me, you will understand how serious the situation is." [Continued on page 62]

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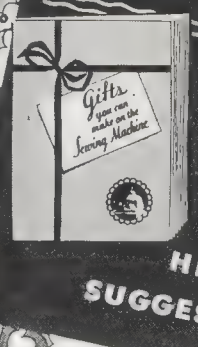

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The Black Box of Silence

Continued from page 61

"Good Lord! Is it that desperate? Who are these gangsters?"

"I wish I could tell you, but I can't. Of the four principals I can name only one; and we have nothing to involve him directly, though both Owen and I are convinced that he is the brains of the outfit."

"Who is that one?"

"A former citizen of yours whom you know very well — Herbert Canby."

Stillings frowned. *That* crook of the world? But isn't he trying to marry Miss Betty?"

"I don't know. You'd say it looks that way. But I wouldn't put it beyond him to make her, or any woman, a pawn in his game, would you? You people out here know him better than we do."

"Indeed, we do know him—to our cost. Lord! I wish Starbuck were here. He's the one man in Brewster who could take this thing by the neck and choke the mysteries out of it!"

And at that moment, as if Stillings' fervent wish had evoked him, the ex-cowboy mine owner pushed his way through the revolving doors and stood before them.

(To be concluded next month)

Clouded Heritage

Continued from page 12

over now, isn't it? The pedestal is smashed. I—I'm just—primitive—You're my man—in trouble—"

Suddenly she straightened herself with a pathetically gallant gesture.

"There's just one thing left that I can do. Perhaps it will leave you with a little shred of respect for me. I will let you go. I needn't do that, you know. It would be so easy to make you take me with you. I would only have to put my arms around your neck. But I won't touch you. You'd better go now, Ben."

Without a word, he left her. As he packed his possessions, the longing for her became an actual physical pain. She was his. Why not take what belonged to him? Once aboard the train, it became a little easier, for it was no longer possible to go back to her. The sense of being among strangers brought his tortured heart nearer to peace than it had been through all these dreadful weeks. To these people, Ben Arden was merely another fellow-passenger — one of themselves. He felt a great wave of affection for the men and women who sat there unconscious of his presence.

He opened his suitcase and took out the adoption papers together with some notes upon the case which his foster parents had given him. Suddenly a name flashed at him from one of the pages, hatefully familiar. Ellis! Involuntarily, his hands clenched. R. L. Ellis, the lawyer who had drawn up the papers. A common enough name, but one he had hoped never to hear again. Nothing new to be learned from the papers. He would see this man Ellis if possible as soon as he arrived.

WHEN he reached the southern city, he located the building at once. The offices were large and imposing. R. L. Ellis was evidently a prosperous man. But that name on the door—Robert Lee Ellis! *Lee* Ellis! A sense of unreality possessed Ben. When he was admitted to the private office, he saw before him the image thirty years hence of the southern delegate to Pi Alpha Beta who had branded him. Here were the same haughty, domineering features, the cold, handsome eyes, the selfish, sensual mouth. The room swam before Ben.

"Of course I am insane," he thought. "Things like this don't happen. Probably I have imagined this whole journey. But someone is certainly speaking to me—this man who looks like Lee Ellis—"

"I know why you are here," the lawyer was saying. "Lee came home last night, and he has told me everything."

Then it was true. This man was Lee Ellis' father. But no, a thing like this couldn't happen.

"Sit down, Ben," said Robert Lee Ellis. "You look sick."

"Lee Ellis," Ben said thickly, "Damn him—"

"Yes," replied Lee's father, "He has ruined us all, including himself. He has been asked to resign from the fraternity, and has lost the only girl he ever cared for."

At these words, the aching loneliness for Gloria stabbed Ben sharply.

"I don't excuse Lee," the older man went on, "But I have made him what he is. He has never had a wish ungratified. What he wants, he simply takes. He saw your girl and wanted her—no, be calm—She utterly despises him. I do not believe that even you would want to kill him now. The thing he did to you has proved a boomerang that has returned upon him and crushed him."

"How did he know—about me being a nigger?" asked Ben. "From you?"

"No, what knowledge he had of the case came to him by chance. Once in looking through some old documents for some information, he happened upon your adoption papers. He recognized your name at once, having read some correspondence from you relative to fraternity matters. There was a reference to the fact that you had been left at the orphanage by a negro woman. I told him that your foster parents did not wish the fact made known that you were not their own, and that he was not to mention it. That is the last time the matter was referred to between us. I do not know whether he really believed you to be a negro or not. He has not been able to talk very coherently about the affair."

"You let mother and dad adopt me, knowing that I might be a nigger?"

Ellis did not seem to hear him. He was gazing at the boy fixedly, with an expression that Ben could not understand. When he spoke, his voice was almost a cry of pain.

"Oh, Ben, how much you look like your mother!"

Ben's voice was scarcely audible.

"My mother—the negro woman—"

"No, Ben, your mother was not a negro."

"Then my father—"

"I am your father."

Ben's tired mind tried to grasp the man's meaning, but failed. One of them was insane, of course, and it must be himself. He had known all along that he must give way under this.

"As I said," resumed Ellis, "Lee has ruined all three of us. You are

[Continued on page 64]

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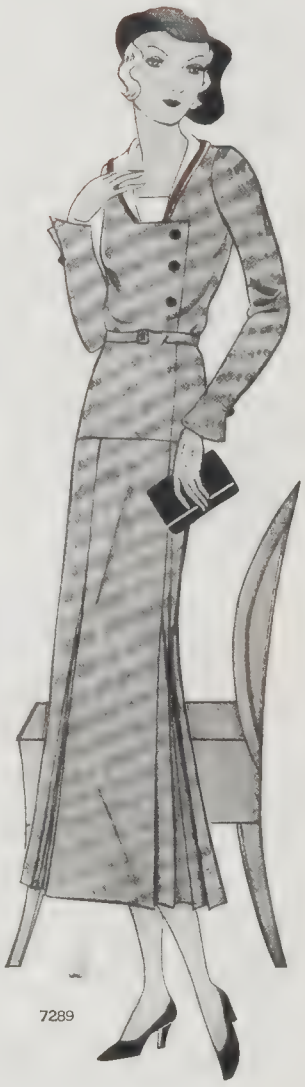

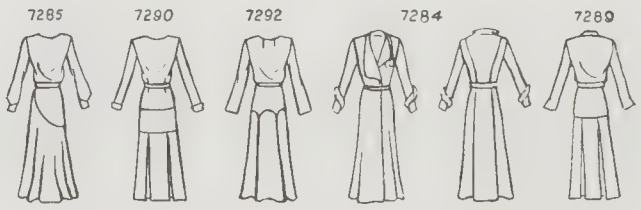

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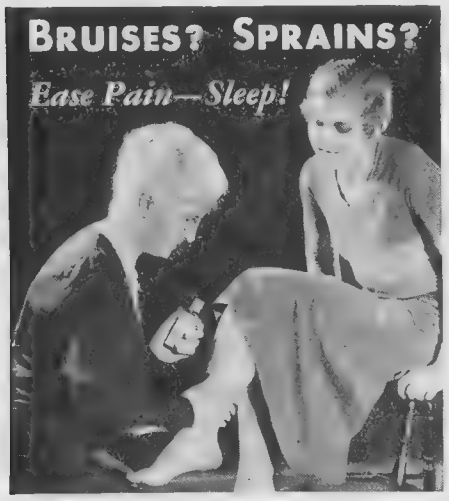

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Clouded Heritage

Continued from page 62

probably the only one for whom things can ever be straightened out."

He handed Ben an envelope.

"Here is the story, with all the legal proof necessary to clear your name. You may make what use you please of it."

Ben took the papers with shaking fingers. A marriage certificate—Robert Lee Ellis to Marcelline Gonzales. A birth certificate—born to Marcelline and Robert Lee Ellis, a son. Several pages, not typed, but written in a firm, masterful hand.

"I, Robert Lee Ellis, being of sound mind—"

The words constantly blurred before Ben's eyes.

"—and during my last year at college, my mother employed a maid named Marcelline Gonzales. She was half French, half Spanish, and the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I went mad about her. I know she loved me, but she was a fanatically religious girl — church every morning, novenas to the saints, and all that sort of thing. I could get nothing from her but 'It would be a sin.' I hounded her until she ran away from me. I followed her, and in desperation secretly married her.

"By the next day, I bitterly regretted my impulsive act. This simple, gentle girl had nothing to offer me but her beauty, and I was eaten up with pride and ambition. I returned home, and while I sent her money from time to time, I refused to see her again.

"There was another girl whom my parents wished me to marry, one who could make possible the realization of every ambition. I could not endure the thought that my folly had cut me off from this brilliant match. I went to Marcelline and asked her to divorce me, but once more I found myself beating futilely against the stone wall of her religious convictions.

" 'No, no, divorce is a sin,' she said again and again.

"I cursed her and left her, telling her that I never wished to see her face again. She took me at my word.

"To my consternation, I found that I had a rival for the hand of the other girl. I must act quickly. I dared not tell her about Marcelline. Her family was one of the oldest and proudest in the south, and a breath of scandal would have ended my chances with her.

"Well, I married her while still legally bound to another woman. I realized that in doing so I made myself criminally liable, but I knew in my heart that Marcelline would never harm me.

"A few months after my second marriage, a negro woman came to my office, bringing the marriage and birth certificates that I am enclosing. Marcelline had died in giving birth to our son, and she begged that I would provide for the child. I was panic-stricken. I bought the negro woman's silence, and instructed her to place the boy in an orphanage.

"A short time later, I learned that Mr. and Mrs. Arden, who were traveling in the south, and with whom I had a slight acquaintance, were planning to adopt a child. I brought my little son to their attention. They were pleased with him, and with a great relief in my heart, I drew up the adoption papers.

"That is all there is to tell. Perhaps it will make up a small part of the debt I owe to you and to your mother. You may give this whatever publicity is necessary to clear your name. Lee's mother is dead, and as for Lee and myself, we deserve whatever consequences may befall us."

Life and youth and joy came flooding back into Ben's heart. The dreadful nightmare was swept away. As he rose, the older man stood too, and held out his hand.

"Good-bye—my son," he said.

Ben took the outstretched hand.

"Good-bye—father," he replied.

How slowly the homeward-bound train seemed to travel! Ben felt that he could have outstripped it on foot.

"Gloria, Gloria, Gloria," sang the wheels.

To have the right to hold her in his arms again, no horrible barrier between them!

With the directness of an arrow, he made straight for her home. He saw her through the glass of the front door as she came to answer his ring. Such a sad, drooping Gloria, all her lovely sparkle gone. When she saw him, her hand flew to her heart. She could not speak, nor could he. For a long moment they gazed at each other. Ben found his voice first.

"Gloria," he stammered, "Gloria—I'm white!"

Are You Cheering Others On?

Continued from page 27

SOME years ago a lumber firm chose a very young man to be foreman of one of their camps. His mother said to the head of the firm, whom she knew well, "But Dick is so young for responsibility like that. Are you sure he can fill the position?"

"Of course he can, Mrs. Gray," he answered, "Your son has the knack of getting the best out of men. He never drives them, he just keeps handing out an encouraging word here and there and serves up a smile and a "Well done" when it is deserved and those men will do anything in the world for him."

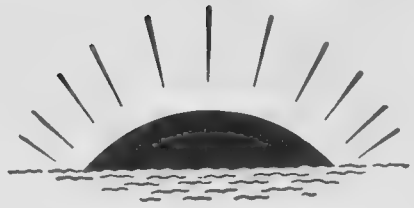
Here is a contrast. A young man speaking of his employer made this comment, "He sure is a fine man, none better. He does not get angry, does not try to make a slave of you, pays you well, but the only thing is he never tells you when you have done a bit of work well, and oh, anyhow," he added sort of sheepishly, as though he were revealing a weakness in himself, "a fellow does like a word of encouragement once in awhile."

It happened that some time later that employer's wife said to a lady friend, "You know I have the most good-natured husband in the world. The only fly in the ointment is that he just takes you for granted and no matter what a good meal you cook or what else you do real well, he never gives you the least little bit of praise."

What a pity that that man did not put the finishing touch to his virtues by forming the habit of cheering others on.

The most wonderful part of it all is that "cheering others on" brings a blessing to the cheerer as well as to the cheered, because we might say it is a law of life that we cannot kindle a flame in another heart without there coming an answering glow into our own.

Cheering others on is a privilege that may be shared by the shut-ins, the sick, the uneducated, the poor, so that those who feel that they are laid aside from the active work of the world may feel that they still have a part to play, so long as they can do one little thing to cheer others on in the race of life.



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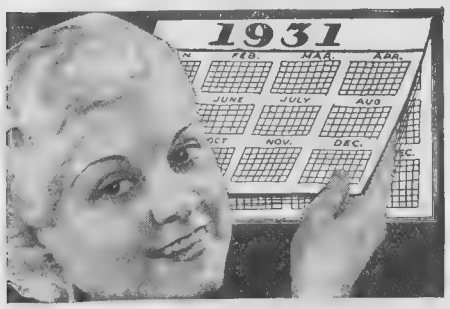

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The Chinook

Continued from page 9

flourish, and laughed full in the face of the hard-boiled Fiddle Five boss. Traeger's look wasn't pretty an' his hand went to his hip where a long Colt swung, but Joe turned his back on him cool as the ice-worms he'd just mentioned an' rode away. Kindo nervy, an' yet not quite satisfyin' either, seemed as though.

WELL, Joe an' I pulled out that same night for Waterhen Lake an' was cuttin' hay in a meadow twenty twistin', stumpy, stony miles from the Beaver soon after sunrise. An' how we did keep our mowers clackin', changin' teams three an' four times a day an' grindin' mower-knives by lantern-light. 'Stead of stackin' the hay with wagons Joe set his Crees to buckin' it into any sort of piles with a team on each end of a log. The danger wasn't rain now, it was snow.

"Big col' comin'," said one of the nitchies called Gopher. "Wachusk—das mushrat — makum plenty t'ik house. Makum house all night, all day."

She came before the middle of October, a blizzard that whooped through the jackpines and whirled snow across the meadows an' buried a hundred tons of our hay that was still in the windrow an' coil. Joe paid off his Indians an' we beat it for the L-Cross. No use, he said, to wait an' hope for *that* snow to go off.

Trailin' cattle in the nippin' cold that followed that blizzard was no joke. Lawton give us a couple men for the trip but they were busy on ahead haulin' hay to our night camps. An' three hundred frost-bitten dogies can sure be mean to drive through the bush. There was pea-vine hangin' on the brush above the snow an' the hungry cattle spread out to pick this an' just had to be mauled along. Our whip-arms an' voices would be wore out by the time we got the outfit movin', still an hour before daylight, an' we'd be on our fourth horse when we dragged up to the campin' place long after dark.

The day we figured to reach Jackfish Creek was so cold the cattle just didn't have any life at all. The snow had crusted till it shaved the hair from their legs an' red showed aplenty in their trail. It had been night a good while when we pulled up by Traeger's. The Fiddle Five had thrown up comfortable log shacks by now an' had brought in their cattle a week before the snow. The smell of hay an' other cattle set all our foot-sore dogies a-bawlin' till Joe shrugged again, though diff'rent this time, an' went up to the main cabin an' knocked. I could see Harl Traeger's big form in the yellow doorway. I heard his gritty laugh.

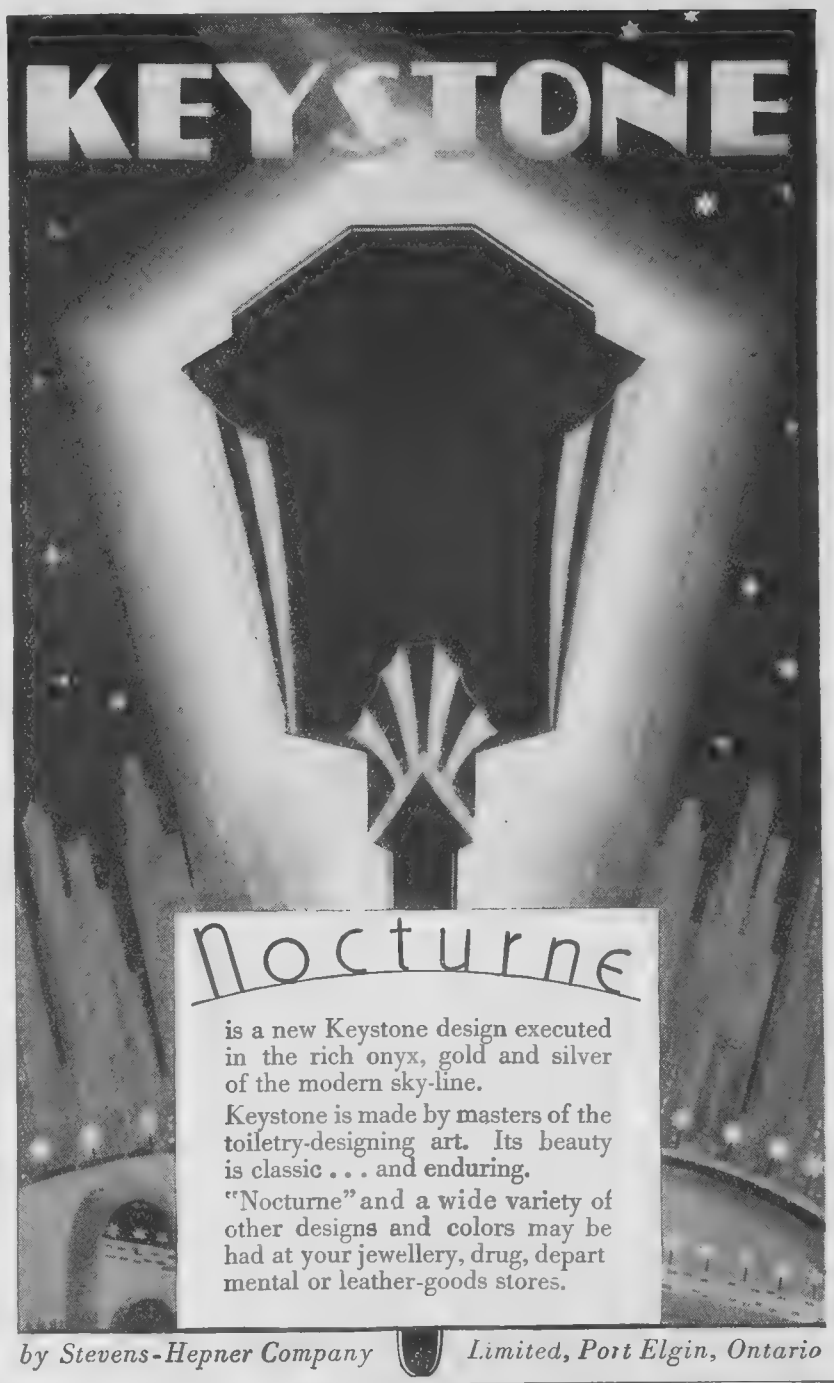
"Feed three hundred cattle? No, nor three cattle neither! Job enough to feed my own, what with the winter commencin' three weeks early like this."

"Harl Traeger," says Joe, fightin' to keep his voice even, "I wouldn't ask you to sell *me* a rotten plank to keep me from drownin', but those cattle have done a day's march today —an' then some. If you call yourself a cowman sell me four or five loads of hay."

"Sell you nothin'. I ain't runnin' any feed yard nor—" Someone appeared beside Traeger as though tryin' to have a say, but he slammed the door. Joe come back grindin' his teeth an' swung aboard his horse.

It was some job, tryin' to drive those cold, hungry, stupid cattle past

[Continued on page 66]



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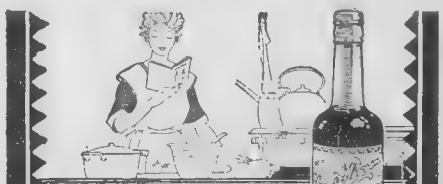

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AA2

The Chinook

Continued from page 65

Traeger's feeding grounds. Finally the two halfbreeds he had hired for the winter in place of High-pockets an' the prairie crew got on horses to give us a hand, but still we raced back an' forth through the brush and dark, yellin' an' floggin' an' gettin' nowhere. Then Joe's pet horse, Shaganappi stumbled over a downlog. Got up on three legs. I stopped to see if Joe was hurt to find him pullin' an awful length of stick from the buckskin's breast. The snag had run 'way up beneath his shoulder.

Joe looked at me, at the ragged stick, an' at the quiverin' horse. Then he reached slowly for his six-shooter.

"Better get a lantern," I says. "Maybe it ain't so bad."

"It's plenty bad," he answers over his teeth. "Besides, if I see Traeger first I'll shoot him. Maybe I will anyhow."

He raised his gun for the hardest thing a cowboy ever has to do.

"Shag, old pard . . . "

"Don't! What's the matter? Tell me." Donna's voice behind us was like a bell. She saw the limping horse an' the snow all turning dark. She jumped from her saddle. "Oh, get him to the stable quick! And—I came out to tell you you must feed your cattle. I've as much to say about it as Harl has."

We finally got Shag to the stable an' stopped the bleedin' some. Then half the night we were feedin' cattle—Fiddle Five as well as L-Cross—for of course they were all mixed. In the mornin' we cut them out an' started on, with Traeger's blessing, toward the Waterhen. We were savin' our stacks by Jackfish Creek till spring, for bein' better hay, it would be needed most then. Before we left, Donna made Joe agree to leave Shaganappi with her till he was fully well.

"Which he won't ever get," said Joe, "but you can try."

It wasn't for a joke we called that winter the Great Blue Snow. The drifts got belt deep to a tall Indian standin' on a ladder an' sometimes it was so cold the smoke in our stove-pipe froze! An' how it did burn the hay! The cattle were plumb bottomless—only we never dared to fill 'em up. They were on short rations from the start.

After about three years or so there come a soft spell. We'd forgot to bring a calender but it must have been about the first of March. Joe went to Meadow Lake for supplies. Had to face a blizzard all the way back. I asked him if he had stopped at Traeger's—to see his horse or anyone. He grunted "No," that they'd likely shot the horse for a hopeless cripple long ago.

Joe La Rue, since that day in the fall when Donna had told him whatever it was she did was sure a diff'rent Joe from the chap that had cooked moose nose for me an' used to call to the loons an' make them answer him. Then too, the matter of getting Dan Lawton's cattle, an' his own little bunch, through the winter was a responsibility he couldn't dispose of, like most things, with a shrug. Nor did he try to. Seemed now to take things *too* much to heart. Still you couldn't quarrel with Joe, though neither could you do anything else.

"They're short of feed already down by the Lake," he offers finally for the winter's supply of news. "Plowin' for grass with snow-plows an' payin' twenty-five dollars a load for hay—when they can find any to buy at all."

We soon weren't much better off. Our ricks were all gone an' we were diggin' out the cocks with shovels from under the wind-packed drifts. Time for spring came, but spring didn't. We moved down to the meadow by Jackfish Creek.

It was the heart-breakin'est trail I ever traveled. Snow so deep an' cattle pulled down by a long winter on short rations of frost-bitten hay! All day we'd be stoppin' ev'ry little ways to tail up some weak dogie—till finally there'd be a pistol shot an' another rough-haired carcass for the brush-wolves to quarrel over that night. Long after moonrise we reached the meadow. How we'd been promisin' to the cattle, an' to ourselves, those big stacks that meant life to the dogies! Those big stacks—*that wasn't there!*

As bare as a drumhead was the meadow in the white moonlight while the breath of the puffing, frost-covered cattle rose in a white fog that threw a ghostly, bluish shadow on the snow.

With a cold, crampin' anger like I never felt before takin' the place of the daze the first sight of the bare meadow had given us, Joe an' I floundered out to where the stacks had stood. The hay had not been fed there, we could tell that, nor burned; but no trail, however drifted over, led away from the spot. Pitiful bawlin' brought us back after an hour's kickin' around in the drifts.

Somehow—by daylight—we made it to the Nine Bar camp on Mayak Creek. An' short of hay as the Nine Bar was they divvied out a feed to our "all in" cattle. Beyond that they couldn't help us, except to let us have some plank to build a snow-plow. Joe knew little sheltered meadows where the snow wasn't wind-packed an' we fought with ev'ry ounce of strength in our horses an' in our selves to uncover enough dead grass to keep the cattle alive.

THOSE days were a nightmare no man that lived through them can forget, any more than he can a bone-deep scar. Ev'ry day the sun rose higher in the sky but he only gave us an icy grin that blinded us on the bleak, glistenin' meadows. The crows came back from the South an' pecked at frozen carcasses an' perched around with ruffled feathers an' cawed foolishly. It seemed that nothing in the world could break the winter's grip—except a chinook an' no matter how we prayed for it, an' felt for it with our faces in ev'ry puff of rising wind the chinook—the roaring, life-saving chinook didn't come.

Like ev'ryone else Joe made one desperate sally around the country in search of hay for sale at any price. But wherever he went he found cattle starving. Except at the Fiddle Five. Traeger had hay and plenty, but would he sell it? Not a hatful. He'd buy Joe's cattle instead — for the worth of their hides. But Joe did bring something from Traeger's. He brought his horse, Shaganappi, an' the worst battered knuckles I ever did see. Found Traeger haulin' hay with Shag; a saddle-horse!—an' still limpin' at that.

"Got to earn his keep, with hay this price—" That was as far as Traeger got. An' I guess there wasn't any doubt after that, in Harl's mind anyway, as to whether Joe would fight.

But the day's big profit was in what Shaganappi showed Joe on the way home. For in cuttin' back to our camp they crossed the meadow by

[Continued on page 67]

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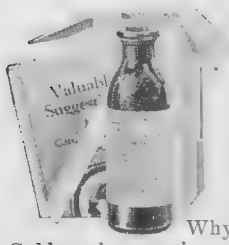

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The Chinook

Continued from page 66

Jackfish Creek an' floundered once more around the spot where the stacks had been. An' though the snow lay smooth as a counterpane Shag pulled off to follow a trail he seemed to remember an' could feel with his feet, packed as it was an' frozen, under the fluff of recent snow. Joe gave him his head. He led across the meadow an' down a long winding slough. That trail must have been brushed over for nearly a mile. Then it led through some timber where it was easy to see an' at last brought up at a tiny meadow. There, to Joe's tee-total surprise, were three long ricks of hay. His hay. So today wasn't the first time the crippled saddle-horse had been in harness! Shag was witness, mute maybe, but convicting, against the only man in the country who was mean enough to steal hay from starving cattle. Here was the ace up Traeger's sleeve on the strength of which he could buy cows.

Twenty-four hours of breakin' trail an' drivin' an' proddin' an' haulin'—and at last all our dogies were stuffin' themselves at those ricks. Joe an' I, starey-eyed an' seam-faced, were on our way to the Fiddle Five.

Only Donna at the camp, an' her saddlin' a horse. She seemed glad to see even us.

"Harl and 'Poleon are over at the far meadow," she said in an anxious voice. "A dozen or more cattlemen came in a group and demanded hay for their stock. We haven't got it to spare and told them so. No one knows *when* spring will come! But they had heard that Harl offered to buy someone's cattle and they said if he could buy cattle he could sell hay. Finally he took them to the meadow to prove to them we have barely enough hay for our own stock. But they've been gone so long! And they were so angry, all of them!"

Joe said nothing an' as we rode up the trail Donna talked on, maybe to ease her nervousness.

"I'd have gone with them but Harl made me stay. I just now took the bandage from my eyes. I went snow-blind three days ago after hauling hay, though Harl forbade me, to old Dave Elson's poor little bunch of cows. It's the third time this winter too, that I've been blind."

Joe spoke then, an' there was a huskiness of shame in his tone.

"So you didn't see 'em working Shaganappi yesterday! I thought you didn't care."

"What? Working Shag! Oh Joe, you didn't think I'd let them! Honest, if they did I never knew it. Yet you don't know what a fight I've had to keep Harl from it. Of course Shag wasn't fit! Besides, he's *your* horse."

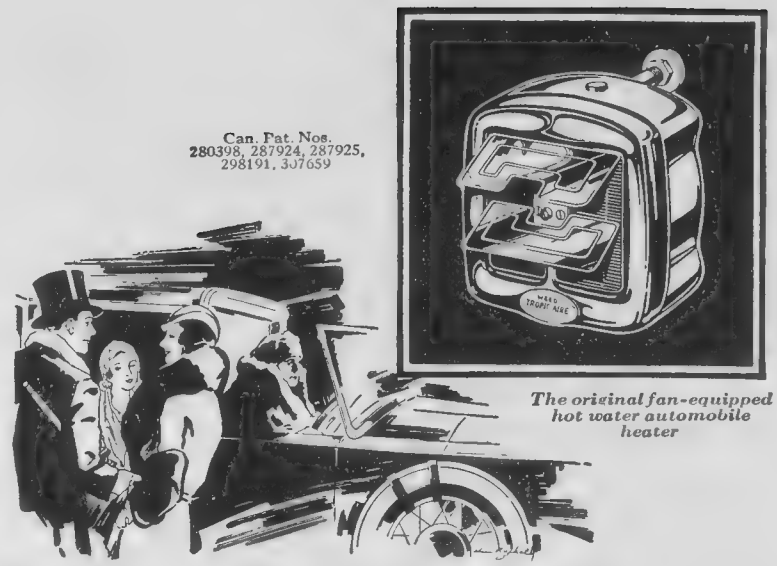
The hurt in Donna's voice would have convinced a stone man. But whatever reply Joe was starting, he cut short. He straightened in his saddle and pointed to the hill-top ahead of us. "Look," he cried, "can you see that?" A weird light flickered on the sky.

It was redder than moonrise or northern lights and it wasn't in the right place for either one. We gawked at it a minute. What it was hit us all three at once.

"The stack!" we cried together. "The hay-stack is a-fire!"

We raced for it and Donna, whether she could see much or not, took the lead of our tired nags. Joe swore under his breath.

"Oh the skunk! Why didn't I take him all to bits yesterday? Just to have his own spiteful, bullheaded way!" [Continued on page 68]



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The Chinook

Continued from page 67

When we reached the meadow the long stack from end to end was a mass of leapin', red-tongued flames. In the evil light of it was a group of men while a few more steadied their frightened teams. When we rode up there was a grim an' ominous silence, 'cept for the suck an' roar of the fire. Then a Nine Bar man named O'Keefe answers someone in a raw-edged voice:

"T'thunder with the girl; bring on that lariat."

Then we saw they had Traeger in the midst of them — "Hard-boiled Traeger"—limp now as a wet moccasin, snivelin' an' beggin' to be let go. An' the feel of something terrible in the air came over us for we knew that group of gaunt-eyed men had been goaded beyond what ordinary nerves are built to stand.

"He tried to bluff us with a gun," one of 'em yells to Joe an' me. "An' when we took that away from him he said he'd sell us hay an' he led us down a trail to where a stack *had been*. An' on the way he had that coyote-eyed 'breed of his drop behind an' fire this stack—the only one left! He's murdered all our cattle just for pure cussedness. He ain't fitten to live!"

I know it wasn't the money loss a man of 'em was thinkin' of. They were true cowmen, ev'ry one, that for weeks had been workin' twenty hours a day on the glarin' meadows; had been starin' at their dead-eyed, bony cattle; listenin' to the empty-bellied bawlin'; shootin' critters out o' pity rather than watch them starve. Some of them had been near enough crazy already. Now the sight of a hundred tons of hay goin' up in red flame had set a wilder deadlier fire ragin' inside of them.

"Come on," yelled O'Keefe again. "We'll singe him a bit first. We'll drag him through his pretty fire!"

"Wait," Joe cried. "Listen to me! Listen, I tell you—"

But half a dozen men had scurried around the stack. The rope they'd looped around Traeger's neck shot out, uncoiling neatly, an' fell across the stack. There was a powerful tug from the far end of it. Joe an' I leaped forward but Lou Trepannier's big hands caught my elbows from behind an' O'Keefe tripped Joe as he made to cut the rope. Harl just reached the fire when the rope burned through.

Joe was up like a panther. O'Keefe an' Slim Rawles were bearin' down on him but he knocked them end over tip. Dashin' into the heat that held the rest bayed he staggered out with Traeger and pitched him into the snow, where Donna dropped beside him, tears streamin' down her face. Gun in hand Joe faced the gang. One man against a dozen. Now, I guess, Donna too, knew whether Joe La Rue would fight.

But he didn't have to. The men were armed but Joe's "rep" with a six held them till they could begin to think. Not a gun came out.

"Now if you'll listen," puffed Joe, "I'll tell you somethin'. I've found my hay. It was Traeger stole it. He was bankin' on *it* when he burned this. It won't go far amongst all our cattle—countin' his too, for it ain't their fault he owned them in part—but so far as it does go we'll divide it all around. An' then . . . We'll all be in the same boat anyhow. Now, if you've any sense left get to feedin' your stock."

The men began to shift about an' talk in rumblin' tones. Of a sudden each man seemed to want his own comp'ny most. Only O'Keefe stopped to put Traeger in his sleigh.

"I'll just make sure he gets to the good keepin' of Constable Pedly," he said. "No," and he put Donna back, gently but so she stayed put, "you won't be necessary. Pete here can go with me if you like. Sure, his burns hurt, which is good for him, an' he'll maybe carry a brand, but he's mostly just scared."

As we drove off Joe an' Donna got on their horses an' hurried away from the hateful fire. What each was thinkin' they kept to themselves. But greater, I think, than the shock of what Harl had done was the relief that something more terrible hadn't taken place. Yet one fact loomed big an' bald, an' since their first thought had been for their cattle for so long they couldn't for a minute escape its weight. An hour ago they had each had plenty of feed for their cattle. Now—enough for a week, perhaps!

A week. What could change this in a week? Around them the bush lay still an' white an' grim. Seemed like it had been that way always. Always would be. Its frozen grip held them too. Now there was no misunderstanding between them. They ought to feel—as they once had—an' more. They just rode on, numblike, slouched in their saddles, lookin' straight ahead an' seein' nothing much at all.

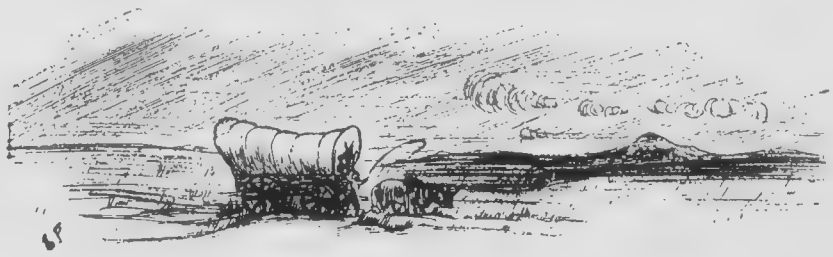
An owl hooted, the weird an' muffled way they have of doin'. You can't tell whether they're near or far. The high jackpines seemed uneasy. There was a whisperin' goin' on in their tops. 'Way off west there might be a train a-comin', only the railroad was a hundred miles to south. Somehow the bush was all awake now, waitin'. Only two people, ridin' stupidly along, seemed asleep.

Then the pines an' spruce an' bare poplars began to talk together in strong voices. A breath—warm spicy, alive—struck full on the faces of Donna an' Joe. They got off their horses. They walked to where the timber ended at the edge of a muskeg. The chinook was roaring above them now, a war-song that already had winter on the run. It whipped up under the trees with a force that made Donna stagger against Joe. They took off their caps, threw back their heads, breathed deep.

By an' by Joe knew his arm was around Donna. Her head was against his shoulder. Suddenly he caught her to him with a glad strength like that which was whipping the pines overhead. Her arms went up around his neck . . .

"It's the chinook—" Donna began when she finally had a chance to say anything.

"Yes, the chinook," Joe finished "that's thawed us out too, I guess.'



Doreen Assmus, her baby sister and their doll family.

My Dog

The truest of unselfish friends:
The pal whose loving never ends.
In times of want or of increase,
His faithful worship will not cease.
Through all his life, a little span,
He has no hope and makes no plan
Save giving all his love to man.
Oh, cherish honor and defend
The selfless love of this true friend.
From John Martin's Magazine.

What People See

When every morning in the glass
Your little face you see,
Just pause a moment—other folk
All day that face will see.

You will not look at it again,
But many others may,
So be quite sure 'tis just the face
They'll like to see all day.

Put right away all dismal frowns,
And do your best to smile;
To show to folks a happy face
Is surely well worth while.
By Theodora Horton.

These pretty verses were sent in by Doreen Anderson, age 8 years, 186 Woodhaven Crescent, Sturgeon Creek, St. James, and a gold button goes to Doreen for this contribution to the Cosy Corner.

A Little Chat With Bobby Burke

My Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:—

I hope you notice that we haven't given you any of those gloomy poems on November that you see in so many magazines In the first place we don't think November is altogether gloomy, and in the second place this is a year for smiles and cheer, not for gloom. There are a lot of people going around the world like large black crows flapping their wings and crying "Caw caw, what's the matter with things, we never saw this before, caw caw" and that's not true. Bobby Burke can remember lots of other times when things looked blue but the people who talked about it didn't help to brighten it up. Now this is a year when you've all got to put your best foot foremost, keep a smile on your face and a little song tucked away in your heart. When you see Dad glooming over things, or mother looking tired and worried, see if you can't do something about it, give mother a hand so she can have a little time for herself or time to come out and play with you; get your daddy his pipe, or the book he is reading; get him to go out and try to get that slide working for you, you be the little bit of sunshine around the place, and see if you can't help 1931 to finish up cheerfully. There are good times coming just as sure as the world is round, and all you need to do is to read a little bit about the settlers in the early days of Canada to know that you haven't much to put up with and remember that if you

Smile awhile, another smiles,
And soon there're miles and miles of smiles.
And life's worth while,
Because you smile.

OUR COMPETITIONS

The Things I Like Best to Play With

An old friend of ours who won a gold button in the summer competition, now has the honor of winning the Book of Games in the story of "What I Like Best to Play." John Zabiaka, of Fork River, Man., is the studious boy who

By Bobby Burke

writes the following story. A gold button goes to Clara Kenyon, Elm Creek, Man., and Honorable Mention to Ruth Belyea, of Tatamagouche, N.S.

"The Thing I Like to Play With"

I suppose no one could guess it, but I'll tell you of it. Well I enjoy reading and studying the best of all, though I like other sports.

Because that subject will help me to know more, I always read and study. I always take the old saying: "For more knowledge, read more." In fact it is true.

Let us take, to read a certain book on the past or about history, science, health, geography, or any magazine, facts or other newspapers. Thus we can get great knowledge, which in our lives will not hurt us but help us a very great deal. Most magazines and papers have editorial section, fiction, articles, regular departments, women and home section, shadowland section and some others I have not mentioned.

A reader can easily become a writer if he has read as many books or more than I have mentioned of the certain classes. In fact there is a great deal of interest in all reading, so it wants you to read more and more. When you get to reading you can't stop. And besides reading there are many more subjects to be interested in. I also enjoy scientific work, which also gives you knowledge, skill and energy. There are few wise, virtuous, and cultured persons.

I enjoy and am fond of dancing also which gives you good exercise, as there was in June issue of the Western Home Monthly an article entitled "Dancing and Personality."

I like art work and music and songs. As an artist you can sketch all things in life and keep them before you, and music and song is a harmonious and melodious article also helps in all ways.

John Zabiaka,
Fork River, Man.

Dear Bobby Burke:

The things I like best to play with are a pet rooster and my doll, Punk and Marilyn.

My pet rooster when small got run over by a car, and I was told he wouldn't live but I fixed him all up and now he's as good as ever. I like best to dress him up. One afternoon I didn't have anything to do that would please me, so mother said why not make him a pair of overalls and shirt and bonnet so that was what I decided to do and after I had him dressed up in them I thought of hitching him to the little cart I had for my doll and sure enough that was the thing. So I sat the doll in the cart and Punk the rooster pulled it and it was the most comical looking pair I ever saw and now nothing suits me any better than to play with them and that sure helped me to find something to do and now I hope some of the other little boys and girls will do the same; they will have a very happy and exciting time. I also like reading and I enjoy playing in the playhouse.

Your friend
Clara Kenyon.

The winner of the Summer Competition proves to be our old friend Ruth L. Scoulet, 1610-10th Avenue E., Vancouver. Congratulations, Ruth!

November's days are a good time to think of good things to eat, and we want recipes for candy from the girls, from the boys too, if they have good ones. Making candy is a fine thing to do on winter evenings, so send us your pet recipes and we will give a gold button for each one we print, and then all you Cornerites can save the recipes and become famous candy makers.

Something Received

Letters, such cheery ones, and lots more poems for the top of our page. It is so nice to have such a host of friends in the Cosy Corner all interested in the Corner, in each other and in the editor.

There's a story from Alice Black we hope to print next month. Another Alice, whose last name is Wade, and who lives at Bridgeford, Sask., tells us of her trip up north where she went swimming, learned to play basket ball, and generally had a very good time. Here's a Cornerite from far off Arizona—Eileen Terraboschi, R.R. No. 3 Phoenix, Arizona, U.S.A. Eileen would like some letters from Cornerites, especially from Winnipeggers.

Elizabeth Laporte, of Belcourt, N.D., is also one of our American members—she loves our Corner—and has sent us a poem for it, which we hope to use later on. Little Dorothy Allan, of 731 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, is one of our new members. Welcome to the Corner, Dorothy!

Amy Higdon, of Quesnel, B.C., would like to hear from Alice Black. Amy has an army of pets, two horses, a dog, three cats and a lamb called Billie. So many Cornerites delighted with the buttons they have won. Jessie H. Jackman, of Irna, Alta., who liked our "aeroplane trips" (we may start them again after Christmas). There is no age limit for our Corner Jessie, we want everyone interested old and young.

A new Cornerite Mary Reid, of Nelson, B.C., is a very welcome addition to our family.

A member with the pretty name of Avalon Osbourne, comes from Port Nelson, S.D. Avalon is 14. Ed Erickson, of Saskatoon, is a fine up and coming young business man, and he sends us some poems of his own which we will try to use later on.

Teddy O'Grady, of Calgary, sends us a bright true story; and here's Mary Reid, of Nelson, B.C., making a book of all our poems. Mary would like some correspondents from the Corner. Her address is 715 Baker Street. Eileen Moore, of Saskatoon, is delighted with her gold button—she passed her summer exams with an average of 87 per cent. Good girl!

Norvian Orr, of Calgary, who has been running a pretend office with his pal. Agnes Fisher, of Cochrane, Alta., likes the Cornerites' pictures! So do we!

Gladys Evelyn Latimer, of Boissevain, likes her gold button and so does Doreen Anderson, of Sturgeon Creek. A letter from our Cosy Corner baby Doreen Assmus, who has been with us since she was three. Here's a sweet picture of her with her sister and her dolls. Doesn't baby sister look like a big doll herself?

A charming story by an old friend of the Corner:

Uncle Tim

Uncle Tim was a nice old elf,
Who thought of others, not himself.
He was as brown as the rain-kissed earth,
And his merry blue eyes twinkled with mirth.

The fairies all loved him for he was so good
One day they all met in a big leafy wood,
And said "we will give him a surprise."
That will bring delight into his eyes.

We'll get a very good one of course,
And so they bought him a wondrous white horse.
It had never been ridden, for it flew in the air,
"T's better" said Uncle Tim than a coach and pair.

His house that was brown, and his barn that was green,
And it was the most comfy you ever have seen.
You'll find Uncle Tim in an adventure tale,
I hope it will please you well without fail.

The Adventures of Uncle Tim and His Horse

Sit around a little closer kiddies, and I'll tell you a story about Uncle Tim. He was a little brown man and he had a brown house to match, he had a green barn and a lot of green trees to match it. But best of all he had white flowers and a beautiful white horse, which had never been ridden for it was a winged animal.

Uncle Tim was a doctor in Fairy land. He had a lot of brothers who had married, but he had also a bad memory and couldn't remember where the different ones lived. One day he received a letter from his brother's wife; this is what it said (Dear Tim, Jack is sick, will you come at once? Lucy). Tim packed his troubles in his old kit bag, and went to his green barn and said to his horse, Feather Wings I'm going to ride you for this time, I hope you are gentle with me. He jumped on his horses back and away he went. As they were flying over a lake, Feather Wings began to roll over and over and poor Uncle Tim fell off down, down, down—s-plash—Uncle Tim couldn't swim, he sank to the bottom but he didn't drown. A beautiful maiden or mermaid came to him and said "Hello what are you doing here?" When Uncle Tim had told her about it she told him to shut his eyes and count 30, he obeyed and at the end of 30 he opened his eyes and found himself on the bank of the river near his brother's home. He went in and said "Where's Jack?" and then he noticed it was Jean in the house and she was Jim's wife. Am I at Jack's he stammered. "No Tim," said Jim's wife puzzled. Poor Uncle Tim all his trouble for nothing but when he told his sister his troubles she made him some supper and sent him to bed. The next day he went home and found a letter waiting for him, saying that Jack was better. And his dear Feather Wings back home feeling very ashamed of himself. This is the end of the first story, but Uncle Tim's Adventures are not ended: oh no, he's coming again if you want him. Who does?

Kathleen Pearson,
Kuskanook, B.C.

Grannie's Opinion

By Vera V. Robertson

To me there was nothing quite so dear
As this little girl with her flaxen hair,
Hair unbobbed and without a bow,
Left in simplicity to grow.

A sweet child is sweet in a dress of blue,
And a sweet child is sweet in a pink dress too,
But white is what the Angels wear,
So how can colors with white compare?

Marriage

FROM a Quebec reader of The Western Home Monthly comes a letter saying that The Philosopher's assertion that "marriage is a partnership" is one that "falls far short of the truth." The Philosopher agrees that "marriage surely is a religious union." It is a religious union in the very best sense of the word "religious," for it unites two souls and blends two personalities that collaborate with the Creator to produce a third soul that may conceivably serve as an instrument to change the destinies of mankind. When a young man and a young woman pledge themselves to love and cherish each other as life-mates in better fortune or worse and thus devote themselves to the adventure of living and working and growing together until in old age, if they are given length of years, they leave the world better than they found it, they have known the good and abundant life and have achieved the highest destiny of mankind. The artificiality of much of modern life can rob marriage of some of its truest joys and benefits, but its dignity and sacredness endure for those who have the capacity to understand its nature.

The Stars in Their Courses

A GOOD many newspapers come to The Philosopher's table. He occasionally reads the astrological notes and answers to correspondents which so many newspapers print regularly nowadays, saying, for example, that Monday next will be a propitious day for any young man planning to propose marriage, and that Wednesday next will be an unpropitious day for brunettes thinking of starting on a journey, that a child born today will have great artistic gifts, and so on. Turning from the astrological predictions to those in another, The Philosopher sometimes finds them contradicting one another in a puzzling manner. He reads, for example, that next Monday will be simply disastrous for proposals of marriage, that Wednesday next will be an especially auspicious day on which to set on a journey, that the child born today will have great mechanical aptitudes, and so on. Who shall decide when astrologers disagree?

All Must Work Together

A STRIKING instance of the changes that are being made in human life and work is the fact that in 1900 it took three hours of human labor to produce a bushel of wheat and in 1930 three minutes of machine labor did the same thing. This refers to the total world production in 1900 and in 1930. It is a fact typical of the fundamental displacements that have been made in the world's economic and social life, on top of the vast displacements and destructions made by the Great War. The whole world has so changed that, as the wisest statesmen of all nations know, the nation which thinks it can provide prosperity for itself, no matter what becomes of other nations, is as foolish as the nation which thinks it can provide security for itself without regard to what happens to other nations. There must be international co-operation to solve the world's greatest problems, which have all become international.

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THE
Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

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This Changing World

"WE ARE living in a changing world," said Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald a few weeks ago. "And the transition through which civilization is now passing is the most momentous in history." This is, probably, a true statement. A hundred years from now the people living then will be better able to understand the why and the how of this transition than anybody living now can understand it. The world is always changing. When Adam and Eve were considering the situation the day after they had been excluded from the Garden of Eden, it is probable that Adam said, "Eve, my dear, we are living in a period of transition." And probably every wise man from that day to this has made that same remark to those who would listen to him. But the wise men who know and understand the forces at work altering the world and can tell how those forces may be guided so as to produce the greatest advantage to the true welfare of human kind have never at any time been very numerous. And they have usually had difficulty in getting the world to listen to them.

Images and Reality

"AS A man thinketh in his heart, so is he." These words were spoken of human souls and characters, but they apply also in varying measure to the bodily health of human individuals. There was a despatch in the newspapers recently telling of a man in Nova Scotia who for several years had been unable to use his legs, but suddenly used them to run out of his bedroom when the house took fire. His trouble was what the doctors call a "functional" one. His legs had their normal equipment of nerves and muscles, but he could not use them because he believed he could not use them. There are many such cases of bodily (and mental) disorder. They are real enough, for all that we may call them imaginary. Of many real things it is true that they are first of all imagined and become images in the mind. A mental picture of an expected pain can make the pain felt before it really exists. Fortunate is the person of realistic mind and character, who schools himself not to feel pain and evil before they are real and so to control his thoughts as not to let them be shadowed by anticipated gloom or oppressed by possibilities that may never become realities.

Effects Follow Causes

NOT often in history has there been a time when world conditions brought home more compellingly to every thinking man and woman the truth that this is a world of causes and effects. The first thing necessary for the curing of wrong conditions is to study them and find what has caused them. We need to cure ourselves of "wish-thinking." We have to see things as they are, not as we want to believe they are. A good and righteous man who is not keen-witted and energetic is not to be expected to be as successful and prosperous as a wicked man who is shrewdly calculating and industrious. An evil man who drives his automobile with intelligent carefulness is more likely not to come to grief on his way than a good man who drives less intelligently and carefully.

Can you fill in the blank spaces above with the numbers 1 to 9, so that the total will always be 15 when added in every direction—up and down, crossways and diagonally. No number may be used more than once.

ARE YOU SMART? SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

I AM offering Two-Thousand-Five-Hundred Dollars as part of the Big Cash Prize Distribution which is being made in celebration of The Western Home Monthly's New National Policy. Solve the figure puzzle at the left. Don't give up too easily, if at first you find it a little hard. It looks easy, doesn't it? Well, give it a trial. It takes real cleverness to do it correctly.

There's an answer coupon below waiting for you. Now, if you are smart, start right now and see if you get the answer. It will qualify you for an opportunity to share in nearly $9,000.00 in Cash Prizes to be given away. YOU CAN WIN AS MUCH AS $3,500.00 ALL IN CASH! Mail the coupon today.

YES—Solve This Puzzle—Lots of Fun

Lots of fun? Of course it is. You and I know there's no indoor sport that compares with solving puzzles. It takes real cleverness to work a puzzle. Take this one for instance.

No one will have any trouble adding the figures 1 to 9. But take those figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and arrange them so that they will total 15. Ah! That's different. Try your hand at it. Remember the total of the figures in three spaces in any direction, upward, downward, crossways or diagonally must always be 15.

No number may be used more than once, and the figure must be in the centre as printed above.

There you are; that's all there is to it. You are going to have a lot of fun trying it. At first the figures don't seem to have to line up in all directions. Well, that's what makes it a puzzle. Just try again, and keep at it. Send your answer and be PROMPT.

Use the Answer Coupon below. Fill in your answer in the puzzle squares in the Coupon. Write your name and complete address, and mail it today. If your answer is correct, it will qualify you with 2,500 Prize Points toward that first prize of $2,500.00 in Cash and $1,000.00 Cash extra for Promptness—a total of $3,500.00 to be awarded, along with NINETY-NINE OTHER BIG CASH PRIZES.

Here's Where You Fill Your Pockets With Dollars

Besides giving you the pleasure of this fascinating Puzzle it brings you the opportunity to share in the Big Cash Prize Distribution. Cash awards of $3,500.00, $1,500.00, $1,000.00, $500.00, etc., are to be made.

Perhaps you have said, "Wouldn't I like to get my hands on $3,500.00?" Well, here you are. I have $3,500.00 that's going to someone, and it might just as well be you.

There's no need of reminding you of what you could do with $3,500.00. You know what you could do with it. The thing to do now is to step in and get it. Then you will have all the fun of spending it later on. Solve the Puzzle now.

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7th GRAND PRIZE	150.00
8th GRAND PRIZE	100.00
9th GRAND PRIZE	75.00
10th GRAND PRIZE	$50.00
11th to 25th GRAND PRIZES, Each	25.00
26th to 50th GRAND PRIZES, Each	20.00
51st to 75th GRAND PRIZES, Each	15.00
76th to 100th GRAND PRIZES, Each	10.00
TOTAL AMOUNT OF FREE PRIZES	$8,900.00

ANSWER COUPON

The Prize Manager,
The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

At the right is my answer to your "Figure Puzzle." If my answer is correct please give me 2,500 Prize Points and tell me how to win a First Prize of $3,500.00.

	5	

Name.....

Complete Address .....

.....

Address the Puzzle Manager **THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY** Winnipeg, Manitoba

What the World is Saying

"You certainly know how to use your knees—was your mother a dancer?"
"No—she was a scrubwoman."

"Many More Happy Returns!" Say We

Bank returns indicate that the worst is over.—Fort William Times-Journal.

The B.C. Sockeye Kind Should Do Nicely

Ladies' shoes, we read, are now being made of salmon skin.—Kamloops Sentinel.

No Refuge From It Anywhere

Broadcasting has been heard down in a coal mine in England.—Ottawa Citizen.

Some Chinlines Are Moving Neckward

Necklines are definitely moving chinward, says a fashion magazine.—Halifax Mail.

To Test The Listeners' Endurance?

The latest endurance contest craze is a "Singing Marathon."—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

How Friend Husband Often Is Propelled

The road to success is filled with women pushing their husbands along.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

But Often In Real Life It Is "She"

The objective of "he" is "him."—From "How To Speak and Write Correctly."

It Doesn't Sit Out In Front And Honk

Opportunity still knocks at the door, for those who are alert.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Trouble Comes In Landing Him

Practically any woman can make practically any man go up in the air.—Lethbridge Herald.

Especially When You Are Bored

You cannot make good socially until you learn to look interested.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

More Humane To Ask It To Go Quietly

A Soho restaurant-keeper says he has been trying to push haggis in London.—London Daily Express.

It So Seldom Matters What They Said

So many waste a lot of time telling you what they said to somebody else.—Victoria Colonist.

Expert Opinion From A Quoits Player

From a close study of the fashion pictures and of the new feminine headgear and its wearers, one gathers that, to be properly adjusted, the soap-dish hat should look as if a quoits player had tossed it at the wearer and got a "leaner."—Brantford Expositor.

She's Many A Man's Backbone

Modern woman has pretty well forgotten that woman was once a man's rib.—Toronto Globe.

Inner Tubes From Tubers?

A professor in an Ohio university says that potatoes may yet provide rubber.—Hamilton Spectator.

Millinery Operation By Ye Ed.

We made two Eugenie hats for Friend Wife by cutting our old derby hat in half.—The Pas Herald.

Making Hay While The Moon Shine

Harvesting was carried on by moonlight in some districts in England this year.—Ottawa Journal.

A Charity Snowball, So To Speak

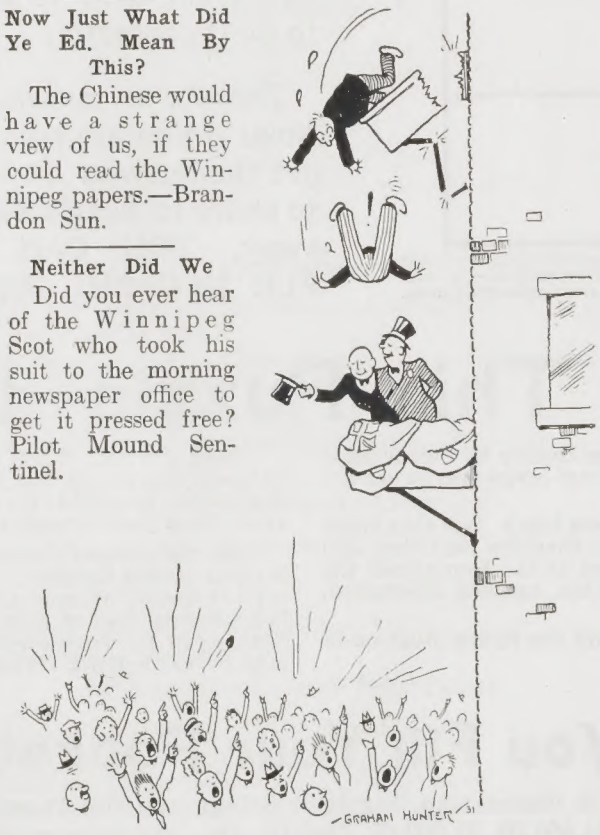
A recent story from the north is that the Eskimos at the mouth of the Mackenzie River held a dance in aid of certain of their number who were in want. The first charity ball in the Arctic.—Montreal Gazette.

Now Just What Did Ye Ed. Mean By This?

The Chinese would have a strange view of us, if they could read the Winnipeg papers.—Brandon Sun.

Neither Did We

Did you ever hear of the Winnipeg Scot who took his suit to the morning newspaper office to get it pressed free? Pilot Mound Sentinel.



"Now that's what I call an ovation, Mr. Upinshape."

A Thing That Helps Us Understand History

An observer says he knows now why the Empress Eugenie had to flee from Paris.—Vancouver Province.

Memo For Motorists

You can tell an experienced driver by the way he howls with rage after a collision, so the cop will blame the other fellow.—Regina Leader.

So Is This Year—For Pedestrians

In regard to next year it can be predicted, at any rate, that it will be a leap year.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Only One-Fourth, We'd Say

The Empress Eugenie was surely a meanie, for covering only three-fourths of the beanie.—Calgary Herald.

Napoleon III Never Did This For Eugenie

We sat on our old derby and made it into one of those new Empress Eugenie hats for the Mrs.—St. John Times-Globe.

Grain Is Unloaded On A Belt

Grain was unloaded at Churchill from the cars into the elevator without a hitch. —News item in Winnipeg paper.

And Be Just As Annoying With It

We could throw wheat, instead of rice, at weddings, and so patronize home industry.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A Trouble Our Ancestors Didn't Have

It is remarkable how hard people find it to do without things their grandparents never had.—London Daily Mail.

But Not So Much

The average woman wears better than the average man, says the English novelist, Sheila Kaye-Smith.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

They Might Organize A Chamber Of Commerce

With all these explorers going to the North Pole, the Eskimos will have to do something about it.—Neepawa Press.

The Last Gasps Come Regularly On The Radio

Jazz, writes a musical authority, is dying. But its death struggle appears to be rather a prolonged one. —Quebec Telegraph.

The Right Spirit

People are growing more optimistic. You would seldom find a man nowadays wearing both belt and suspenders.—Prince Albert Herald.

Now A Girl Is Her Own Fiance Committee

It used to be that a girl's beau had to submit himself to her mother, father, aunts and uncles for their approval.—Medicine Hat News.

Due To Their Cutaway Style

A fashion magazine, in reviewing the season's bathing suits, says that they were notable for their economy of material.—Toronto Telegram.

Maritime Fish Getting More Cautious?

A movement is on foot in the Maritime Provinces to stock the rivers with "sportier" fish, to attract tourists in still greater numbers.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Regarding A Washout

You can get a pretty good idea of one of the main things wrong with the cotton industry by canvassing the average clothes line.—Atlanta Constitution.

But At What Age Does She Become Forty?

A woman of today is in a vastly different position from that of the woman of 1900. In the first place, she is no longer old at forty.—London Spectator.

She Might Now Bake Him A Saw In A Cake

Of many a man who is in prison it could be said with entire truth that an important primary factor in heading him for prison was his wife's poor cookery. —British Medical Journal.

Why Didn't We Realize This Before!

Among the immortal sayings of great men must be included those words of vision and profound wisdom uttered by Calvin Coolidge: "The future will be better or worse."—New Yorker.

Lonely Motorist: "Goin' my way, Buddy?"

The New Way to make VELVETY CAKES

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY to start off a cake was a lot of bother. You creamed and creamed a stiff shortening, then you started creaming all over again as you added dribbles of sugar. No wonder you may have been tempted to skimp on arm work!

Yet—if the shortening and sugar are not beaten to a foamy froth, the cake cannot be truly velvety.

The quick new-fashioned Crisco way: Crisco is creamed now before it's sealed in its air-tight tin. It spoons out like whipped cream! Put this pre-creamed Crisco with *all* the sugar into your mixing bowl. (Put in the eggs, too, when you make a whole-egg cake.) Give a few quick stirs. In about two minutes you'll have the light creamy fluff that gives you a velvety cake.

A velvety Crisco cake tastes so good because Crisco itself keeps as sweet as new-churned butter—right on the kitchen shelf to the very last spoonful in the big tin. A big tin *pays*. Do you know why? Well, just notice how often grocers run specials on the larger sizes!

WINIFRED S. CARTER

Try it now! The new Crisco is so fluffy you don't need to cream it. Simply stir together Crisco, sugar, eggs. Whisk cakes into the oven in ⅓ less time. [CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA]

It's Such a Simple Step . . . . . to

QUICKER CLEANING

. . . and Old Dutch alone can show you the way. Every day brings so many demands on your time that time-saving has become an important consideration. Old Dutch Cleanser makes this time-saving problem all so simple by helping you to do your household cleaning quickly—quicker by far than anything else. It's all you need for all your cleaning.

The flaky, natural-cleanser particles of Old Dutch never hesitate when they come in contact with dirt and impurities. A smooth, quick sweep, and the dirt is gone—all of it; none escapes Old Dutch, whether the uncleanliness is visible or not. That's wholesome, hygienic Healthful Cleanliness. Furthermore, Old Dutch contains no harsh grit or crude abrasives and doesn't scratch. That means it's safe—keeps lovely things lovely, and doesn't harm the hands.

Help yourself to more time; take this simple step to quicker cleaning by using Old Dutch . . . and be assured that in this modern perfect cleanser you have the one best way for all household cleaning.

It's a good practice to buy Old Dutch Cleanser three packages at a time. Keep it in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—in these handy service holders. You can obtain them easily. For each holder, clip the windmill panels from three Old Dutch Cleanser labels, and mail with 10c, your name and address.

FILL OUT COUPON TODAY

Cudahy Soap Works, Dept. 106; 64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Please find enclosed . . . cents and . . . labels for which send me . . . Old Dutch Holders.

Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

Name _____

Street _____

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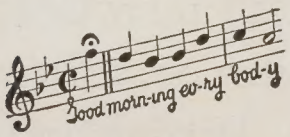

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